★ April 8, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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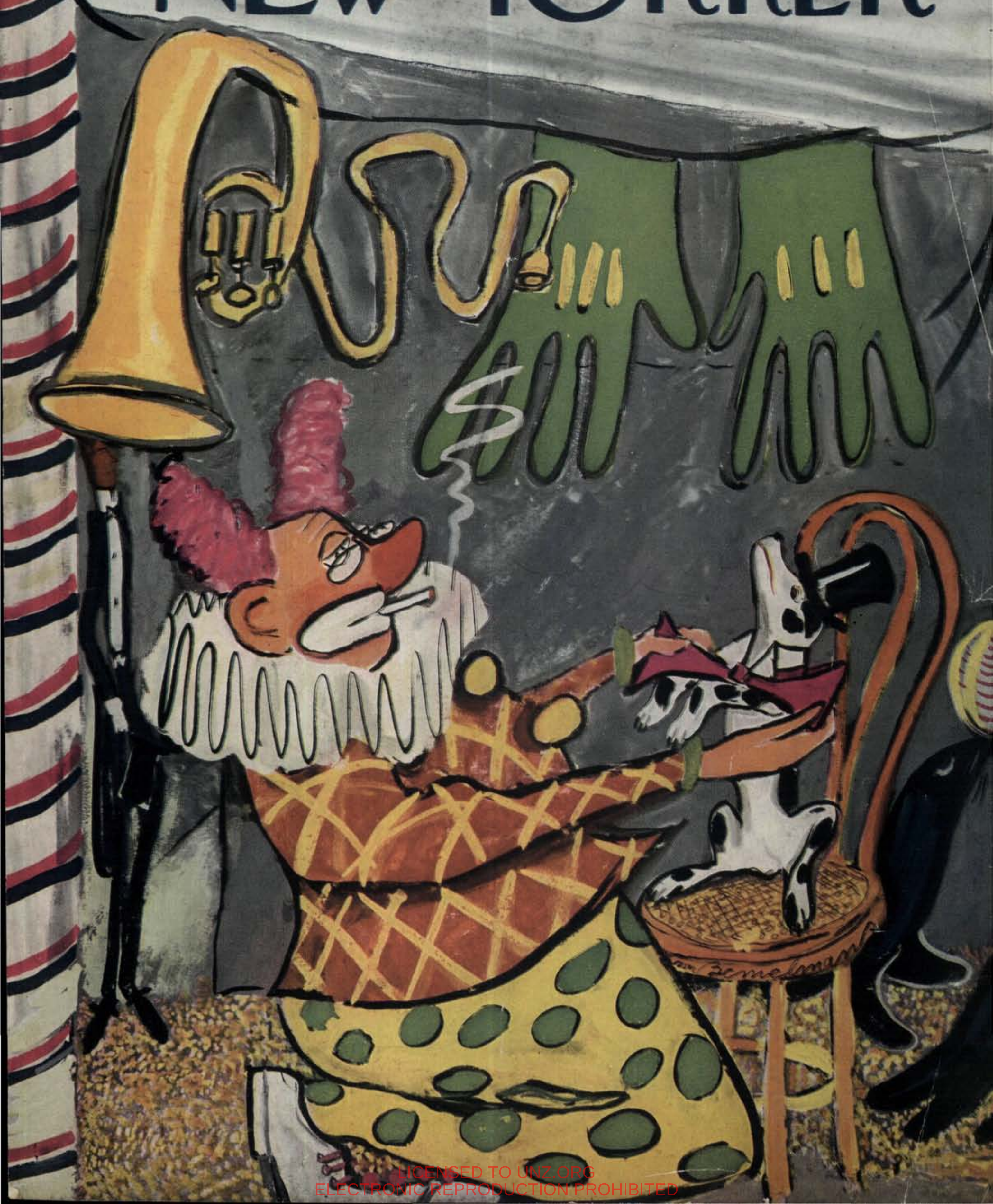

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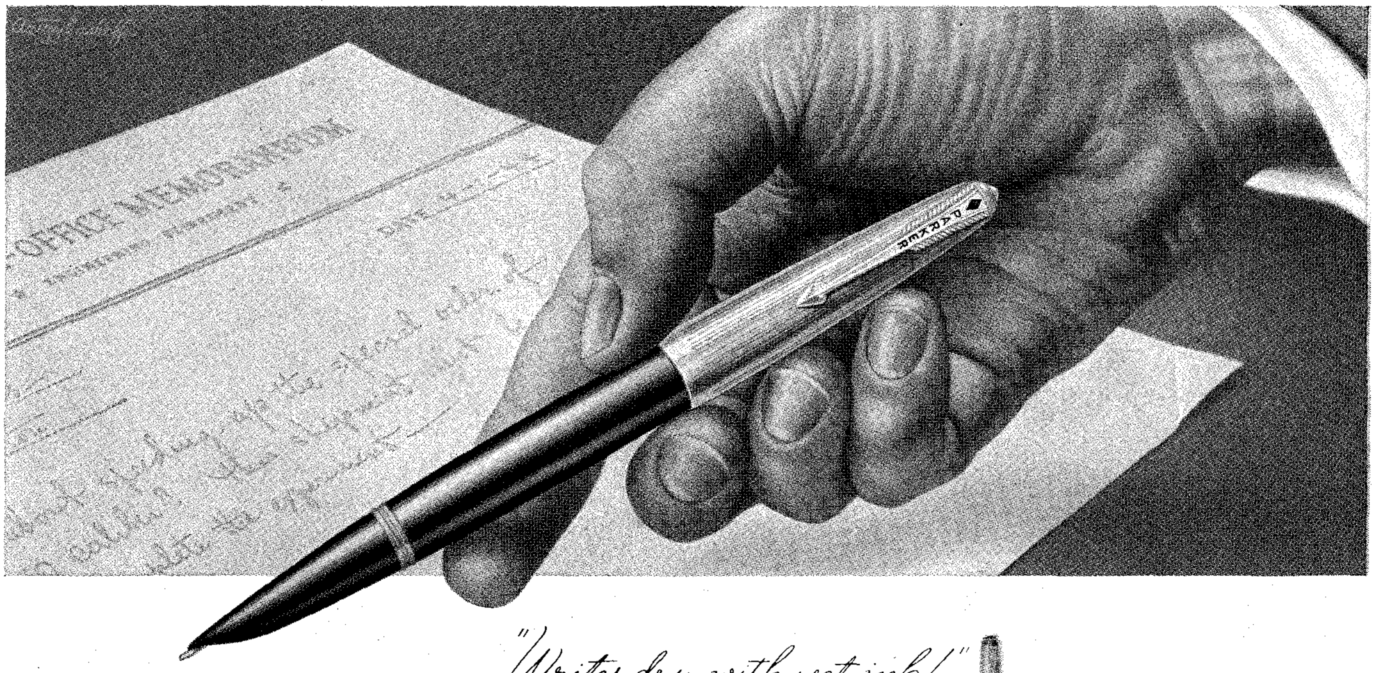

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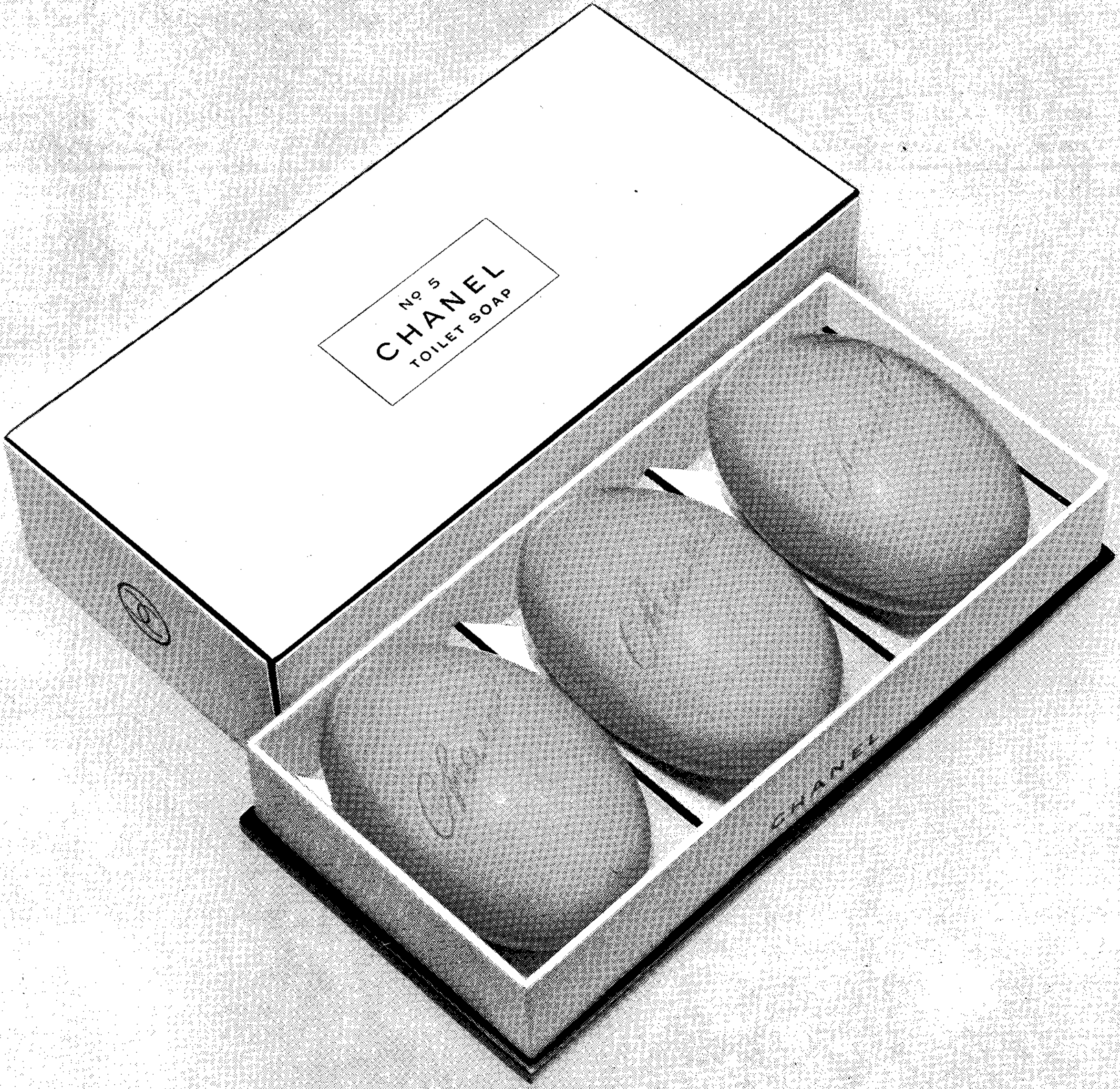
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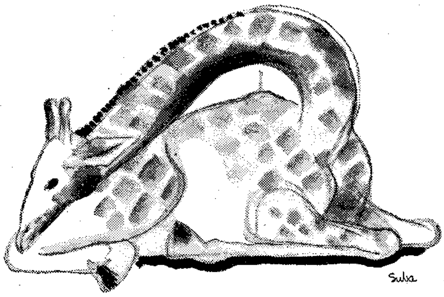

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of schedules because of Easter Week. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Margaret Webster's slightly disappointing revival of Chekhov's most touching play, with Joseph Schildkraut and Miss Webster herself. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Thurs., April 13, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Wed., April 12, at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—High-toned British triangle play around the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell, however, is as fascinating as ever, and her supporting cast includes Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mrs. January & Mr. Ex—A pleasant and amiable comedy by Zoë Akins about a woman who seems on her way to marrying one of our duller Presidents, with Frank Craven and Billie Burke. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Mon., April 10, at 2:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not as funny as it might have been. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., April 10, at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., April 10, at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, William Wadsworth, and Una Merkel. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of a young Nazi, and Conrad Nagel and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than three hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Chicken Every Sunday—A dramatization, by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, of the Rosemary Taylor novel, with Mary Philips and Rhys Williams. Staged by Lester Vail and produced by Edward Gross. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Only the Heart—A play by Horton Foote, with June Walker and Mildred Dunnock. Produced by the American Actors Theatre. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., April 6 and 8, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus and Mary Small, and Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A good-looking, earnest revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., April 11, at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—Etta Moten and some others of the original cast in the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 8.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a very large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Public Relations—A comedy by Dale Eunson, with Ann Andrews and Philip Merivale. Staged by Edward Childs Carpenter and produced by Robert Blake. Opens Thurs., April 6. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen, Frank Parker, and Irina Baronova in a musical comedy staged by Harry Delmar and produced by Dave Wolper. Opens Sat., April 8. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

But Not Goodbye—Harry Carey and Elizabeth Patterson in a comedy by George Seaton. Staged by Richard Whorf and produced by John Golden and Harry Joe Brown. Opens Tues., April 11. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., April 13, at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—A play by Lillian Hellman, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dennis King, and Dudley Digges. Staged and produced by Herman Shumlin. Opens Wed., April 12. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Circus—Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey presenting the usual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. weekdays, except Thurs. and Fri., April 6-7, at 2:40, and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—Erwin Piscator presenting "Bobino," a musical play by Stanley Kauffmann and Leonard Marker, Thurs. and Mon., April 6 and 10, and Wed. through Fri., April 12-14, at 3 P.M.; and Fri. through Sun., April 7-9, and Sat.,

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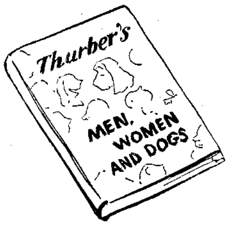

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 15, at 1 and 3:30 P.M. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5530.) . . . The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Tom Sawyer," Tues. through Sat., April 11-15, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Les Sylphides," "The Red Poppy," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Sun. Eve., April 9. . . . "Etude," "The Cuckolds' Fair," "The Bluebird," and "Rodeo," Mon. Eve., April 10. . . . "Swan Lake," "Ancient Russia," and "Le Beau Danube," Tues. Eve., April 11. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Scheherazade," and "The Red Poppy," Wed. Eve., April 12. . . . "Etude," "The Nutcracker," and "The Cuckolds' Fair," Thurs. Eve., April 13. . . . "Serenade," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Fri. Eve., April 14. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Nutcracker," and "Rodeo," Sat. Aft., April 15. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "The Red Poppy," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., April 15. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ballet Theatre—"Giselle," "Dim Lustre," and "Princess Aurora," Sun. Eve., April 9. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Amor Brujo," and "Bluebeard," Mon. Eve., April 10. . . . "Swan Lake," "Tally-Ho," and "Princess Aurora," Tues. Eve., April 11. . . . "Aleko," "Amor Brujo," "Pas de Quatre," and "Helen of Troy," Wed. Eve., April 12. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Pas de Deux," "Tally-Ho," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Thurs. Eve., April 13. . . . "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Princess Aurora," Fri. Eve., April 14. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Peter and the Wolf," "Pas de Deux," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sat. Aft., April 15. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Tally-Ho," "Bolero," and "Petrouchka," Sat. Eve., April 15. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Presenting a series of repertory recitals, Sat. and Sun., April 8-9, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Rosario and Antonio—With their group, Sat., April 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A good-looking ice revue and Emile Petti's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. In other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Josh White and Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous and tumultuous room with pretty girls and palm trees. Also Sophie Tucker, Joel Herron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Be it ever so gorgeous, it's still home to some people. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there is sweet and continuous music (for waltzers, too) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Dr. Giovanni, the accomplished pickpocket, and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre Mon. through Fri. at the supper hour, and Sat. and Sun. for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm sings saucily at the supper hour in the Persian Room and Bob Grant's orchestra is there throughout the evening.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a sedate but pleasant ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room and Victor Borge and Russell Swann entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey head a competent show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a rococo sort of place, with Robert Crum, the pianist, and a number of other good entertainers. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Irene Bordoni, at her best, and a neat magician. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is back, with all her old, raucous songs and a few new ones. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano while the young folks talk.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and a slapdash show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small but fancy, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, George Morris's orchestra, and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as the original but much handsomer; Danny Yates' orchestra plays for dancing after 9:30 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Clarence Profit Trio makes a trip downtown worthwhile.

•

Mostly for Music—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters top a rowdy Negro show. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's band. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and Eddie Condon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Sidney and Wilbur de Paris play warm and blue for their admirers. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the noise is supplied by the Al Casey Trio, the songs by Billie Holiday. . . . **YACHT CLUB,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Trummie Young and Dizzy Gillespie and their hot bands. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's new band (including Ben Webster) and the Leonard Ware Trio.

ART

Abstract Group—The annual show of American Abstract Artists: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

George Bellows—Paintings from 1909 to 1922: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

Sarah Berman—Subtle color drawings of the Fourteenth Street crowd: Artists', 43 W. 55. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., April 10.

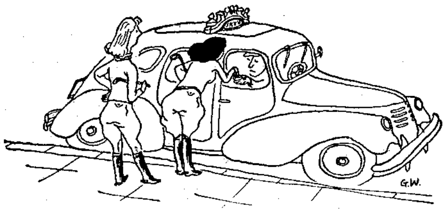
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A retrospective of prints by Emil Ganso. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 21.

Mario Carreño—Twenty-one recent paintings and drawings by the Cuban artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

Czechoslovakian—A collection of twentieth-century graphic arts: Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

Russell Cowles—New oils by a descendant of the Impressionists: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

Gladys Rockmore Davis—Backstage ballet scenes: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.



Hubert Davis—The American scene, painted more excitingly than usual: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Thurs., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Julio De Diego—New oils and temperas: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

Stuart Edie—Landscapes and figure studies by a former Surrealist: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

French—Derain, Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others of the Paris school: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1.

Harry Gottlieb—Oils, the first he has done in twelve years: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 22.

Marion Greenwood—Paintings by a former muralist: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Juan Gris—Forty oils, gouaches, and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 22.

Groups—At the **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: Rouault, Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and several others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: annual exhibition of An American Group, which includes Raphael and Moses Soyer and Isabel Bishop. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: New York artists, including Lyonel Feininger, Borislav Bogdanovich, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 22. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: drawings, prints, and water colors by modern French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29. . . . **ARTIST ASSOCIATES,** 138 W. 15: small paintings by Robert Gwathmey, Eitaro Ishigaki, Helen Ratkai, Chuzo Tamotzu, and others of this coöperative group. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 22.

Irene Hamar—A Brazilian sculptor's academic versions of Mrs. Vanderbilt, Martha Graham, Wendell Willkie, and others: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

J. M. Hanson—Eight large and occasionally complex paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

Jean Hélion—Oils done since the artist escaped from a German prison camp: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Davis Herron—Paintings by an Iowa Surrealist: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., April 11.

Hilaire Hiler—Experiments in color: Argent, 42 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

Hans Hofmann—A well-known art teacher shows his own paintings and drawings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Gerard Hordyk—Paintings and gouaches: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 14.

Walter Houmère—A merger of Abstract and Surrealist painting: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Bernard Lamotte—Paintings of Paris: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 22.

Fernand Léger—New oils, more or less abstract: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

London—Paintings, before 1800, and prints of scenes in and around the city: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 22.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection (through Sun., April 9). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

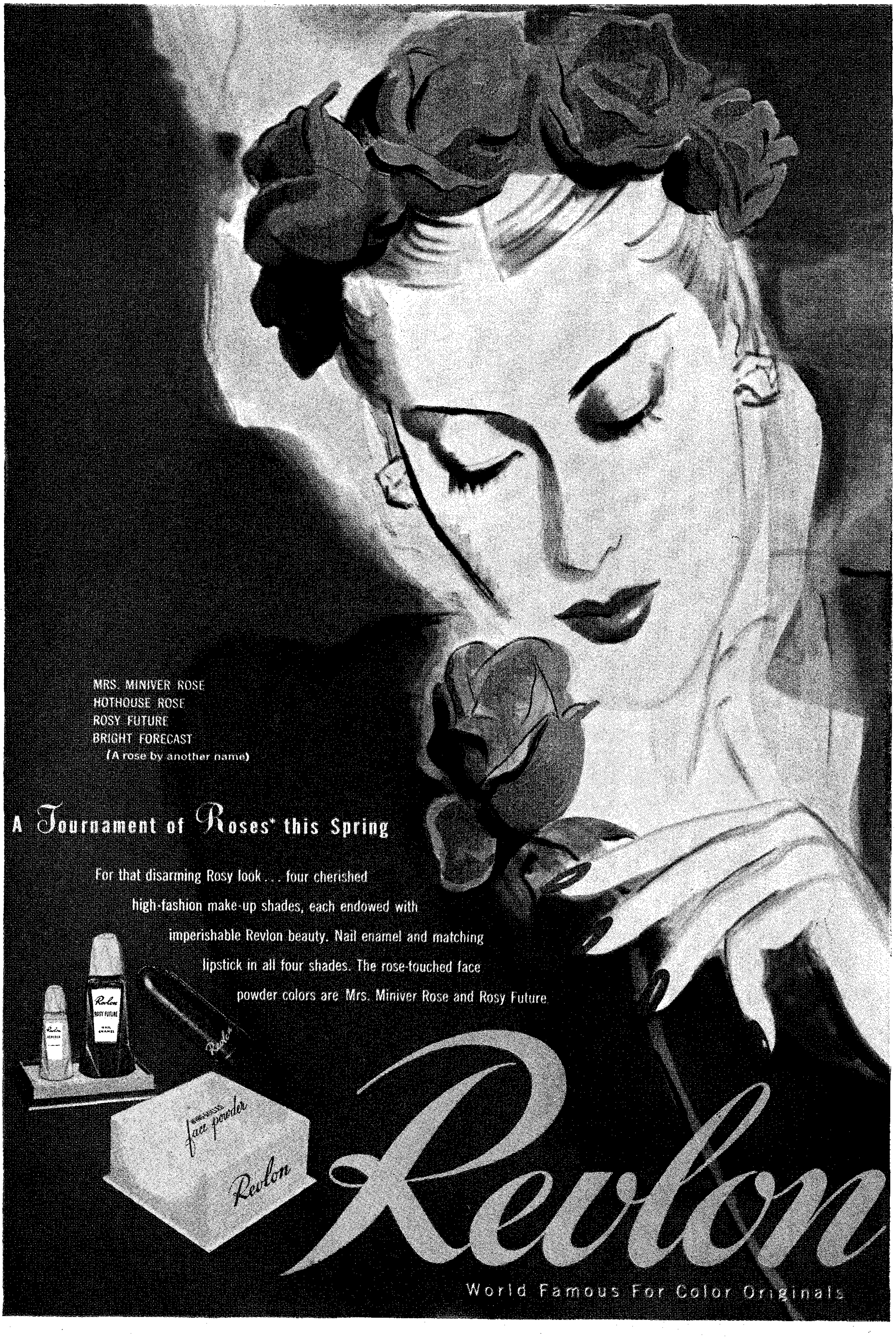
George L. K. Morris—Abstractions, tempered by the war: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern Cuban painting (through May 7); also, modern American and European drawings (through May 10). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 14.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of paintings and sculpture. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25.

Leonard Pytlak—Colored lithographs and other prints: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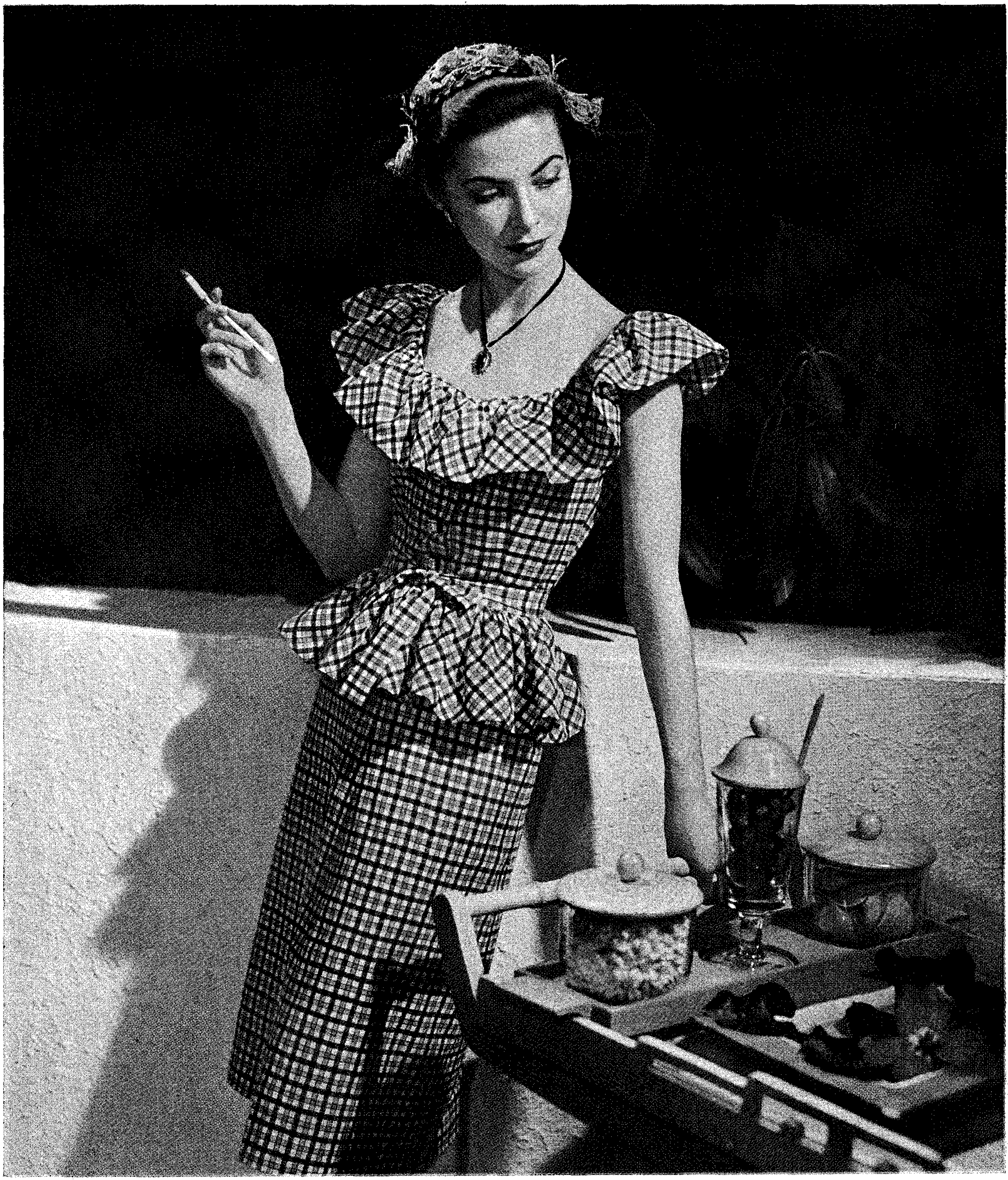

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

Walter Quirt—Oils by one of the firebrands of American Abstractionism: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M to 5:30 P.M.; through April 29.

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones—Twelve water colors by a romantic symbolist: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 15.

Dorothea Tanning—Surrealist paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 22.

Lesser Ury—The first show here of this German Impressionist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., April 11.

Abraham Walkowitz—Twenty-five paintings, including several from the Armory Show of 1913: Schacht, 23 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 8.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Pictures and sculpture bought by the Museum during the past two years. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

John Whorf—Recent water colors: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 22.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs., April 6, at 6:30 and 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 7, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.; and Sun., April 9, at 3 and 5:15 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., April 13, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., April 14, at 2:30 P.M. (Highlights: Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Westminster Choir and vocal soloists, April 6, 7, and 9; Nadia Reisenberg, piano, April 13-14.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., April 15, at 11 A.M.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, Marian Anderson, contralto. Tues., April 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Operatic Concert—Ernst Gebert conducting an English version of Handel's "Julius Caesar." Wed., April 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Chamber Music Series—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players. Fri., April 14, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Dorothy Holcomb conducting. Sat., April 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jazz Concert—The fifth in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring musicians such as Muggsy Spanier, cornet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; George Wettling, drums; and James P. Johnson, piano. Sat., April 8, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season: "Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., April 6. . . . "Parsifal," Fri. Aft., April 7. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., April 7. . . . "Tosca," Sat. Aft., April 8. . . . "Götterdämmerung," Sat. Eve., April 8. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

Salmaggi Opera—"Aïda," Mon., April 10. . . . "Rigoletto," Tues., April 11. . . . "La Traviata," Wed., April 12. . . . "Faust," Thurs., April 13. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri., April 14. . . . "La Forza del Destino," Sat., April 15. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Eves. at 8:30.)

Museum Concert—Webster Aitken, piano. Thurs., April 6, at 3 P.M. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70.)

Nadia Reisenberg and Mischa Mischakoff—Piano and violin. Tues., April 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Nelson Eddy—Baritone. Sat., April 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Benefit games for the Red Cross: Giants vs. Yankees, Polo Grounds, Thurs., April 13, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Thurs., April 13, at 2:30 P.M.

Chess—Opening of the National Championship finals, Sat., April 15, from 2 to 6 P.M. (Park Central Hotel.)

Racing—The local season opens at Jamaica, Sat., April 8, at 1:45 P.M.; weekdays, through May 6. (Paumonok Handicap, April 8; the Excelsior, April 15.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.

Americana—A display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

Latin America—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 20.

Photography—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the annual press photographers' show, featuring war pictures taken by servicemen. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 23. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER,** 9 W. 54: photographs of people, in the first of a series of exhibitions by younger photographers. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

Canteen Ball—A benefit party for Madison House and the Anzac Club: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs., April 13, at 9 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 3-8881.)

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—Eighteenth-century English and French furniture and decorations owned by the late Frances Benenson, Anne Depew Paulding, and others: Sat., April 8, at 2 P.M. . . . Modern paintings by Soutine, Kisling, Rouault, and others, collected by Richard Davis: Thurs., April 13, at 8:15 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Meissen and other porcelains, early nineteenth-century fans, and decorative objects, owned by John W. Campbell and the late Mary G. Carroll: Sat., April 8, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Easter Service—A broadcast by servicemen at an Italian battlefront, Sun., April 9, at 7:30 A.M., WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., April 9, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Chicago Symphony, Desiré Defauw conducting, Sat., April 8 and 15, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra: Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., April 8; Saul Caston and Harl McDonald conducting, Sat., April 15; at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: G. Wallace Woodworth conducting, Sat., April 8; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 15; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., April 9, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Sun., April 9, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Tosca," with Grace Moore and Charles Kullman, Sat., April 8; "Faust," with Raoul Jobin and Licia Albanese (from Boston), Sat., April 15, at 2 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: Paumonok Handicap, from Jamaica, Sat., April 8; the Bowie, from Pimlico, Sat., April 15; at 4:15 P.M., WEAF.

News Commentators—Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Cover Girl—A long but agreeable musical with Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

A Guy Named Joe—Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne are a couple of fliers, one of whom goes to heaven and keeps an eye on the other from up yonder. (Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., April 10.)

Holy Matrimony—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," in this new version, turns out to be an ideal showcase for the talents of Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Tues., April 8-11.)

Jack London—Students of the man may want to quarrel with a few assertions about London's thoughts on the Japanese, but there are other, less controversial phases. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., April 8. . . . Orpheum, 3

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Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., April 10.)

Jane Eyre—A pretty good adaptation except for the acting of Orson Welles, which is eccentric. Joan Fontaine is Jane, and there's also Henry Daniell. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Tues., April 11. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., April 12. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Thurs., April 7-13. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., April 9-10.)

Kings of the Ring—A collection of bits from most of the best fight movies from 1907 on. (World, 153 W. 49; through Fri., April 7.)

Lady in the Dark—Ginger Rogers has even fancier dreams than Gertrude Lawrence did. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Jon Hall. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Madame Curie—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a good, popularized version of the biography by Eve Curie. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., April 6.)

The North Star—A bit of the war history of a Russian village, splendidly conceived and pretty well executed. Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, and Anne Baxter are in the cast. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 8. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., April 7-10. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., April 9-11. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., April 11-12.)

Passage to Marseille—Several adventures, many of them a shade improbable, of some Fighting French. Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—Basic training without tears. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—A nicely handled adaptation of Franz Werfel's book. The rôle of the girl who saw the visions at Lourdes is played by Jennifer Jones, and she is supported by Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

REVIVALS

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., April 11-13.)

The Constant Nymph (1943)—The latest version of the old reliable story. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, and Alexis Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat. through Tues., April 8-11.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. With John Boles. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 6.)

Easy Living (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as a Cinderella. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., April 8.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., April 11-12.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Tues. and Wed., April 11-12.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., April 12.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., April 7.)

Our Town (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., April 12-14.)

Pearls of the Crown (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky sketch of some famous pearls. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., April 7.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., April 11-13.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., April 11-12.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., April 11-12.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing *old motion* pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule. **THURS., APRIL 6:** "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. **FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 7-8:** "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), with Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokow-

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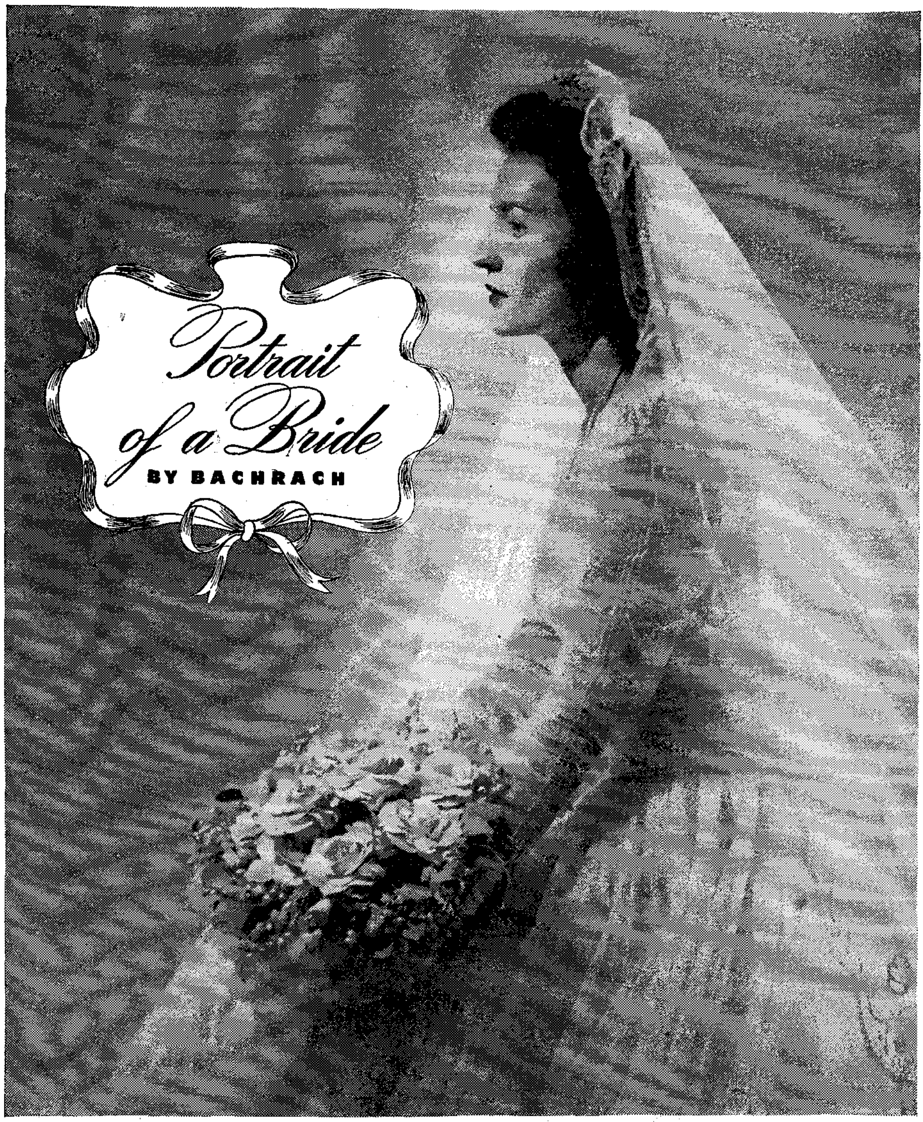

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ski. SUN. AND MON., APRIL 9-10: "A Corner in Wheat" (1909) and "The Mother and the Law" (1914), both directed by D. W. Griffith. TUES. AND WED., APRIL 11-12: "Isn't Life Wonderful?" (1924), directed by D. W. Griffith. THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 13-14: "Mother" (1926), Russian film. FROM SAT., APRIL 15: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), with Paul Muni.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; men and women with some knowledge of a foreign language, especially Italian and Chinese, to act as interpreters for O.P.A. price checkers working in foreign districts. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing and serving refreshments at servicemen's clubs (RE 4-5982). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then serve about six hours a week as hospital aides; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as clinic, pantry, and ward aides in hospitals.

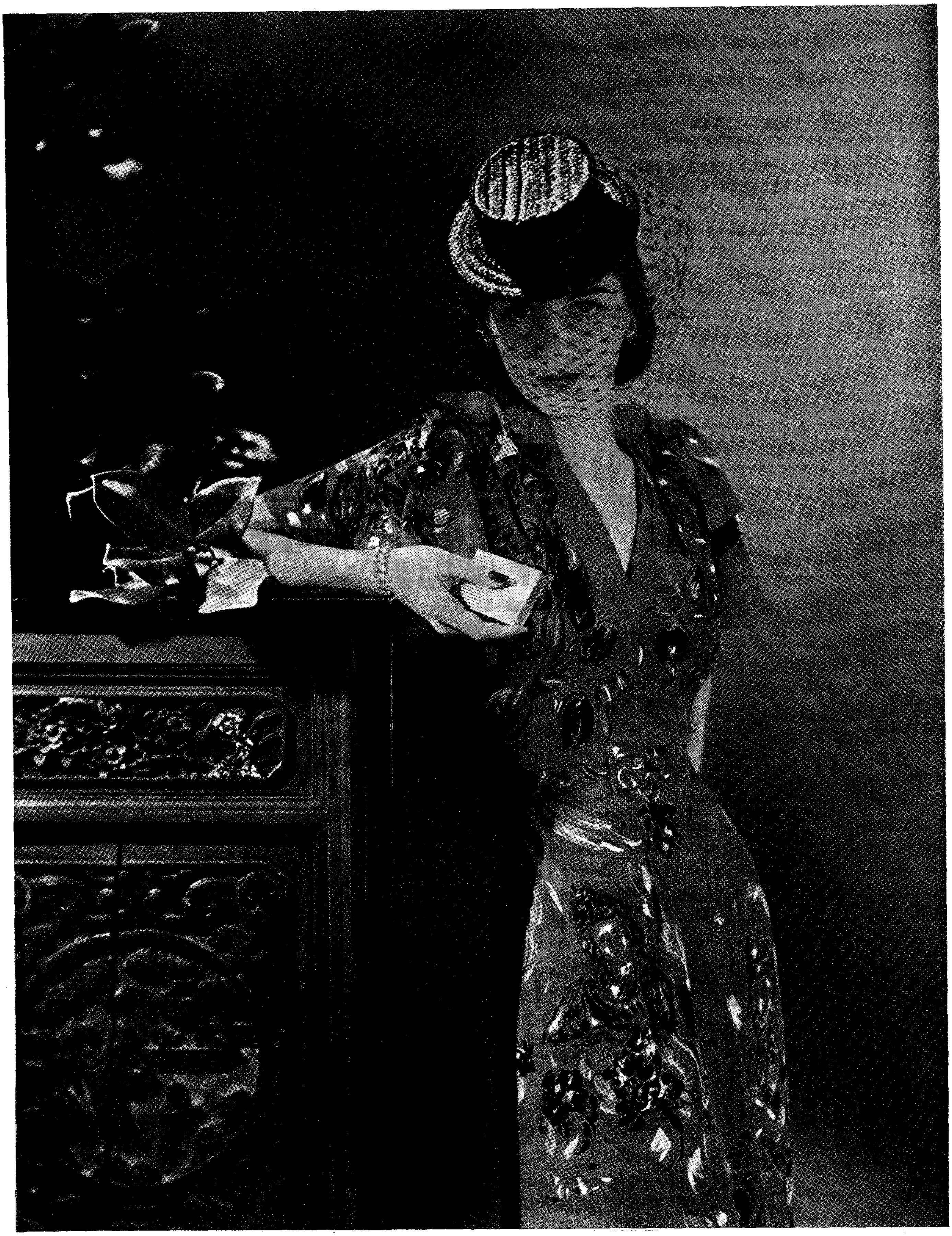
NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44th (PL 5-7300, Ext. 5), wants to collect fifty thousand books for servicemen in this country. If you have fifty or more books to give, the C.D.V.O. will pick them up; smaller contributions should be delivered to the office. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses, drums, and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789).

HOYNINGEN-HUENE



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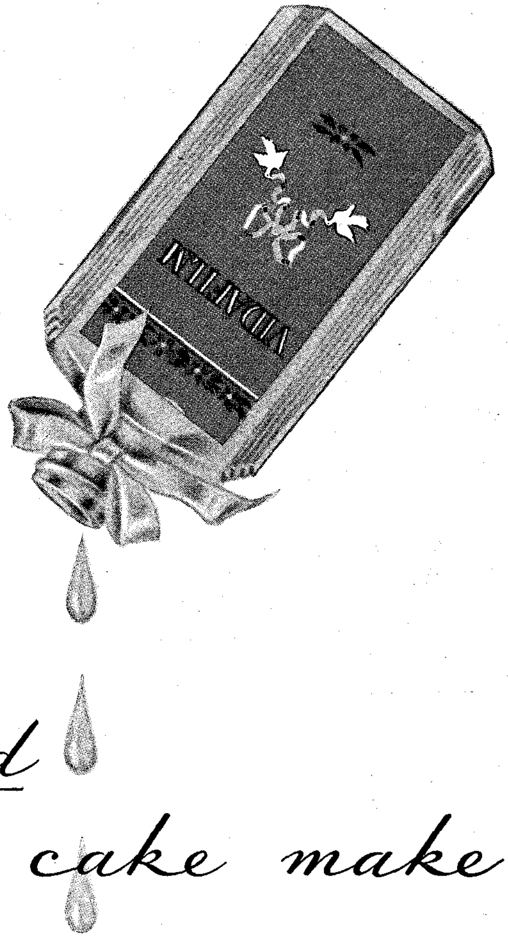

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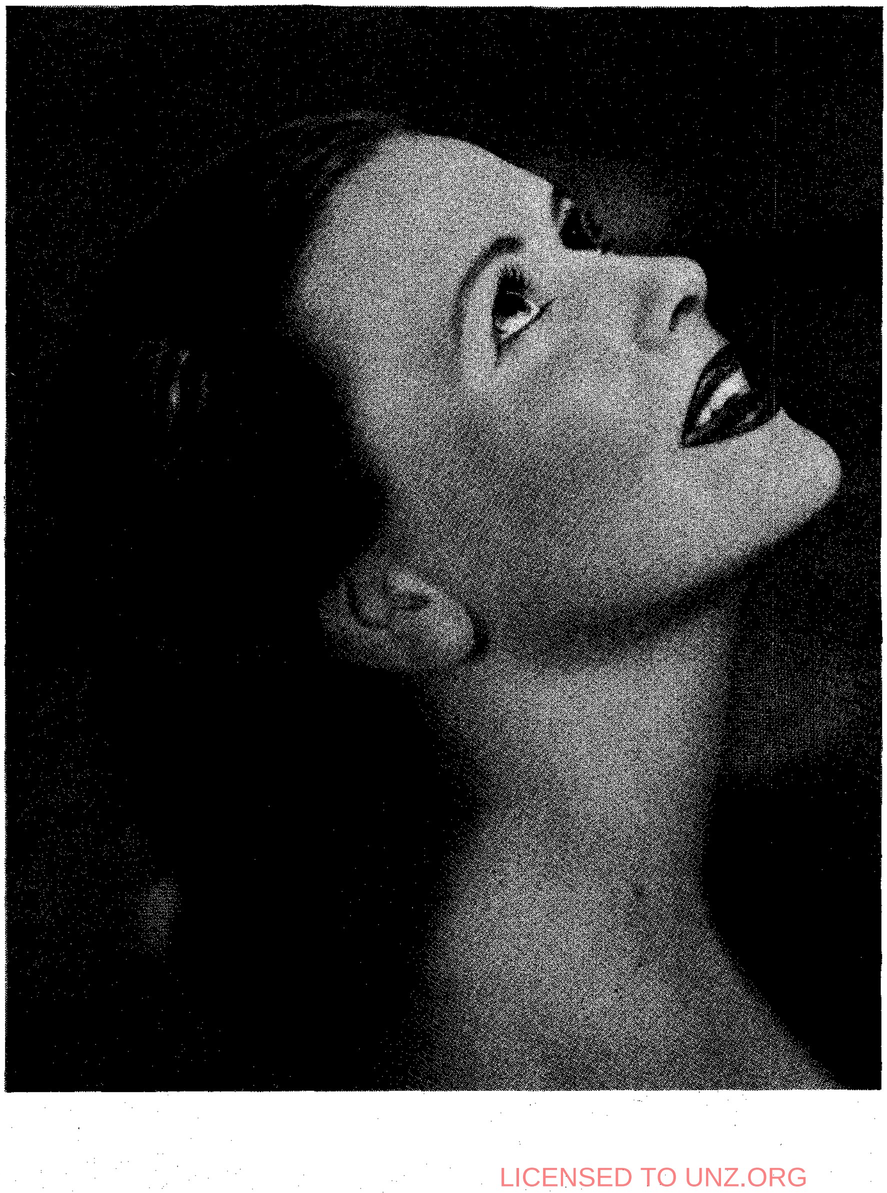

You don't have to be an expert to get expert results with Vidafilm. It is cake make-up in *liquid* form—easier and quicker to use because you merely blend on a few drops with your finger-tips.

Vidafilm gives exactly the effect you want—a radiant new complexion, with tiny blemishes hidden and no mask-y look or feel. Lasts long, doesn't rub off, isn't a bit drying. In fact, if you have dry skin, you'll appreciate it all the more!

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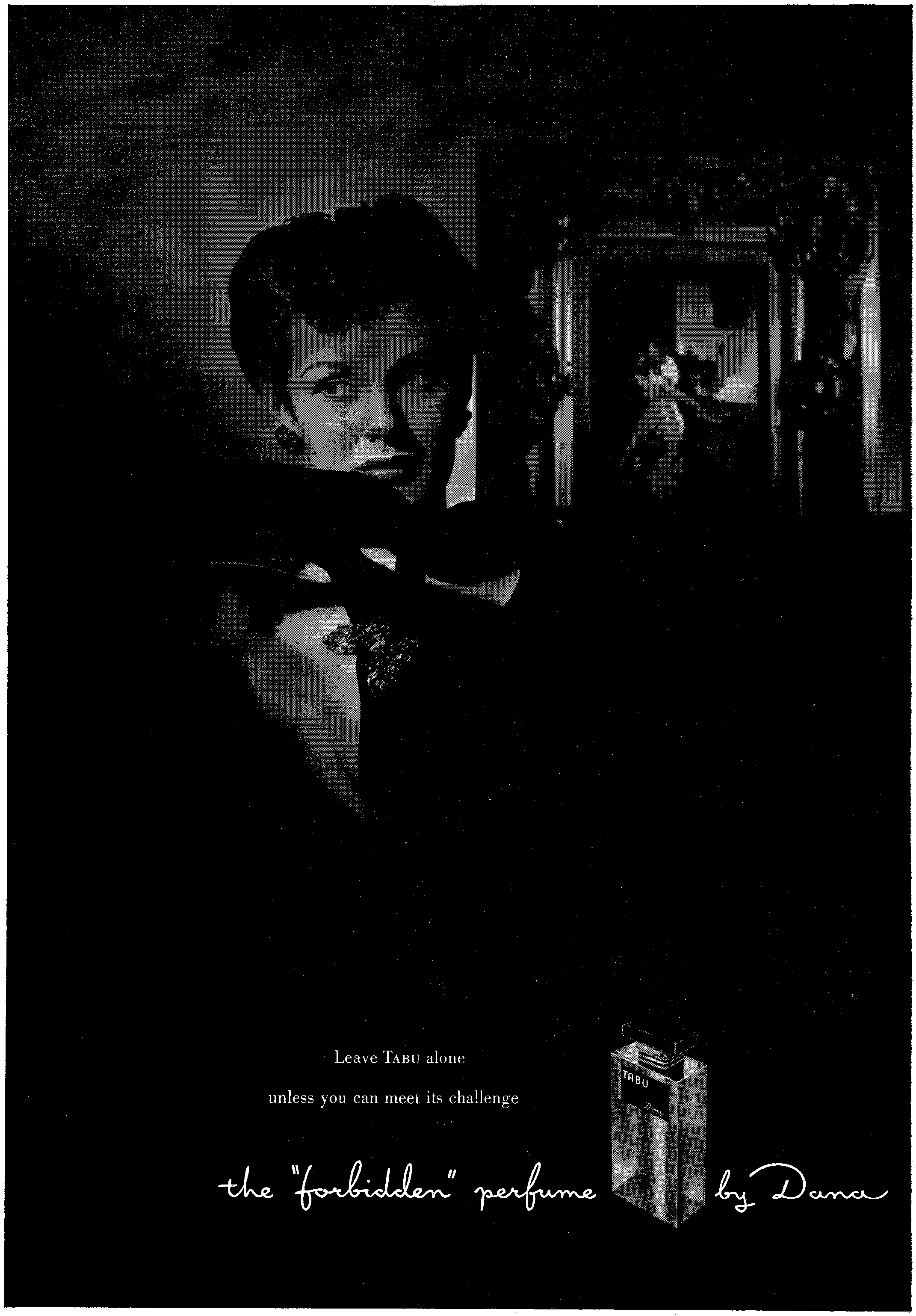
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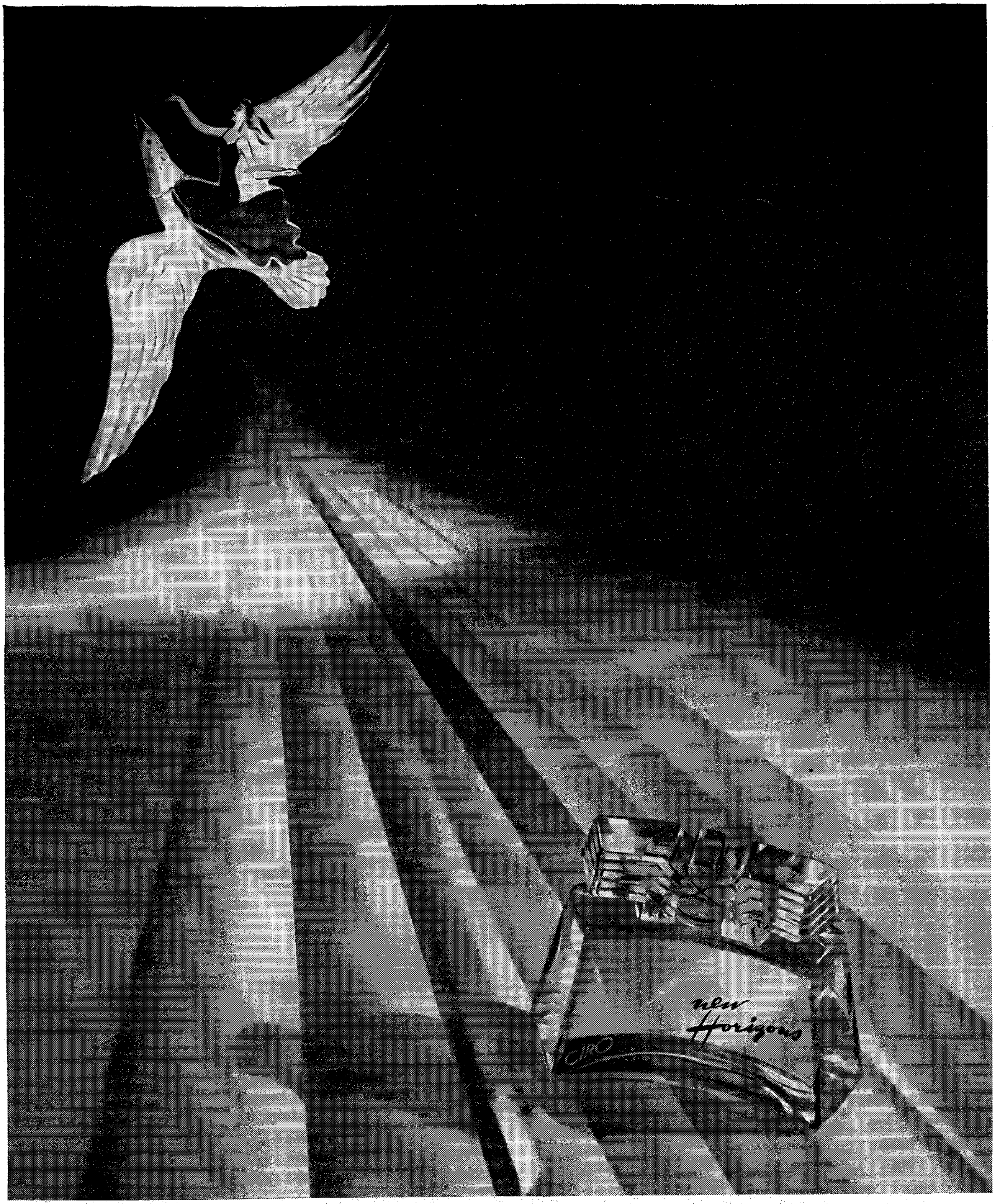
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Zenith, pioneer in radionics and world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, has brought the hard of hearing "Another Zenith First." It places the fine precision quality that modern science and engineering can produce within reach of *all* who need it.

If we at Zenith never made a dollar on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid, we would feel repaid a thousandfold by the expressions of delight, the smiles and in many cases the tears, of sheer gladness on the faces of these grateful people.

For the first time, many of them are able to hold vital wartime jobs and do their rightful share in Uncle Sam's wartime emergency. Many are hearing, *for the first time in years,* the voices of their children, their families, their friends. Handicapped youngsters, too, can now be saved from lives of failure and misunderstanding due to hearing deficiencies. 78% of all who are buying this revolutionary new instrument have never owned an adequate hearing aid before!

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Complete, with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone and Batteries. One model—no "decoys"... One price—$40... One quality—our best. Covered by a liberal guarantee.

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3 **Special Battery-Saver Circuit.** Insures economy in battery consumption . . . results in substantial saving of battery life and battery replacement expense.

4 **Zenith Quality—Zenith Guarantee.** Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, is fortunate in having the knowledge of precision production that makes possible this quality hearing aid at a remarkably low price. Guaranteed for a full year, with unique service insurance plan.

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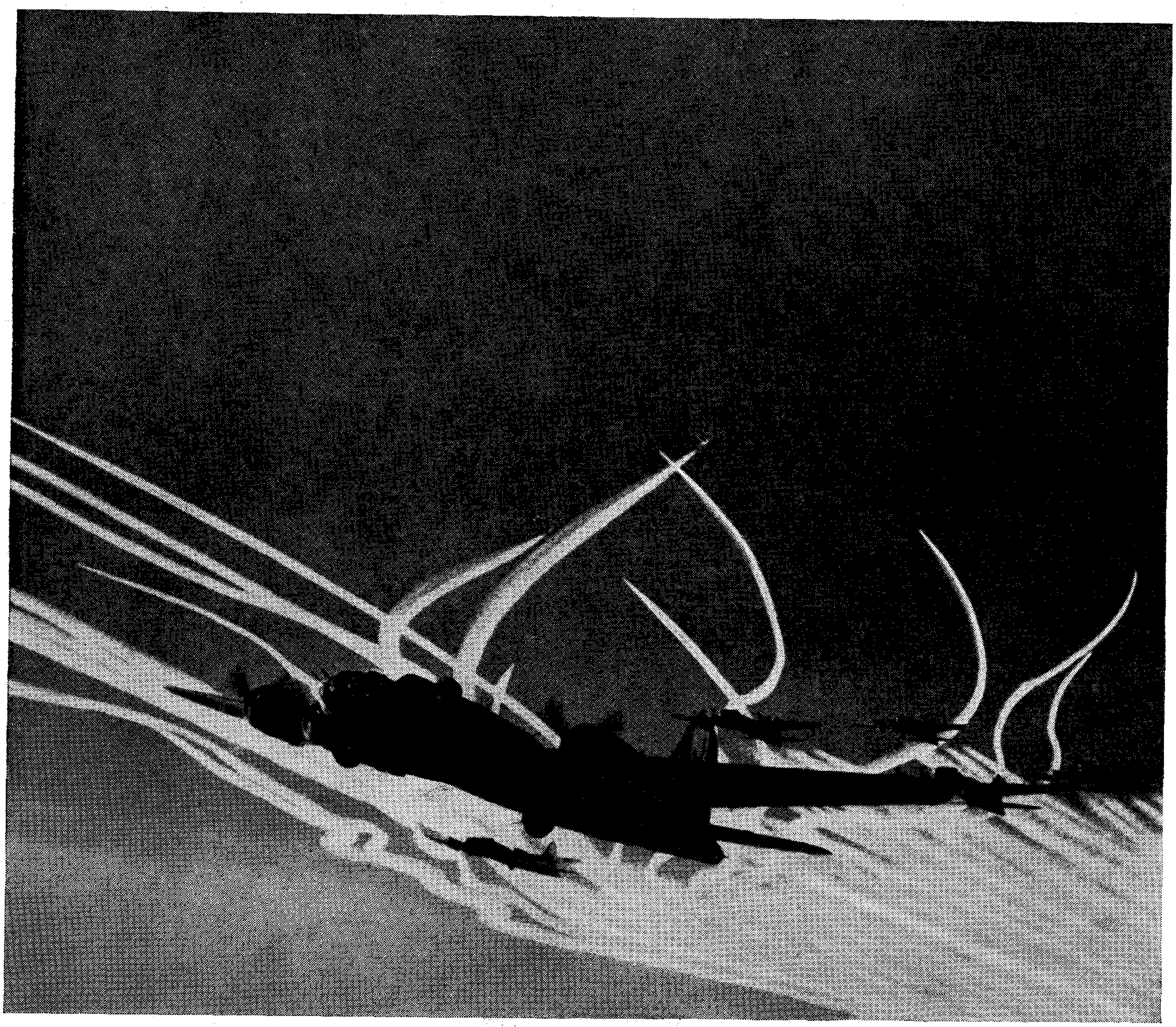


Finish the Fight with War Bonds

Sky Snakes

Look again. Those sinuous white shapes are neither serpents nor ribbons of confetti. They're condensed vapor trails in the dark, frosty blue of the upper air.

The straight ones flow back from the engines of Boeing Flying Fortresses. If you look closely at the others—the twisting, writhing, climbing ones—you will see tiny black specks at their tips. Those are allied fighter planes adding their protection to the deadly fire of the Forts' 50-calibre guns.

Every maneuver known to combat flying has been used by German airmen in their endeavor to stop the Forts. They have tried coming in from every point of the compass—from above—from below. With desperate ingenuity, the Luftwaffe has devised new tactics and new weapons — air-to-air bombing — rocket guns — mass attacks. But they have never yet succeeded in turning back the Fortress crews from their targets.

The development of daylight precision bombing is one of America's great sagas. It is an epic of brave and skilful men — gunners, radiomen, navigators, bombardiers and pilots; of steadfast ground crews; of untiring staff work; and of the Forts themselves, designed and built by Boeing to handle the toughest task in air warfare.

Flying Fortresses performed almost unbelievable miracles through the early days of the war and are today the backbone of the mightiest bombing force in history. Because of their record, nearly one-fifth of all the nation's aircraft production facilities are now devoted to building Boeing-designed planes.

When the mounting fury of round-the-clock bombing has done its part to win lasting victory, Boeing's skill in research, design, engineering and manufacturing again will be applied to products of peace. Of any such product you can be sure . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

and other assorted troubles! His right toe moves desperately from accelerator to brake to accelerator again. His left hand, alone on the wheel, pulls and strains to effect a getaway from the curb. His glance roves the mirrors and the crowds, his sanity reels, his patience ebbs and runs away, and, just as he is about to find a two-handed solution to a practically insoluble snarl, a newly arrived passenger scrapes a large bundle across his right ear and demands that he tell her what street to get off at for the Home for Little Animals.

It is a very convenient dodge indeed, during a manpower shortage, to give one man the work of two. Then, after the shortage is over and business lies in the doldrums of unemployment, the precedent has been established and the company need never take back the second man.

•

Incidental Intelligence: There's a barbershop in Chicago that has in its window a sign reading "G.I. Haircuts Repaired." Does quite a brisk business, we're told.

A lady in Philadelphia sent her American flag to the dry-cleaners, but got it back uncleaned, with the explanation that this sort of thing was classified as "non-essential."

The offices of the Hobo News, on West Fifty-second Street, now have a green canopy out in front.

The Calder mobile entitled "A Universe," at the Museum of Modern Art, doesn't work any more.

Raw Material

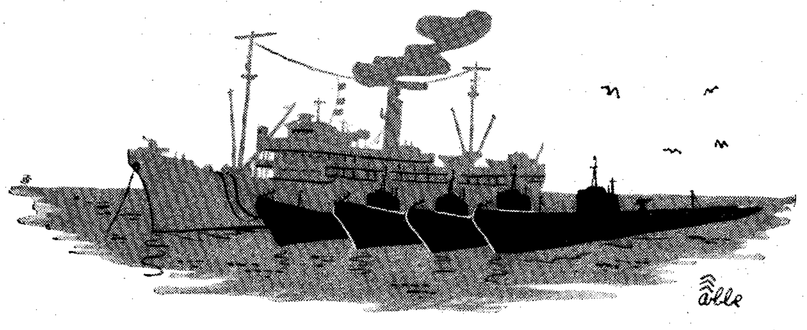
PART of a pilot's training is making flare landings—that is, night landings by the light of 800,000-candlepower flares attached to parachutes and dropped by the pilot over the landing field. Well, the parachutes used for these flares are made of the finest silk, about twenty yards of it, and thereby hangs a bit of Army-wife lore. The girls gather near the field on nights when flare-landing practice is scheduled and wait for a pilot to misjudge the distance, the wind, or some other factor governing the flight of the chute. A flare heading out of bounds is fair game. The wives make a dash for it, by car or bicycle or on foot, and the first one who reaches it has enough material for an evening dress, a long evening coat, and a blouse with long sleeves.

Broadway Frontage

Dario Louis Toffenetti is a restaurateur of considerable note, both here and in Chicago, where he operates seven places in the Loop. He has one place here, a gaudy institution seating a thousand, at Broadway and Forty-third. We mentioned him briefly in these columns when he opened up locally after a successful venture at the World's Fair. To many eaters in America's first and second cities a Toffenetti menu is a prose masterpiece which inevitably excites the salivary glands: "Jumbo, Meaty Shrimp, Cleaned and Free from Sand, then Dipped in Mellow Butter, Rolled in Cracker Crumbs and Fried Deliciously so that You Might Enjoy Its Sea-Tang Deliciousness and Firmness . . . 85c," for instance. Well, last week Toffenetti became owner of the two-story taxpayer he occupies at Forty-third and Broadway and its site, paying over two and a quarter million dollars to the New York Life Insurance Company, three hundred thousand of it in cash. We seized upon this event for a talk with him at the restaurant, and found him in the kitchen, a squat man in his middle fifties, inspecting spaghetti sauce. "Flavorsome!" he murmured, sipping a spoonful and moving across the room to an oven filled with baked potatoes. "Large and farinaceous! Fine!" cried Mr. Toffenetti, wringing a chef's hand and taking his leave of the kitchen, amidst a salvo of farewells from the help. We followed him to his office, one flight up, where he explained that his Chicago interests prevent him from visiting New York more than once a month. "While in town I constantly tour the kitchen with a word here, a word there," he said. "Builds morale. Creates natural, happy flavors!"

Mr. Toffenetti told us that he has been in the restaurant business for upward of thirty years, a number of which he spent floundering about in a routine, unimaginative way. "I did not understand the psychology of happy eating," he said. He was born in Trento, in the Tyrol, and came to this country when he was twenty-one at the instigation of a visiting Cincinnati ice-cream manufacturer on the hunt for salesmen, who told him of the riches to be made by selling his ice cream from a wagon. Toffenetti delayed his departure a few months and arrived in New York in December, when it was laughingly explained to him that nobody bought ice cream from a wagon in the winter, even in Cincinnati. That was in 1910. He proceeded to Cincinnati and confirmed this, then found another patron, who put him to work in a restaurant. For several years he shifted from one city to another, working in restaurants, and finally opened a place of his own in Chicago. The first World War started about this time, and business was slim for the whole period of hostilities. He was then specializing in thin, dainty sandwiches, and they didn't move so well. Shortly after the armistice the turning point in his career came. He read a *Saturday Evening Post* story about an unemployed newspaperman who landed himself a job by urging a restaurateur to put tempting signs in his window. Business picked up in the story, and business boomed at Toffenetti's when he hung out a placard reading "Delicious Hot Roasted Juicy Sugar-Cured Ham Sandwich Liberal in Size with Pickle . . . 15c." "Overnight," he told us, "I had the key to the psychology. One, the mouth watered. Two, liberal in size was a revolution in sandwiches. Three, *hot* was a novelty. Four, the pickle attracted stragglers." Toffenetti is of the opinion that a vast percentage of the population will eat practically anything you can name if you serve it with a pickle.

Toffenetti soon established himself as a panegyrist for ham and sweet potatoes ("Selected Hogs from Wisconsin, Raised with Acorns") and baked potatoes ("Rough Skin but Tender-Hearted, from the Lava Beds of Idaho, Product of Millions of Years of Evolution"). These were quickly followed by "Strawberry Shortcake, The Tonic of Spring: Just Say Old-Fashioned." Ever since, these dishes have been the specialty of the house, or houses. Toffenetti still writes his menus himself, dictating the blurbs at odd



THE NEW YORKER

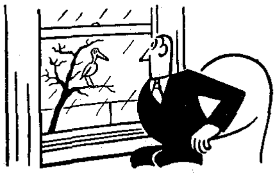
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JUVENILE NOTE: A rather haggard-looking sociologist dropped into our office the other day to report on his extensive investigation of subway art. He finds that the long-time favorite, the female nude, has finally been superseded, about five to two, by the four-motored bomber.

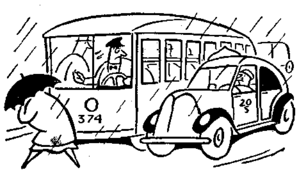
NOTE ON THE LENGTH OF THE DURATION: The blue serge uniforms worn by the Pennsy's female trainmen are beginning to get shiny here and there.

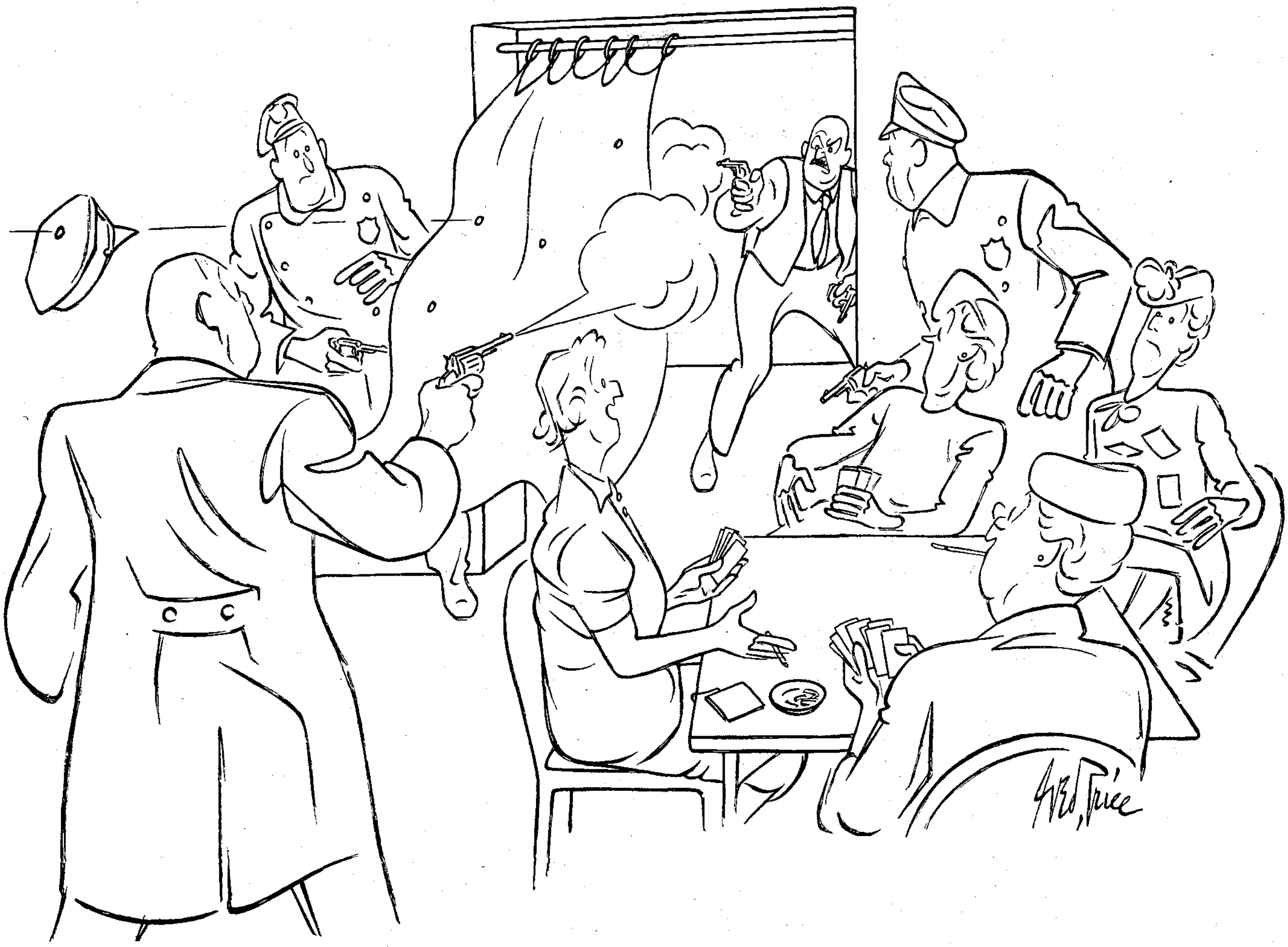
THE concept of profession in a man's life is unquestionably too narrow and hidebound. Most people are more than one thing, vocationally. This has long been our opinion, and once, in a carefree period in our life, after a couple of timorous sashays into Wall Street had, to our astonishment, proved gainful, we gaily listed ourself as "capitalist" on our income-tax form and sat around smugly to see what the government would do about it. We were all set with our arguments, but the government never did anything. Nor did it do anything when, in a later and drabber year, we described ourself as "taxpayer," which we were prepared to support by ample argument, too. One evening last week, about dusk, a large, strange bird that looked something like an owl alighted on a limb of the hopeless, lonesome tree in our back yard. We phoned the Zoo in a state of high excitement and told the bird man about it. We told him the bird was gray and white, looked like an owl with a gull's beak, and was larger than a chicken. "Larger than a full-grown chicken?" he asked. We said it was larger than any chicken we had ever seen. "Oh," he said, "that's a night heron. Shouldn't be in your back yard." He told us that night herons are now migrating through this region but that they generally avoid cities, and that having one in a back yard was a rarity. We thanked him and went back to the window to watch the bird. After a while he shook himself and flew off, straight up Fifth Avenue, for a summer in Canada. We cite this experience to support our point. For at least two days afterward our profession was bird lover, the friend and confidant of wild things, and we worked at it full time plus. That is how we probably would have listed ourself if we had filled out our tax blank during that forty-eight hours, and what could Secretary Morgenthau have done about it?



THERE used to be one sure way of getting favorable mention in the press, and that was to die. This no longer works, or at least there's no certainty of its working. A Mahlon B. Foster, for example, passed away in Wilmington, Delaware, a couple of weeks ago, and the *Herald Tribune* devoted a little over four inches to his obituary. The top headline identified him as "MAHLON B. FOSTER, 73; HANDWRITING EXPERT." The second headline remarked coldly, "HIS STATUS AS SUCH QUESTIONED IN LINDBERGH KIDNAP CASE." After going rather thoroughly into this contretemps—the foreman of a grand jury before which Foster had appeared had stated, it seemed, that he was not sure Foster was "listed" as a graphologist—the *Herald Tribune* cleared its throat and recounted, "About thirty years ago Mr. Foster was convicted of using the mails to defraud in connection with a coal company he operated." We finished the item with little heart, and the feeling that if the daily press is going in for sin in its obituaries it well might also take up the corollary matter of redemption; for instance: "JONES DIES; GOES WHERE ALL SINS ARE FORGIVEN."

THE Fifth Avenue Coach Company, we see, is trying to get permission to operate its double-deck buses without a conductor. Acting on the theory that time hangs heavy on a bus driver's hands, the company is proposing that the driver take over the conductor's work, too, and be all things to all people. As a patron whose dimes have flowed for long years in a steady, bright stream into the company's little coin snatchers, we protest this barbaric and ruinous proposal. A bus driver, even on a single-story bus, is a man pushed far beyond the decent limits of human capacity. Years ago, when the first one-man buses started rolling, we had a feeling that the Fifth Avenue Company's directors would never sleep until they had developed a one-man two-deck bus, if only to prove that a modern man is capable of the impossible. Look into the face of a Madison Avenue bus driver if you want to see the end of the road! Caught on a windswept night with two nickels in his right hand, a taxi threatening his left flank, a frantic woman making a blind crossing under his front wheels with her umbrella as a shield—look at this man, this remnant of a human being, at his controls, with his mirrors and his change pockets and his gear shift and door handles and horn buttons





"Don't ask *me*. He leads his life and I lead mine."

• •

moments throughout the day. He told us that ham-and-sweet-potato phrases generally pop into his head when he's at church, while those for shortcake hit him when he's at the movies. Later this month, Toffenetti said, his restaurants will inaugurate their annual shortcake campaign. "I'll make you shortcake-conscious!" Mr. Toffenetti said. "The most gorgeous, tempting, red, translucent berries! Celestial bliss! Let your heart revel in these beauties! Rosy, wild, juicy, and delicious! Just say old-fashioned!" "Old-fashioned," we said, and left, wishing him well.

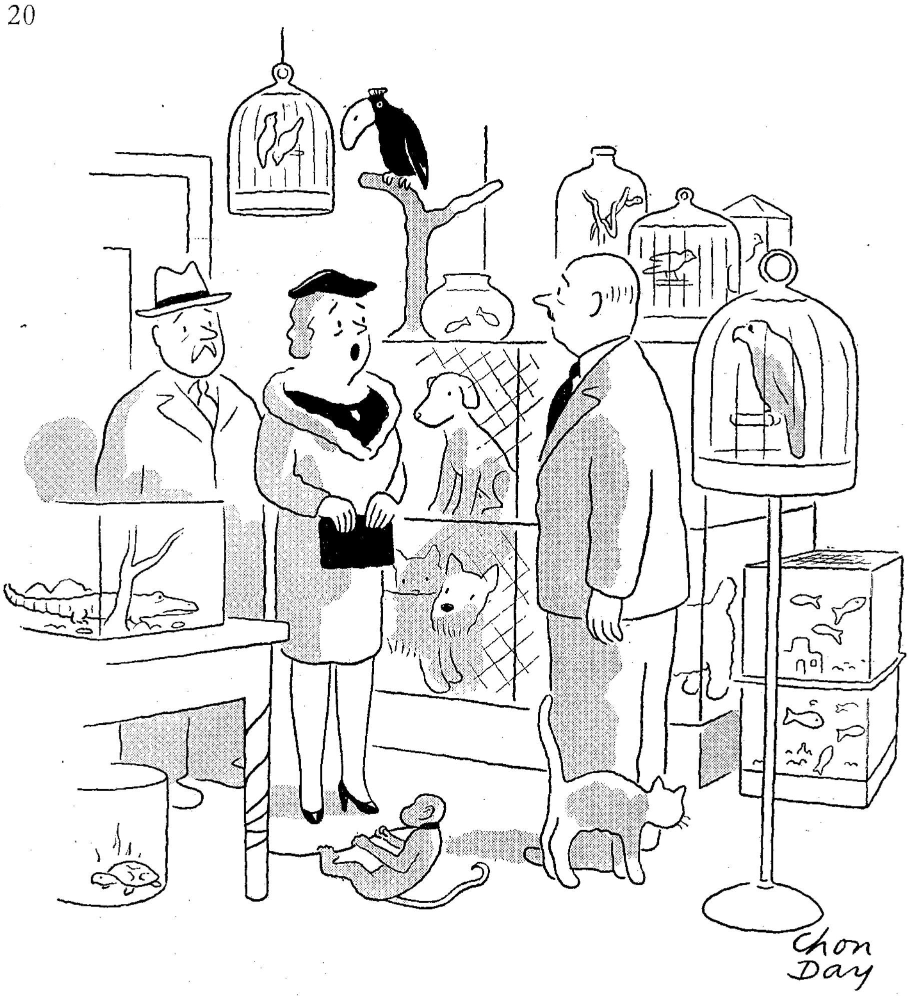
Created He Them

A FLIGHTY little thing from Brooklyn bought a pair of gold earrings at Lord & Taylor—small golden insects with minute antennae. When she got them home and looked at them closely, she found that they didn't match; one insect had spread-out feelers, the other's were close together. Fearful that they'd break if she tried to bend them herself, she took the set back to Lord & Taylor for repair. When the matter was explained to the section manager, he chuckled tolerantly and said, "Madam, they're *intended* to be that way. One is the male and the other is the female."

At Home Backstage

FLOUNDERING through the dramatic sections of the Sunday newspapers, we have seen several mentions of the dressing rooms provided at the Morosco Theatre for the cast of "The Voice of the Turtle;" i.e., Margaret Sullavan, Audrey Christie, and Elliott Nugent. The daily press seems to have agreed that the owner of the theatre laid out thirty thousand dollars to fix up the dressing rooms, and anything that costs thirty thousand dollars, or is even said to have cost thirty thousand dollars, claims our immediate attention. We got in touch with the owner of the Morosco, Robert W. Dowling. Mr. Dowling is a real-estate man, who bought the Morosco, the Martin Beck, and the Fulton a year ago, as investments. He is stagestruck—we have his own word for that—but we gathered he had never been backstage until he went to look over his new properties. "First thing I knew I was charging around the corridors of the Morosco, shouting, 'How long has this sort of thing been going on?' " he told us. " 'What sort of thing?' the house manager asked. 'This living in squalid hovels,' I said. 'Where in such squalor is the glamour of the theatre?' " The house manager had no answer for this, and Dowling bided his time, fuming, until it became reasonably apparent from the out-of-town reviews that "The Voice of the Turtle," booked for the Morosco, would be a hit. Then he turned the dressing rooms over to an interior decorator, who called in Sloane's, Georg Jensen, and various carpenters and plasterers, and went crazy.

Miss Sullavan, Miss Christie, and Mr. Nugent have a floor apiece, three normal dressing rooms having in each case been thrown together to form a suite. Miss Sullavan is on the ground floor, Mr. Nugent is on the second, and



"We're looking for something that's also edible."

• •

Miss Christie is on the third, because she has no entrances from the middle of the first act to the third. Starting with Miss Sullavan, we noted that her reception room had a blue carpet, an Empire sofa upholstered in red, a white satin bedroom chair, a Manet print on the wall, and a small table bearing an ashtray worth $3.95 (the price tag was still on it). In this room is a kitchenette with an electric burner and a small refrigerator. The dressing room proper has a pearl-gray rug, a peach-and-white satin chaise longue and hassock, several small white tables, and a dressing table, bureau, and wastebasket made entirely of mirrors. Opening off the dressing room are a closet and a little bathroom. Miss Christie has the same setup, with a slightly different color scheme and a Renoir in the reception room instead of a Manet. Mr. Nugent's suite, just as luxuriously appointed, has a Toulouse-Lautrec, an unmirrored makeup table, and severe ashtrays.

Mr. Dowling, obviously not a man to do things by halves, provided each of the actors with something for the kitchenette—cheese, cookies, coffee, tea, cocoa, and some English wafers that nobody liked. He also threw in a tea set apiece, tumblers, wine glasses, spoons and butter knives, and a big coffeepot. The members of the cast have taken care of their own commissary problems since the opening night, and, so far as we could make out when we were shown through the suites by a representative of Mr. Dowling, have not made pigs of themselves. Miss Sullavan had only mayonnaise, pineapple juice, and honey in her refrigerator at the time of our call, Miss Christie had some raspberry jam and a coffee ring, and Mr. Nugent had three bottles of beer. Scotch, incidentally, is supplied the cast at the rate of one case a month, by an importer who was surprised and grateful to hear his product mentioned in the play. Mr. Nugent, whom we bumped into at the end of our tour of inspection, said, "You can put me down as saying that the old Cort was never like this."

Hint

ONE of our bartender friends, who has a seven-year-old son, was trying to sleep late the other morning. He was getting on all right until he became drowsily aware that something was tickling his hand. He kept brushing away whatever it was, but it kept coming back. Finally he made an effort and grabbed. As he did so, he heard the bedroom door closing. In his hand was the following note, folded:

> Mr. John Monahan, Sr.
> Dear Daddy
> Do you want to get up?
> If you do then do.
> There is a rat in the house.
> Sincerely yours
> Your son
> Sonny

Our friend got right up.

Wicky Wacky Woo

IT takes something really big to lure us over to Jersey, but the news that Charles Edison—ex-Secretary of the Navy, ex-governor of his state, the enemy of Mayor Hague, and the son of the old Wizard—was the composer and lyricist of two somewhat popular songs called "Wicky Wacky Woo" and "Don't Ask Nothin' of Me" did the trick. Mr. Edison, who is a handsome and affable gentleman in his early fifties, received us in his father's old office, which is filled with commemorative statuary, patent models, and other shrine paraphernalia. "I'm the fellow whose father somehow escaped being played by Don Ameche in the movies," he remarked. "It's astonishing, you know, how stuffy people get about me and my father—introductions like 'Great son of a great father' and 'Fighting son of a fighting father.' Much as I can, I bump 'em out of it. I say I was just one of my father's early experiments."

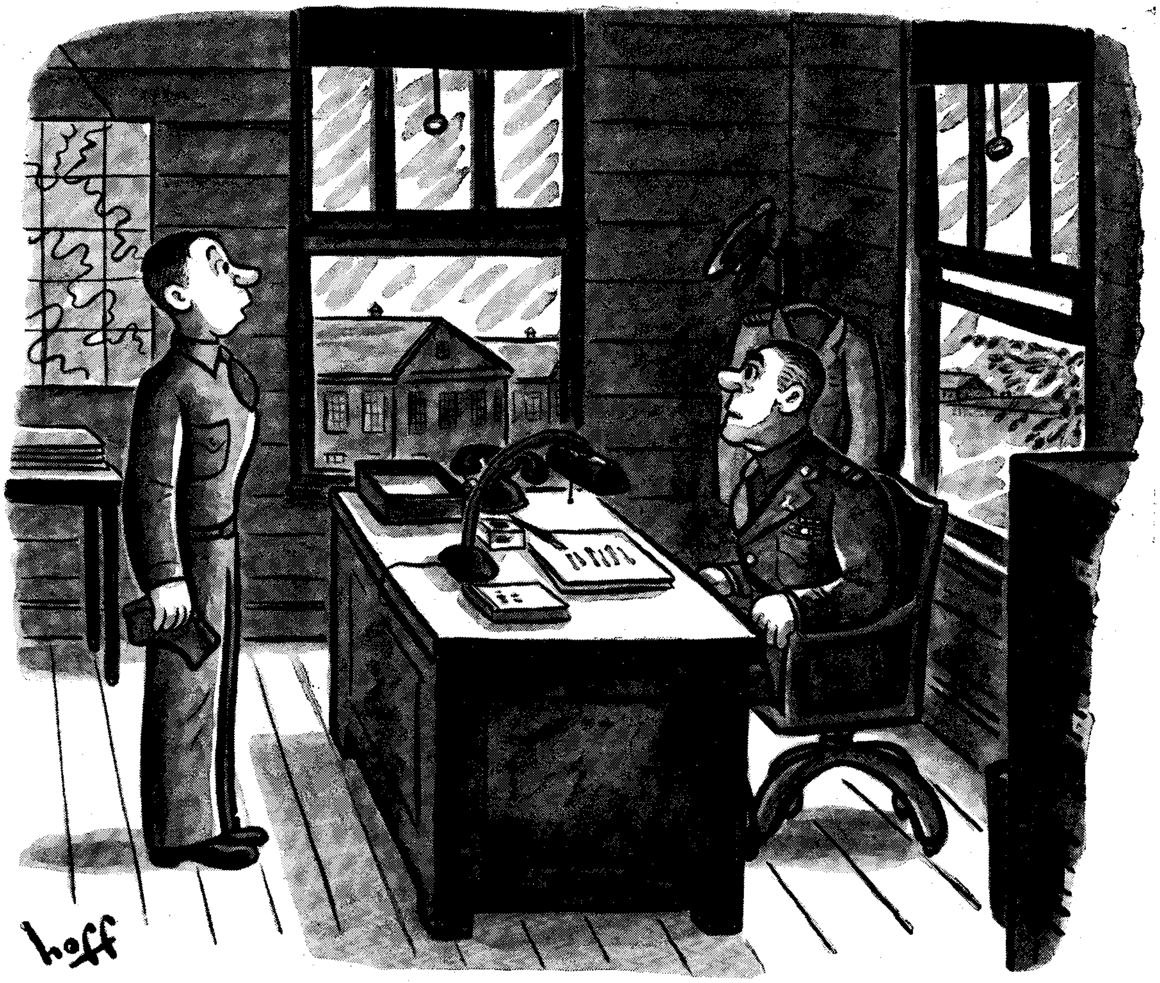
As a child, Mr. Edison had a few months of piano lessons, but he can't recall that they made any impression on him. In 1913, just after he had left M.I.T., his father had a spurt of interest in his phonograph-record business, which had been suffering from competition. Instead of signing up great singers and instrumentalists, the elder Edison's policy was to buy up the recording rights of as many songs as he could, on the theory that if a song was good it didn't matter about the artist. He engaged a pianist to come to the plant and play all the songs offered for sale, while he sat by, in a straight-back chair, and made instant decisions as to whether or not to buy. Charles, then twenty-three, got into the habit of sitting down during the pianist's lunch hour and fumbling around until he had worked out a simple little tune. He lacked a memory for tunes and knew nothing about musical notation, so he hit on the device of making up rhymes to go with them. He would jot down the rhymes, and they would remind him of the tune. "And that is the story of my great artistic career," he told us. "I would sit at the piano and say to myself, 'Honey, will you miss me when you cannot kiss me?' and write it down, and quite a lot of the time, as soon as I saw those words again, I could rip into the tune. I've got drawers and drawers and envelopes and envelopes filled with those little lyrics, and none of them mean a damn thing to anyone but me, but they make me very happy."

It finally got so that the younger Edison just had to have a piano handy wherever he was—he even insisted on having one in his hotel room when travelling. "I don't want to sound silly about this," he said, "but the only way I can explain it is that the whole performance is downright soothing. You get all wrought up about all the things that are wrong in the world, and all the people you want to beat up, and it's a comforting thing to sit down at a piano and make up a little tune with silly little words to it. Downright soothing." Well, in 1939, when Edison was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he had an apartment (with piano) at the Hay-Adams, in Washington. One afternoon he was playing a number of his called "Don't Ask Nothin' of Me," which goes, in part, "I'm in my cabin, God's in his heaven, just watchin' the river roll by; I ain't doin' nothin', God ain't doin' nothin', just sittin' way up in the sky." There was a knock at the door, and the man who played the organ at dinner in the hotel dining room came in to ask what the piece was. Blushing, the Assistant Secretary said it was just a small thing of his own. The organist jotted down the tune and played it at dinner, and it went over so well that Edison sent it to a music publisher in New York. Edison has received eleven dollars in royalties to date. "Wicky Wacky Woo," which has not yet been published, was later discovered by another hotel musician, a pianist at the Ambassador, in New York, named Seymour Fiddle. It was a piece Edison had written about a trip he had made to Hawaii with Senator Walsh, full of references to private jokes they had between them. (No relation to the song of the same title that was so popular during the last war.) Fiddle advised him to write some straightforward Hawaiian lyrics, and it became part of the Ambassador dance orchestra's repertoire.

Some of Edison's earnest friends are slightly confused about the extent of his musical accomplishments, and he is occasionally asked to play at social gatherings. He has an elaborate gag worked out that necessitates his always carrying an orange with him. When he's asked to play something, Mrs. Edison stooges for him, announcing that he can probably be persuaded to play a little modern music, but that he's so sensitive he doesn't like to have people watch the keyboard. The guests obediently withdraw to where they can't see the keyboard and he sneaks the orange out and rolls it up and down the upper black keys with his right hand while he strikes random chords on the lower black keys with his left. "You'd be astonished—it really sounds quite strange and eerie and good," he told us. "All the people say, 'My, isn't that lovely! Debussy? Stravinsky?' "

Policy

IT'S no use going to the OPA with a complaint about being overcharged for broccoli, because there's no price ceiling on it. A lady we know telephoned in a complaint and found this out. "Well, why isn't there a ceiling?" she asked. "Because," the man at the OPA said patiently, "nobody likes the damn stuff."



"I have the first sergeant's permission to speak to the commanding officer. I am in love with your daughter, sir, and would like to marry her."

BOSTON TO NEW YORK

IT was fourteen minutes to four and they hadn't opened up the gates yet for the four-o'clock train from Boston to New York. The crowd was getting big and John Carmody wondered if they'd all get in before the train left if the railroad people delayed much longer before opening up.

He kept moving his suitcase and his own position every half minute or so. He tried to keep about two-thirds of the way back, because he didn't want to appear to be shoving up through all the soldiers and sailors in front.

Near him, one sailor said to another, "They open the gates and then they let the servicemen in. The servicemen gets to go in first. That's the way they do it."

At eight minutes to four the gates were shoved back and everybody surged through. Once inside the gates, Carmody had to walk a long way up to the front, where the Pullman cars were—there were only two and both were chair cars. People were yelling and running as they fought their way into the coaches. There were more sailors than soldiers, as there always are in Boston, and so many servicemen altogether that the civilians getting into the coaches looked almost as if they were stowaways on a service train.

It wasn't like that up front at the two Pullmans. Carmody was surprised that there were so few passengers for them. There were eight or nine empty seats in Car 3 when he went in. He put his suitcase in the rack and the porter came at that moment and put his overcoat up for him. The porter checked his seat stub and said, "Yes, sir, that's right, seat twelve, Car three."

The only soldier among the passengers in Car 3 was a young major in seat 23. On each lapel of his blouse was a device like a flaming bomb. "Is that Chemical Warfare or Ordnance?" Carmody thought. "I wish I could get those marks straightened out. The Chemical Warfare symbol is a chemical retort, though, isn't it? I ought to be ashamed of myself—can't memorize that stuff or the campaign ribbons either. Except the Purple Heart. And that one for 'before Pearl Harbor.' I must memorize those ribbons some night. I wonder if I saved the *Life* that had pictures of all the insignia and ribbons in it?"

Chair 12 was almost in the middle of the car, and Carmody settled down in it as the train started. He took up "A Bell for Adano," which he had bought in the bookstore in the station, and began to read. He liked travelling, although he didn't do much of it, and he particularly liked the first few minutes in a chair car. For those first few minutes, he always was glad that the rush of getting in was over, and the chair felt comfortable, although he knew it wouldn't in an hour or two. And during those first few minutes, he always felt safe and slightly lucky to be there.

JOHN CARMODY was forty-eight years old. He was wearing a blue suit. His hair was black with no gray at the temples. He was glad of that because he felt that with gray at the temples he might look like a man in a wartime whiskey advertisement.

After a while Carmody wanted to smoke, so he went to the club section of Car 4. There was nobody else in that part of the car. While he sat there and smoked and read, people kept passing on the way to the diner. It must have been crowded, because they usually came back right away, looking sore or disappointed. A couple of hours went by. Carmody stayed in the smoking part of Car 4 because the other car had been a little too warm, and this was just right.

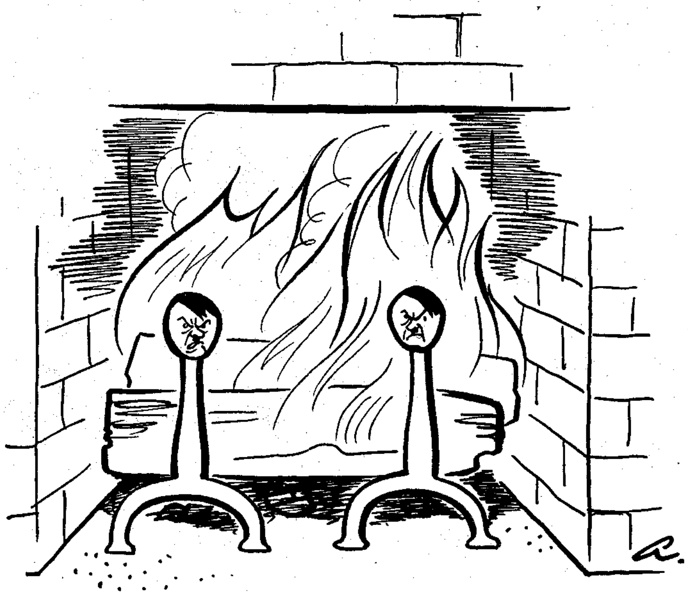
A crowd of sailors got on the train at New London. Carmody heard them yelling on the station platform and saw them run back toward the coaches. None of them got on the chair cars except an officer, who boarded Car 4 and took a seat in the smoking section. Carmody always could start at the foot of his mental table of naval rank insignia and work up—one stripe, ensign; one and one-half stripes, lieutenant junior grade; two stripes, lieutenant (regular lieutenant); two and one-half stripes, lieutenant commander. This fellow had two and a half stripes. "Lieutenant commander," Carmody said to himself, with satisfaction. "Next he'll have three stripes, commander."

There were still four or five empty seats in the smoking part of the car as the train moved along from New London. Carmody knew the train must be quite jammed in the back, and he couldn't help thinking guiltily that he was using up two seats—the one he was assigned in Car 3, and the one he was actually sitting in, both comfortable. He went back to reading.

Just before the train pulled into the New Haven station, the porter locked the door of the men's toilet. No sooner had he gone than two soldiers, both enlisted men, came into the car. Carmody noticed that they had one chevron on the sleeves of their overcoats. "Privates first class," he said to himself. One of the soldiers, the taller of the two, tried to open the toilet door. He gave the knob a few turns. Then he saw somebody standing out in the vestibule, so he opened the vestibule door and said something. Carmody heard a voice from the vestibule say "Station" and some other words. "Oh!" the soldier said, and he shut the vestibule door and turned to his friend. "They got it closed coming into a station," he said.

Both the soldiers sat down, self-consciously, in the two chairs nearest the men's room. After almost a minute, the shorter soldier said to the other, "They close up automatically, I guess, when they're coming into a station, don't they?" He gave the impression that he was accustomed to counting on the other soldier to know about things. "No," said the taller soldier. "I think the guy goes through locking them up. I remember now I saw them do it often. They go through and lock them up and they go through and open them up."

The two soldiers didn't say much while the train was stopped. They just



looked around. For a while they left their caps on, and then the taller soldier took his cap off and made it vanish in his pocket, all in one move. The other one did the same thing a few seconds later. By that time, the train was moving and the conductor came in. He glanced around and smiled at Carmody and the others who had been there all the time. He saw the soldiers, seemingly, only out of the corner of his eye.

"Tickets, all tickets!" he said, not looking at the soldiers. Then he turned directly to them and said, "Tickets, all tickets!"

The soldiers reared back in their seats to reach under their overcoats into their trousers pockets. The conductor watched them, snapping a bundle of seat checks in his hands, as they pulled out wallets, removed elastic bands from around them, and dug out tickets.

"Where's the rest of your ticket, bud?" the conductor asked the taller soldier.

"That's all I got," he answered.

"Where's the rest of *your* ticket,

bud?" the conductor repeated, to the other soldier.

"That's all I got," he answered.

"You boys can't sit in here!" the conductor yelled.

Carmody felt his face turning red. "Gee, this is quite a problem," he thought, "and it must keep coming up all the time."

There was a moment of quiet as the soldiers sat looking at the conductor.

"What are you doing in here, anyway?" the conductor demanded. "You'll have to go back in the coaches. What are you doing in here? Howja get in here? This is Pullman."

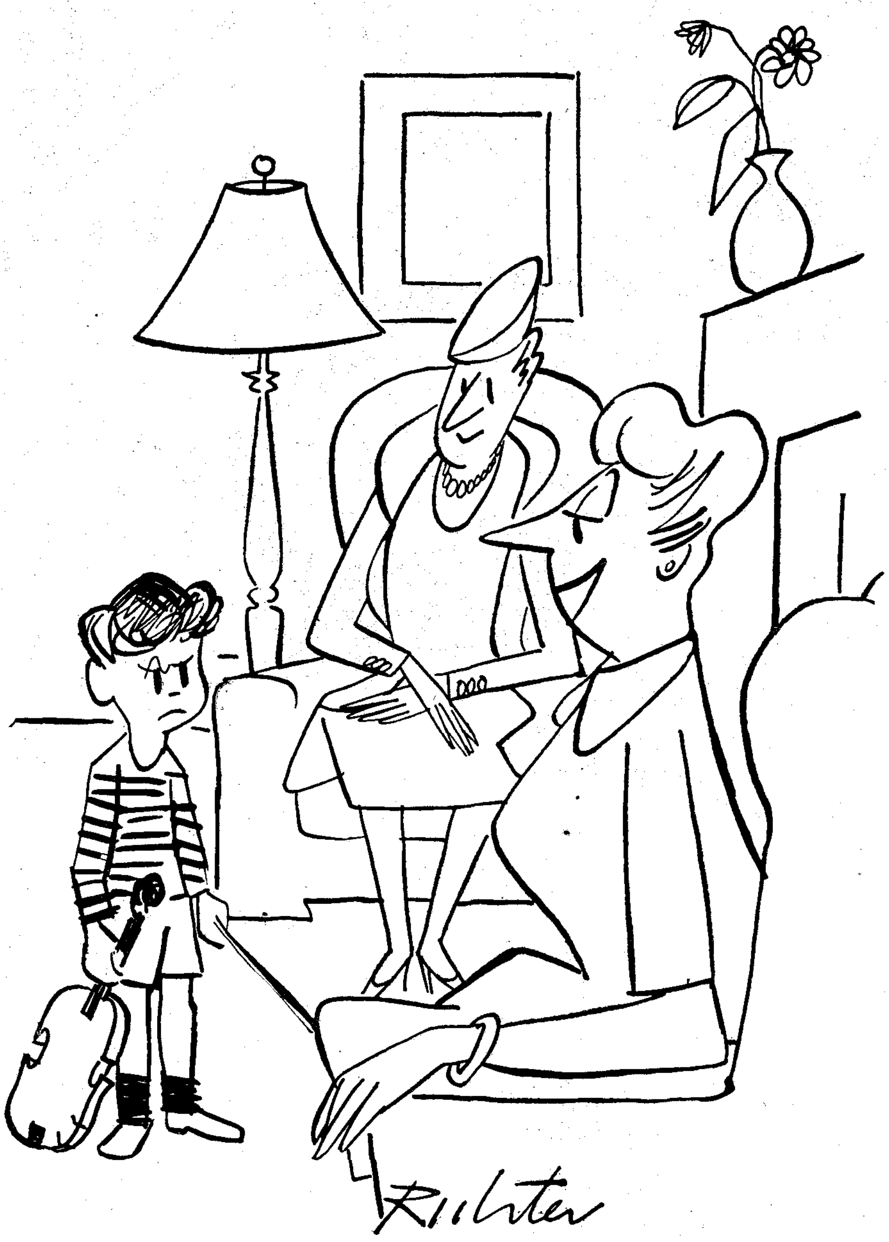
"We just came in to go to the . . ." the taller soldier stopped there. He pointed to the toilet. "We wanted to wash up."

"Well, go and use the one in the coaches then," the conductor said. "These people all paid extra to sit in here. You boys can't come walking in here on those tickets. Go back and use the one back there. These people all paid extra in here, do you hear what I mean?"

The soldiers got up slowly, putting their wallets away and straightening their overcoats. They put on their caps. The taller one had to say something to the conductor, because his pal was looking at him expectantly.

"You don't need to raise your voice up," he finally said to the conductor. And to the other soldier, he added quickly, "Come on, we go back." They both started back to the coaches, and as they went, the conductor followed them, speaking so everyone could hear. "It's a matter of paying extra, and different tickets. These gentlemen all paid extra for these seats."

Carmody squirmed. He wished to God the conductor wouldn't say that any more. Even once was too much. "This situation must keep coming up," he thought. He started to read his book again, but after a few minutes gave it up and decided to get something to eat.



"Of course you remember it, Bryan. It's the one the man upstairs hates so much."

As Carmody entered the dining car, he thought it looked played out, as if it had had a tough night. There was an empty table for four, and he sat at one of the places. He could see lots of stains on the bare table pad before the waiter, in tired fashion, tossed a tablecloth over it.

Two soldiers, not the ones who had been in the chair car, came in and took the seats on the other side of Carmody's table. A few seconds later a sailor came in and took the seat beside him. The waiter paid hardly any attention to the group. By then, he was sick and tired of working.

There was only one menu. Carmody had that. He asked the sailor if he'd like to look at it. "Yuh, thanks," the sailor said.

The soldiers sat there, not talking.

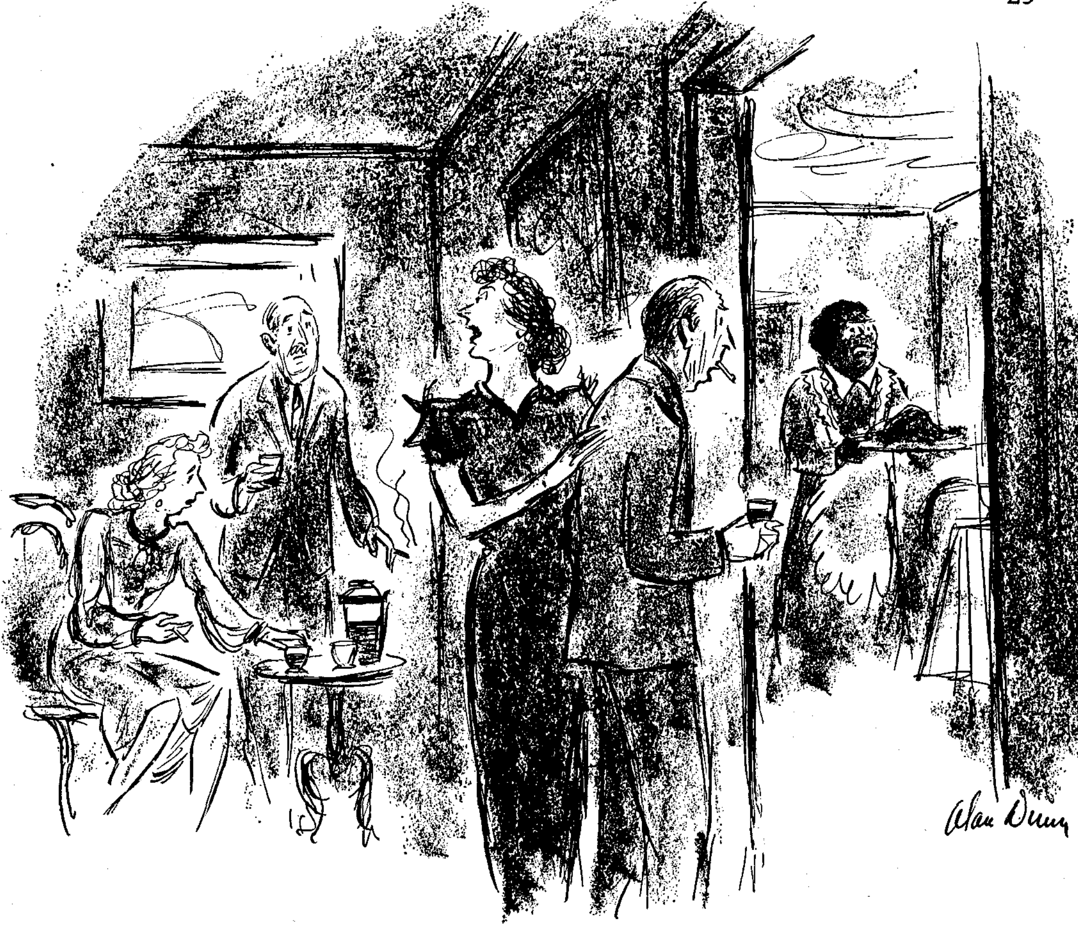
"Take off your hats. This is the dining car," the waiter said to the two soldiers. They whisked off their caps, shoved them under their shoulder straps, and said nothing.

"Thanks," the sailor said, and gave the menu back to Carmody, who passed it over to the two soldiers. They took it and studied it together, then one of them wrote out the order. The waiter took Carmody's order first, after Carmody had written it down. Then he listlessly picked up the order for the two soldiers and the one the sailor had written. The two soldiers had ordered macaroni and cheese, and so had the sailor. Carmody had ordered a plain omelette, hashed-brown potatoes, and coffee.

When the food came, everybody ate without saying anything. The waiter had put ice in the glasses, but not water. However, the carafe on the table was full. Carmody took the top off the carafe and filled his glass. He was about to put the top back on again when he thought of the other glasses. "You guys want water?" he asked the soldiers and the sailor.

"Yuh," they each said, one after the other.

Carmody filled their glasses and went on eating. He finished his meal, and the waiter, chancing by, stopped and asked him, "Coffee now, sir?" Carmody



"She's a perfect jewel. She doesn't at all mind our having cocktails as long as we don't dawdle over them."

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said yes, and in a minute or two the waiter brought it.

One of the soldiers said, "Could we have some coffee? We wanted coffee."

"If you want coffee, you got to write it down," the waiter said. "You didn't write it down. Write it down."

He stood there while one of the soldiers wrote slowly, "2 coffees."

"I don't want any coffee," the sailor said quietly. He was reaching around his waist under his shirt, and in a few seconds he pulled out a tightly folded package of papers; there was a bill or two among them.

Carmody felt funny about getting his coffee so easily, without any fuss. He got an idea suddenly. He reached over to the outer edge of the table, where the waiter had dropped the checks, and picked up all three of them—one for the two soldiers, one for the sailor, and his own.

"I'd like to set up the dinners for you guys, if you'll let me," he said. Immediately, he was sorry he had said "guys." That was twice he had said "guys" to them.

"No, Doc, thanks, we'll take care of it," one of the soldiers said, as they both reached to take the check from Carmody.

"No thanks, sir," the sailor said. "I can take care of it all right." He took his check from Carmody's hand.

Carmody gave the waiter his own check—it was for a dollar fifteen—and a five-dollar bill. Then the others handed over their checks and some bills. It seemed a long while before the waiter came back with the change for the table. Carmody didn't know whether to say anything to fill in the wait or sit quiet. He sat quiet.

THE waiter came back at last, put down three plates, each with a check stub and some change on it. Carmody started to leave thirty cents on his plate for a tip, then decided to make it fifteen, and finally compromised by leaving twenty cents. Thirty cents seemed like showing off, and he was afraid he had done enough of that. The soldiers and the sailor picked up their change more slowly than he, and Carmody noticed that they were watching to see what he left. As he went to get up, he saw the soldiers had left forty cents for their tip—twenty cents each—and the sailor twenty cents.

"Well, good luck!" Carmody said awkwardly, as he left the table.

"So long, Doc," one of the soldiers said. The sailor nodded goodbye, but he didn't say anything.

—John McNulty

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SPRING PIECE

The golden haze around the willow
Thickens, and all that blue and white
That once were in the snow have passed,
Have been absorbed by cloud and light.

As snow by warmth is overtaken,
The season's slow correction comes
With green for brown, and bloom exploding
In sulphur color through the elms,

In full maroon among the maples,
And these, in turn corrected, soon
Become the darker, heavier verdure,
The shade and foliage of June,

July, and August, and September,
And that is far enough, I feel,
To let the mind's anticipation
Ride on the season's turning wheel.

—Rolfe Humphries

CAPTAIN'S DINNER

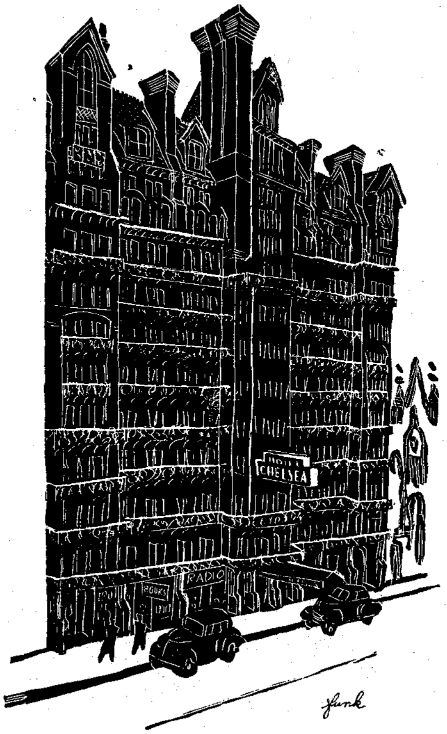
ABOARD the passenger liners of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, on which I was a violinist back in the late twenties, the Captain's Dinner was given on the evening before the ship's arrival in New York or Southampton. The Captain's Dinner presumably was a courtesy on the part of the steamship company, a gala fancy-dress farewell party, which, it was hoped, the passengers would remember when they made next year's reservations. On the French liners, *la fête* began with a banquet, followed by a concert by the ship's orchestra, with additional free talent supplied by the passengers. Then came the collection for the Société Maritime des Veuves et Orphelins or a similar charitable institution, and around midnight there was a late supper—Polish hams, cold turkey, lobster, pâté de foie gras, salad. By 2 A.M., everybody was theoretically resolved to make his next crossing aboard a French Line ship.

Even on a comparatively small boat such as our nine-thousand-ton La Bourdonnais, where the cuisine was modest compared to the Brillat-Savarinesque standard aboard the Paris, the France, and the Ile de France, the Captain's Dinner was a treat. The only ones who didn't participate in the general spirit of joy and festivity were the kitchen and restaurant personnel and the members of the ship's orchestra: Maurice, the leader and 'cellist, a kind-hearted and somewhat eccentric Alsatian; Dimitrij, our dreamy, poetic piano player, from Vladivostok, a soft-spoken, over-long, loosely joined fellow with long hair and gentle blue eyes, who suffered from his unsuccessful efforts to convince us that his father had been anything more than a non-commissioned officer in the Czarist Army; Lucien, the first violinist, a slick Frenchman and lady killer extraordinary; and myself, a Czechoslovak and the second violin.

To all of us staff people the Captain's Dinner meant a lot of extra work and nothing but trouble in return, but it was the musicians who had the worst time of it. For several days preceding the Captain's Dinner, we were buttonholed by overzealous amateurs who wished to display their talents at the fête. Most of the gentlemen pretended to be excellent magicians, fortune tellers, pianists, experts in card tricks, or simply raconteurs. White-haired, dignified executives, rejuvenated by a four-week stay in Paris under the auspices of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Sons, volunteered to join the orchestra as honorary drummers. A man who was always hanging around the bar wanted to be master of ceremonies. Once we had a lawyer from Boston who was an excellent whistler. He did trills with double-noting and uncanny staccato effects. We were sure he would be the sensation of the evening. Unfortunately, he burned his mouth badly with hot potage à la Reine at the Captain's Dinner and his performance of "Liebesfreud" was a horrible fiasco. After that, we refused to have anything to do with whistlers, no matter how good they were.

The ladies were even worse because they were tenacious. You couldn't get rid of them. Practically every one of them seemed to have hidden talents as singer, pianist, dancer, or diseuse. The pianists always wanted to play Chopin, Rachmaninoff, or Gershwin. The singers never suggested anything less pretentious than "Un bel dì vedremo" from "Madame Butterfly" or the "Hallenarie" from "Tannhäuser," and such comparatively untaxing numbers as Schubert's "Erlkönig" and the songs from "Rose-Marie" invariably ran far behind. We always had more Suzukis and Rose-Maries than pretty girls aboard—a continuous source of irritation to Lucien, who kept a diary of his affairs.

"*C'est la barbe*," Maurice would say in disgust. "When I was chef aboard the France, we didn't bother about those amateurs." He gave the word the derogatory intonation usually attached to "horse thieves" or "draft dodgers." "We had Paderewski and Kreisler and Chevalier and Lily Pons. The amateurs wouldn't dare offer their lousy services."



On one particular crossing, we had among the passengers a woman whom we called the High-Voltage Lady. She was the wife of a man whom I'll call Mr. Pringle, a utilities magnate from the West. We called her the High-Voltage Lady because Maurice had said he'd rather sit in the electric chair than in her lap. The Pringles had Stateroom No. 1, which didn't mean a thing because No. 1 was in no way more luxuriously furnished than Nos. 2 to 11.

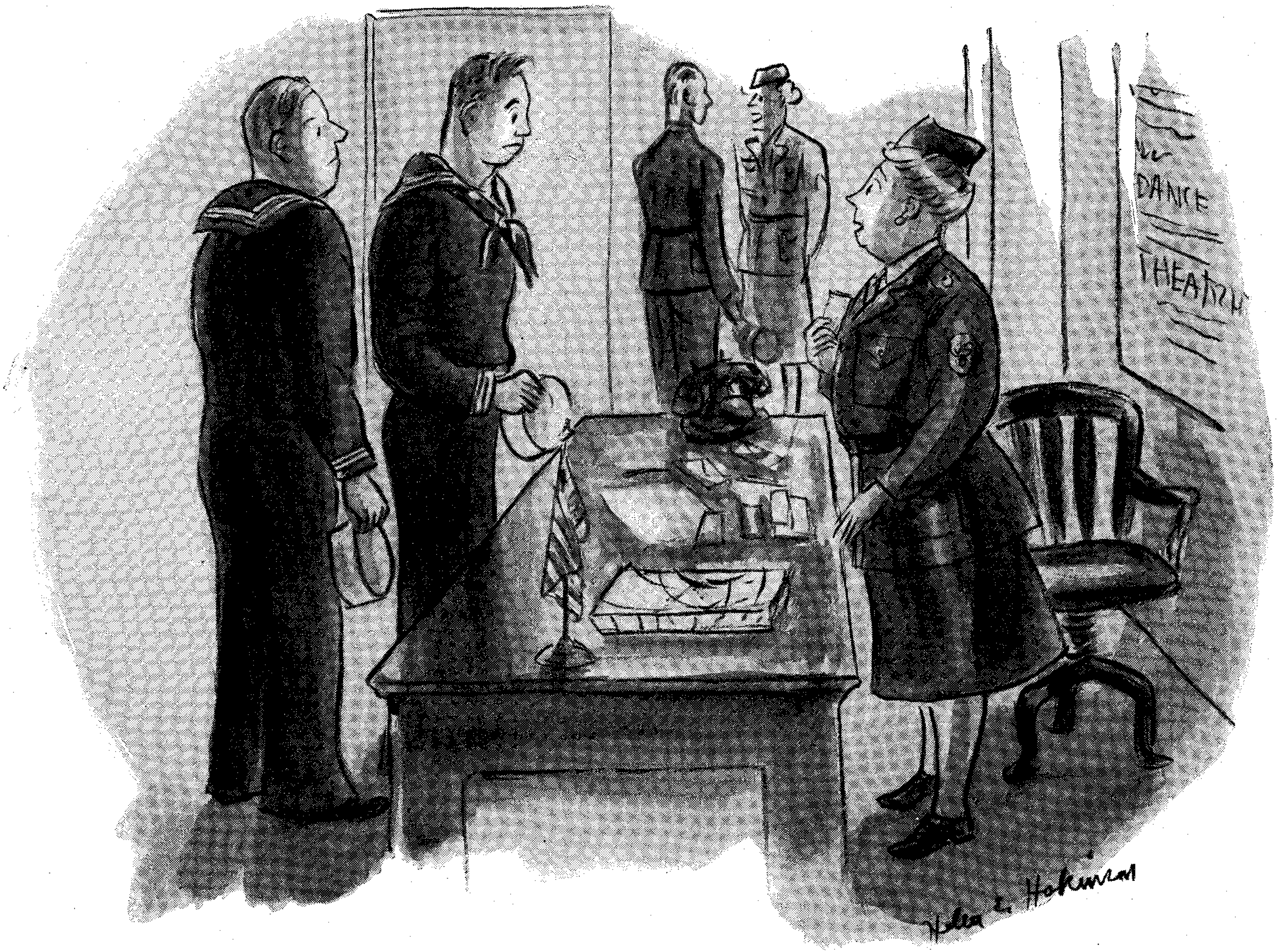
Unfortunately, the Pringles had a letter of recommendation from a former member of the board of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique. They had to be seated at the *commandant's* table, and in no time Mrs. Pringle, a prominent clubwoman in her home town, was taking charge of all social activities on the ship. She was a tall, bony woman, with the hard, weather-beaten face that Hollywood casting directors call the "pioneer type."

Her energy was formidable. Every morning she made a round of the ship, starting in the kitchen, where she inspired thoughts of murder among the cooks, and winding up at the *télégraphie sans fil*, where she sent long, superfluous messages to friends on both sides of the ocean. Her husband, the utilities man, was of diminutive stature and a visibly depressed state of mind. He usually walked behind his wife, one step sideward, one behind, a permanent aide-de-camp, or errand boy. During the eleven-day crossing from Bordeaux to New York, he was never seen smiling. He took long walks on the sun deck, accompanied by Dimitrij, who had a weakness for the underdog, being one himself.

Soon after we left Bordeaux and entered the always stormy Bay of Biscay, the High-Voltage Lady became seasick and summoned the *Docteur* to her stateroom. She told him that she was going to die.

"You are not, Madame," the *Docteur* said, with cold regret. "In a few days we'll pass the Battery and you will be very much alive, thinking up ways and means of hiding your French perfumes from the United States customs."

The *Docteur* was a jovial, rotund Frenchman with a baby's face and very fine hands. His passion was playing chess, but, since he couldn't make a



"Now, before I send you to this houseparty in Southampton, perhaps I ought to tell you a few things."

living at it, he chose the profession of ship's doctor, which gives a man more time to play chess than almost any other profession. The *Docteur* never bothered with trivial cases of indigestion or *la grippe*. Instead of wasting his time with those hypochondriacs in the first class, he usually would send the cabin steward up with castor oil or aspirin, and go on studying the latest games played by Messrs. Capablanca, Lasker, and Bogoljubow. He was playing, by wireless, with his colleague, the *Docteur* aboard the De Grasse, four moves every twenty-four hours. The game was in its third week and the *Docteur* was greatly worried. After a violent exchange of pieces, he had found himself a rook behind. He was about to improve his position by daringly sacrificing a knight when his consultation with the "dying" High-Voltage Lady interrupted the flow of his thoughts. Later, he went to the radio cabin and wirelessed his next move. Thinking of the High-Voltage Lady, he made a bad mistake, aggravating his already precarious position.

"Because of that canaille, I'm going to lose my game," the *Docteur* said to us. "She tells me of her delicate health. Her health is as delicate as that of a brewery horse."

A FEW days before the Captain's Dinner, the High-Voltage Lady stopped Dimitrij on the stairway. "She dragged me to the music saloon and made me accompany her the air from 'Madame Butterfly,'" Dimitrij told us afterward.

"Mon Dieu," Maurice said. "How was she?"

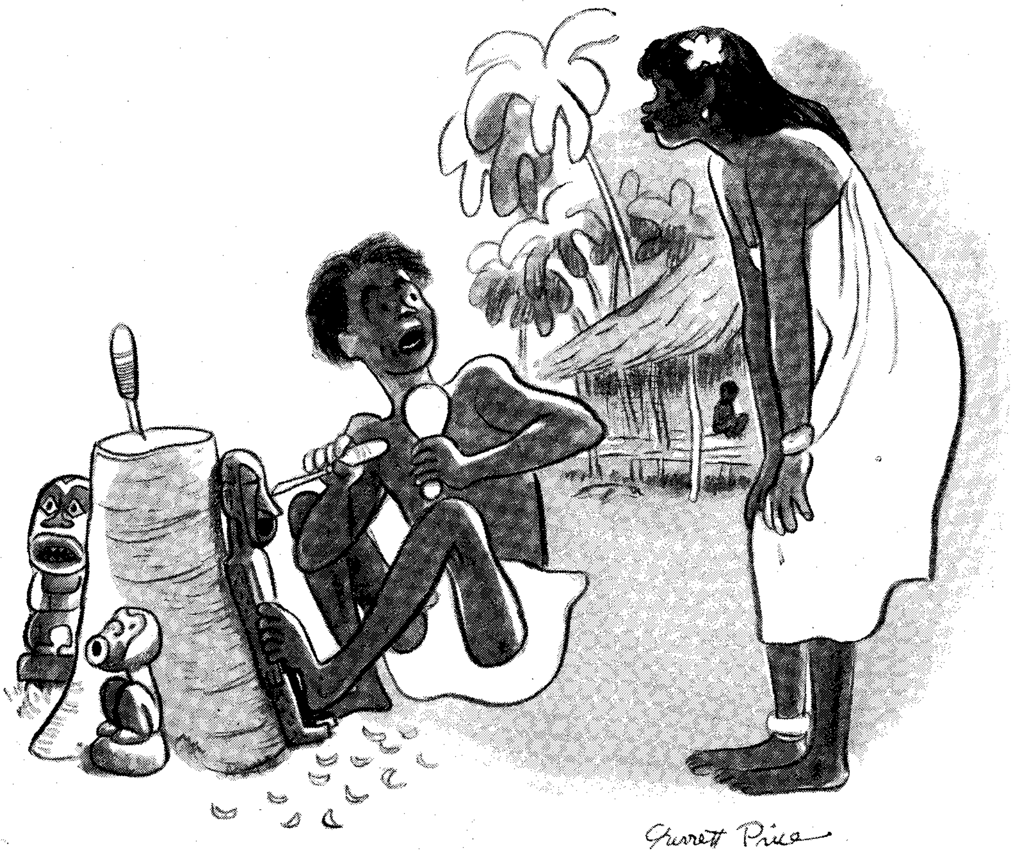
By way of reply, Dimitrij shrugged and closed his eyes.

"If she's set to sing 'Butterfly,' she's going to do it," Maurice said gloomily. "She also wants to sing the beautiful air from 'Tosca.'" He sighed and hummed the melody of "Vissi d'arte." "She can hardly hit the B and the air goes up to the high D," he said. "Now she wants me to transpose the piece a whole tone down." He shuddered at the thought of this atrocity.

"Tomorrow I'm going to talk to Mr. Pringle," Dimitrij said to us. "Perhaps he will be able to convince his wife that she'd better not sing at the concert."

Maurice laughed sourly. "You might as well try to convince Mistinguett to tell her real age," he said.

Sad and unhappy, Dimitrij went down with me to the ship's hospital to see his good friend, the *Docteur*. Dimitrij spent a lot of time in the *Docteur's* office, especially during his frequent spells of depression. Dimitrij said that the antiseptic smell had a calming effect on his nerves. He would lie down on the linoleum-covered couch in the outer office. If the door was closed, indicating that the *Docteur* was busy with a patient, Dimitrij would walk around the corner into the small, white operating



"*It isn't supposed to be anything. It's just something to sell to the Americans.*"

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room and go to sleep on the operating table.

"One day you'll wake up and find yourself cut open by a scalpel," Maurice said.

Dimitrij lay down on the *Docteur's* couch and told the *Docteur* of the High-Voltage Lady's horrible intention. "Can't you give her something that would keep her in bed for three days, *Docteur?*" Dimitrij asked, playing idly with a syringe. "A mild poison, perhaps?"

"Nothing mild will work on her," the *Docteur* said grimly. "She's one of those fascinating cases where the heart keeps beating for hours after the death." The *Docteur* went off to the sun deck to send a message to the De Grasse and we went down to our quarters.

IN the following two days, nobody was allowed to enter the music saloon during the early afternoon. The High-Voltage Lady was rehearsing with Dimitrij. The doors were closed, the curtains lowered, and Mr. Pringle, reading an old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, was sitting on guard in front of the door. In spite of these precautions, the passers-by couldn't help hearing shrill, high sounds, like fingernails scratching on glass. By the time we got to the Captain's Dinner in the gaily decorated dining saloon, Dimitrij could hardly touch the food. As a rule, we had our meals before the general service, but that night the maître d'hôtel made us wait and gave us the drafty table near the waiters' entrance, there being a shortage of stewards and no time for special service.

There was the traditional, colorful collection of Devil's Island convicts, bayaderes, pirates, maharajahs, admirals, dominoes, and Balinese dancers. Doña María, a luscious brunette from San Juan, Puerto Rico, appeared in a stunning black, silver-embroidered costume that made Lucien swallow hard. However, he refrained from action, since Doña María was accompanied by her husband, a sinister individual who didn't let his wife speak to anybody who was male and over six years of age.

The Pringles came in after everybody else was seated. Their entrance was sensational. The High-Voltage Lady was dressed as what seemed to be a Bedouin tribeswoman. She wore an indigo cotton *tob* reaching to her ankles, with seams of dark-blue silk, a cream-colored sleeveless *aba*, and sandals of red Morocco leather, with upturned toes and iron heels. She carried a few pounds of silver bracelets, rings, silver ornaments, and glass beads. As she walked through the dining saloon, she jingled like a fully decorated Christmas tree in a breeze. Her head was tied up in a large, square black *hatta* of silk with a design of silver threads.

Dimitrij quickly reached for a glass of water. Across the aisle from us, the *Docteur* watched the High-Voltage Lady with sharp, clinical interest, as though she were carrying a strange bacillus. Maurice almost fell from his chair, trying to hide his laughter.

"She's wearing a virgin's headgear," he said. "*Nom de Dieu*, how do you like that? I've lived in Morocco long enough to know. A maiden wears a square black *hatta*. A married woman folds the cloth into a band and ties it around her head."

Behind his wife, Mr. Pringle straggled, trying to keep in step. He had on a Tyrolian costume, footless wool socks, bare knees, chamois-leather shorts, embroidered suspenders, and an alpenhut with edelweiss.

Dinner was magnificent. Champagne corks were popping everywhere and a couple of bayaderes from Kansas City got tight. We left the dining saloon before the coffee was served. By the time people began to enter the music saloon, we of the orchestra had set up our desks and were ready. Everybody was loud and happy, as always after a good dinner and good champagne. We opened the program with the American and French anthems. Then Maurice played his solo number, Saint-Saëns' "Le Cygne," but his melodious efforts were frustrated by the High-Voltage Lady, who was sitting in the front row and jingling violently. Next, an insurance man from Buffalo tried a few card tricks which failed to come off. Twice he guessed the wrong card and once he dropped the cards altogether, but the audience thought he was funny and he got a big hand. Doña María danced a fandango, to the accompaniment of the orchestra with the exception of Lucien, who was too busy watching her. The *maître des cérémonies* announced that Madame Pringle was to sing "Un bel dì vedremo," from "Madame Butterfly." Several passengers left the music saloon.

The High-Voltage Lady stepped on the platform. Her poise was amazing. She had the suave smile of a world-famous prima donna facing a Carnegie

Hall audience. When she began to sing, her technique wasn't altogether bad and there was a certain feeling for phrasing and musical expression. The trouble was that she hadn't any voice. There was no volume, no timbre; the high tones were thin and shrill and the deep notes sounded like a fat Dutchman snoring. There was a sprinkle of perfunctory applause after her song and Dimitrij quickly got up from the piano stool. But the High-Voltage Lady was not willing to give up easily.

"Thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said to the audience. "And now, as an encore, the air from 'Tosca.' " She gave Dimitrij a nod and he began to play "Vissi d'arte."

After a few seconds, I saw that something was wrong. Madame's poise and savoir-faire had vanished; she was looking in despair at her accompanist, but Dimitrij was working in deep concentration and didn't seem to notice that anything was wrong. Maurice said to me, "Dimitrij is playing the air the way it's written."

"Why shouldn't he?" I whispered back.

"Have you forgotten? He was supposed to transpose it down a whole tone. This way she'll never make the end." There was a tender smile on Maurice's face. "I'll buy him a drink," he said. "*Dieu d'un Dieu*, I'll buy him two drinks."

The High-Voltage Lady was a lamentable sight as she sang the number. She was bent over like the Tower of Pisa. Her voice trembled and her breath came in fits. I saw beads of perspiration on her forehead. Some people in the audience began to whisper and cough. She made a brave but utterly futile effort to hit the high D at the end. There was a short, shrill cry, as though you'd stepped on a little Pekinese dog's feet. Then her voice broke into a short, violent sob.

The audience stared at her in merciless silence. On the faces of the bayaderes, Balinese dancers, and maharanis, there was satisfaction. The High-Voltage Lady had no friends aboard. At long last, the *commandant*, as if awakening from a bad dream, began to clap his hands, nodding sternly toward his junior officers. They started applauding, too, and the second engineer, an ambitious man, even cried "Bravo!" but the High-Voltage Lady didn't hear him. She had left the room right after her last, disastrous tone, followed by Mr. Pringle, by now a very sad Tyrolian.

There was an uneasy moment. Everybody looked sheepish. Dimitrij saved the situation by jumping to the piano and playing the Rachmaninoff Prelude. The audience relaxed and Lucien started looking at Doña María again.

After the collection for the widows and orphans, Doña María went around, making the *quête*, the customary collection for the musicians. She handed the money to Lucien and he kissed her hands, though not because of the money. The *quête* wasn't worth mentioning. There were only seventy or eighty passengers aboard and hardly anybody gave more than a dollar.

Later the *Docteur* joined us. He handed Maurice an envelope.

"From Mr. Pringle," the *Docteur* said. "*Pour les musiciens.*"

"And how is Madame?" Maurice asked, looking thoughtfully at Dimitrij, who combed his long hair.

"She's a little hysterical," the *Docteur* said. "But she will survive."

Maurice opened the envelope. There were three ten-dollar bills and an unsigned note saying simply, "Thanks, boys."

"I think I'll buy you three drinks, Dimitrij," Maurice said. "Will you join us, *Docteur?*" The *Docteur* took Dimitrij's arm and we all walked to the bar.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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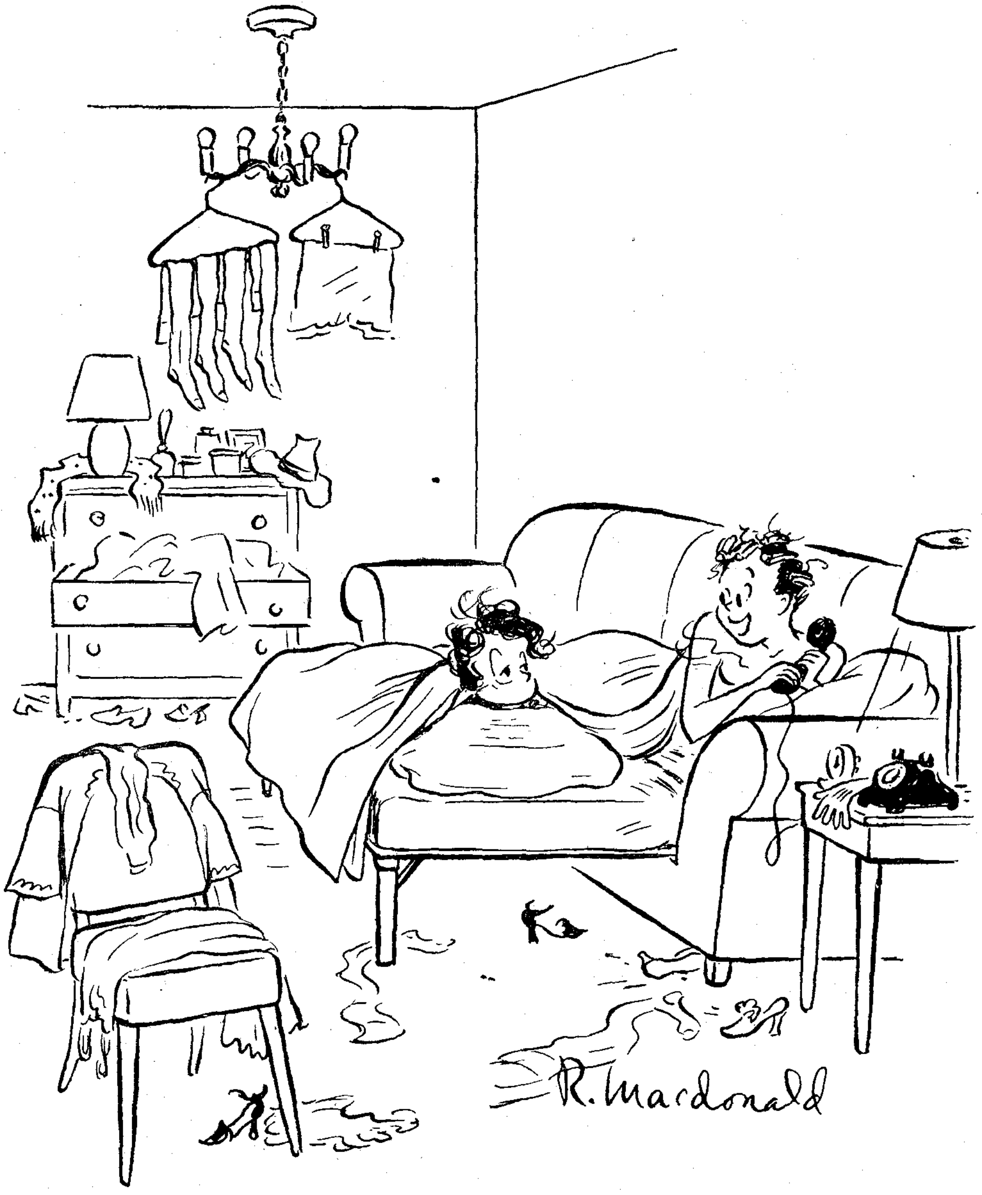
It will be advisable to view this situation cooly and carefully. Nothing is to be gained by anticipating a success which has not yet been achieved; on the other hand, we must keep in mind the very great results which the Russians may achieve if they can hold their present gains, particularly if they can expand them in the directions which will bring them to full fruition. —*Major George Fielding Eliot in the Herald Tribune.*

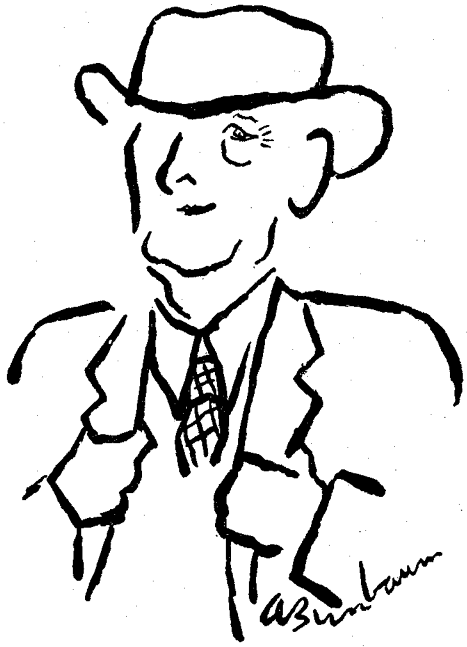
You'll stake your reputation on that one, eh, Major?



"Can we be ready in ten minutes?"

PROFILES

UNSHAKEN FRIEND—II



Maxwell Evarts Perkins, who is, according to one substantial school of thought, the most distinguished editor in the book business, has been working at Charles Scribner's Sons for thirty-four years. During that time, American literature has undergone a couple of noisy revolutions. Perkins himself, in his quiet and self-effacing way, had a lot to do with one of them. What he did was to introduce the bad boys of letters into one of the citadels of Victorian publishing.

Scribner's, founded in 1846, is not the oldest publishing house in this country. Harper & Brothers go back to 1817, D. Appleton & Co. (now D. Appleton-Century) to 1825, J. B. Lippincott to 1836, and Putnam's to 1838. Little, Brown, founded in 1847, grew out of a Boston bookstore that had been in existence since the eighteenth century. But Scribner's has the distinction, which it shares with Lippincott, of having always been under the management of one family. Ninety per cent of the voting stock is still held by the Scribners. The present Charles Scribner is not only the third man to bear that name but also the fifth president of the firm and the grandson of the first president. The three other presidents, all sons of the founder, were John I. Blair Scribner, Charles II, and Arthur. Charles Scribner IV, son of the fifth president, is an ensign in the Navy and plans to enter the family business after the war.

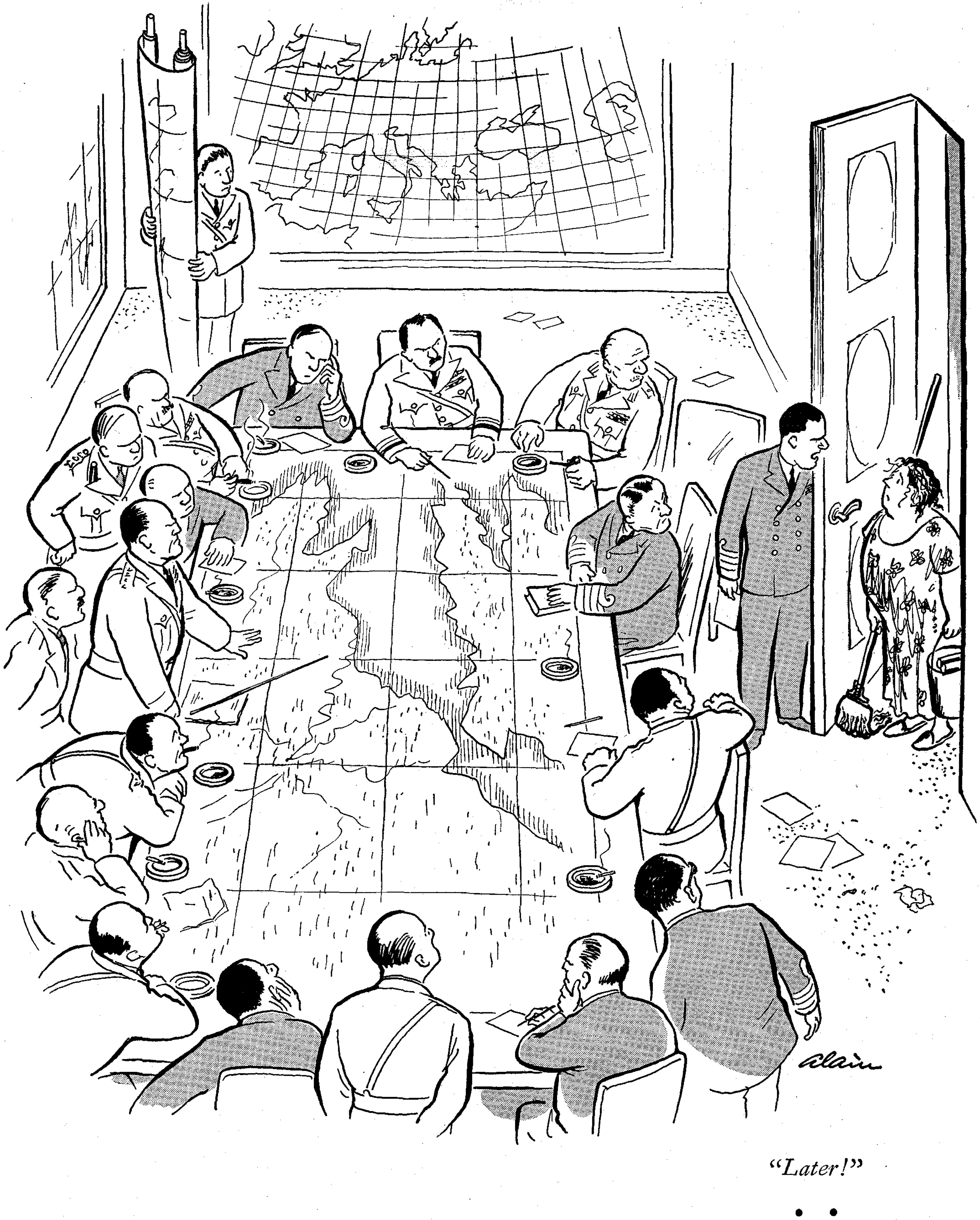
Until the nineteen-twenties, Scribner's had another distinction, too. It was the most genteel and the most tradition-encrusted of all the publishing houses that had survived from Victorian days. No word unfit for a young girl's ear could appear in a book that Scribner's published. Because ladies were employed in the office, gentlemen could not smoke there. The furniture looked—and some of it still does—as if it had been purchased from the estate of a very old country doctor. Most of the employees were even more elderly than their desks, and in publishing circles people said that nobody left Scribner's until he was carried out.

The second Charles Scribner, born in 1854, was not only president of the firm but also a sort of grandfather image; his wrath was feared like Jehovah's. His first assistant and the firm's chief editor, for a long period beginning in 1887, was William Crary Brownell, born in 1851. One of Scribner's young men, who went to work for the company in the nineteen-twenties, still remembers the first time he saw him. "Mr. Brownell was stretched out on a leather couch in his office, just beyond the room where we were having a sales conference," the young man recalls, "taking his afternoon nap, his white beard slowly rising and falling and one fly slowly circling about it. The scene made quite an impression on me." Another member of the staff, almost as old as Brownell, used to lunch by himself at the University Club, where he sometimes shouted and pounded on the table while arguing with an imaginary companion. The incumbent sales manager was reputed never to have read a book. When a new Scribner novel came out, he would take a copy home to his wife. She would read it over the weekend and the office force would gather on Monday morning to hear her verdict. "My wife cried over that book," he would sometimes say, and everybody knew it would be a best-seller.

There wasn't much chance for a book that even mildly disturbed the conventions. Scribner's had a distinguished list of British authors, including Meredith, Stevenson, Barrie, and G. A. Henty, who wrote eighty books for boys, an achievement surpassed only by Horatio Alger's record of a hundred and thirty. Among the famous, and distinctly respectable, Americans Scribner's published were John Fox, Jr., Thomas Nelson Page, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Richard Harding Davis, F. Hopkinson Smith, Henry James (his last half-dozen books, at least), and Edith Wharton (up to "The Age of Innocence"). Theodore Roosevelt was a valuable publishing property, but most of the staff believed that as a politician he was too radical. Galsworthy represented the younger generation and was thought to be a little subversive, although sound at heart. Scribner's did not publish the realists who emerged during the so-called American Renaissance—Dreiser, Anderson, Sandburg, and so on. Instead, the firm took a sudden leap from the age of innocence into the middle of the lost generation. That leap was the result, for the most part, of Perkins' urging, but he made his suggestions so quietly that hardly anybody noticed what was happening.

The revolution began, in 1917, with the threat of a libel suit against Scribner's and one of its authors, an Irish novelist and critic named Shane Leslie, who was then teaching at the Newman School, in Lakewood, New Jersey. Leslie was contrite about the expense that Scribner's had been put to in avoiding the suit. In an attempt to make amends, he came into the office with the manuscript of a novel written by a former student of his, F. Scott Fitzgerald. Perkins liked the novel, "This Side of Paradise," but he thought it needed some revision before it would be ready for publication. He said so in a letter to the author, who had meanwhile entered the Army. Fitzgerald asked him, as a favor, to submit it as it stood to two other publishers. Both of them rejected it with form letters. Just before going overseas, Fitzgerald came to New York, had a long talk with Perkins, and decided to revise the manuscript. As a matter of fact, he completely rewrote it twice and it wasn't published until 1920. "This Side of Paradise" seems innocent enough today, but then it was the terrifying voice of a new age and it made some of the older employees of Scribner's cringe. On the Monday after the first bound copies came into the office, everybody gathered to hear whether the sales manager's wife had cried. "That book? I wouldn't think of showing it to my wife," the sales manager said. "I picked it up with the fire tongs and dropped it in the fire."

"This Side of Paradise" sold fifty-two thousand copies, which was almost unprecedented, in those days, for a first novel. Fitzgerald then wrote "The



"Later!"

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Beautiful and Damned," which sold forty-four thousand copies and, incidentally, was dedicated to Perkins. Full of enthusiasm for his editor, Fitzgerald told all his literary friends about him and told Perkins about the friends. One of them was Ernest Hemingway, who was a young newspaperman living in Paris. Perkins sent to Paris for a copy of his first volume of stories, "In Our Time," which had just been brought out there by the Three Mountain Press. Then he wrote Hemingway and offered to publish his next book in America. But Horace Liveright had already sent a cable to Hemingway and signed him up for "In Our Time," with options on his next two books.

The matter might have ended there, with an exchange of courtesies—Hemingway writing Perkins that he didn't even have a copy of his own book, Perkins sending him the copy he had ordered from Paris, Hemingway returning it to

THE BROADENED SOLDIER

Arizona wears mountains on her skyline
And cataracts of ice on the pools by the Santa Fé tracks.

Arkansas is reached by a ferry which runs over to Helena.
It wasn't very crowded the night I was there.

California is Los Angeles surrounded by desert training,
And its chief highway is Wilshire Boulevard.

You don't stop in Connecticut,
You ride through, between New York and Boston.

Delaware is an arc on a timetable map,
Which is the only proof I have that I was there.

At night the sidewalks are crowded with uniforms
And the streets are almost empty in the District of Columbia.

It is seventeen miles from Illinois' brand-new barracks
To the nearest town, pop. 8,764 (1940).

Indiana endures to be traversed by the B. & O.,
The Pennsylvania, and the Nickel Plate.

You wouldn't know there was a war on in Iowa
If you didn't read the ads in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

In Kentucky you wait a good many hours at Fulton
When you are going to St. Louis by way of Carbondale.

The sweaty, dirty, dusty GI's in Louisiana—
They even outnumber the kitchen sump hogs in the pines.

Maine is the place to spend a three-day pass
If you have friends in Bridgton.

Maryland is a green moat which surrounds
The War College PX (the best) on three sides.

Massachusetts is the Army Special Training Program;
The quota is already filled at this APO.

Michigan is full of luxurious motor stages
Which park their passengers in the sun in August.

Strands of cotton blow loose in the streets
Of Greenwood, Mississippi, even in December.

They have a lot of endurance marches in Missouri
And you can borrow golf clubs at the U.S.O. in St. Louis.

Nebraska is at the end of the streetcar line
Which runs across the bridge from Council Bluffs.

New Hampshire is a road, a beach, and abandoned
Texacosoconysunoco stations.

New Jersey is under the buffet car
Of the Pennsylvania, usually at twilight.

It is very cold in the Pullman berth
Seven thousand feet up in New Mexico at night.

You don't need to ride on trains (elevated, subway) in New York;
You can walk on the surface from Times Square to 52nd Street.

Pennsylvania has rivers along its railways—
The Monongahela, the Susquehanna, the Delaware.

Baggage trucks roll beside the train in Rhode Island
And forgotten ice forlornly melts on the station platform.

The sun sets as you reach Tennessee from the south;
It soon is dark. The moral is there, but obscure.

When the regiment went west from Camp Polk one time,
After forty hours we were still in Texas.

Virginia is full of guides who point out the houses of
Washington, Lee, and Lewis (John, not Meriwether).

It is always dark and sleepy in West Virginia;
I crossed it four times, always at night.

—MARSHALL SMELSER

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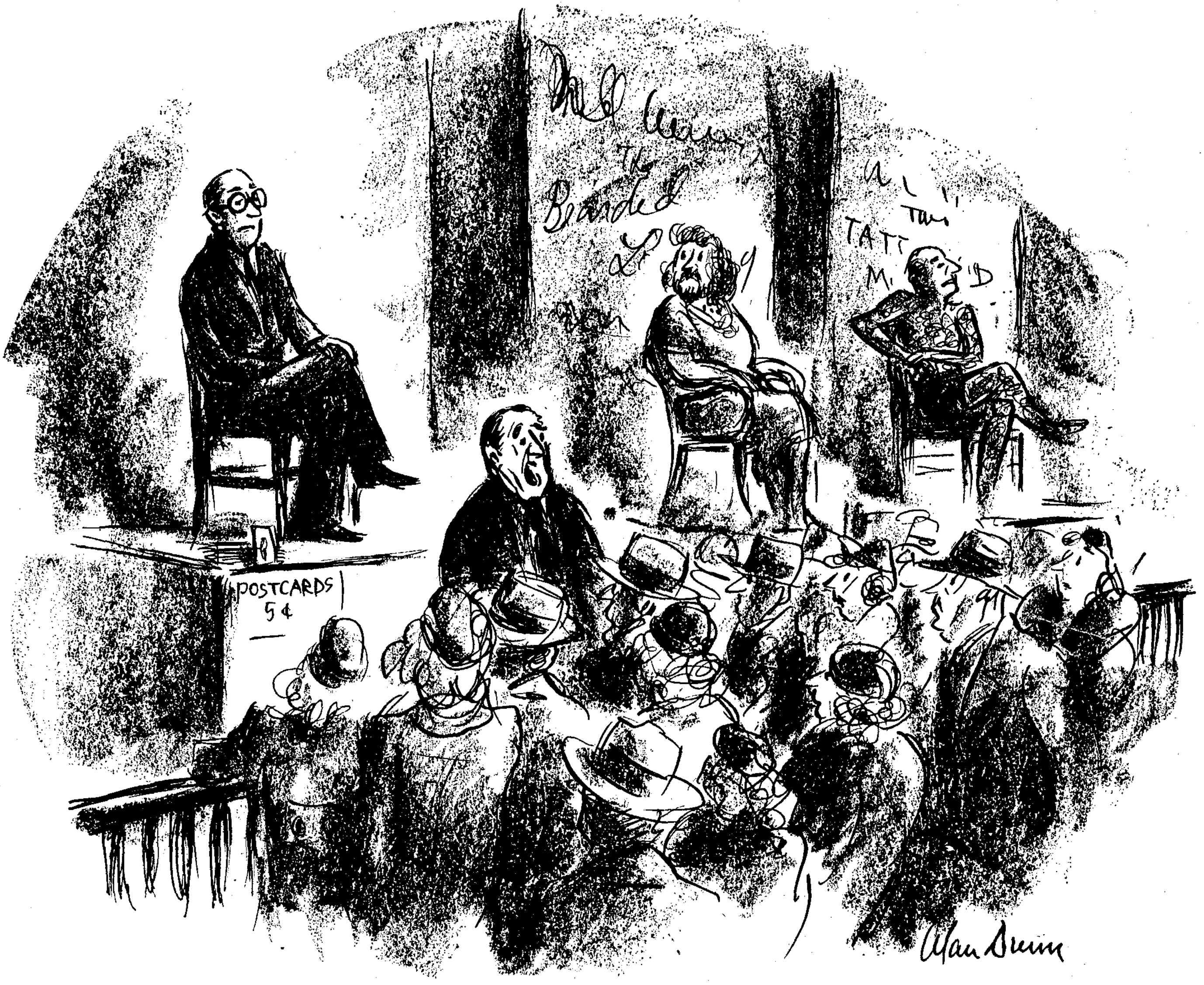
Perkins with an inscription—if it had not been for the fact that the public showed very little interest in the Liveright edition of "In Our Time," which sold less than five hundred copies the first year. Liveright was dubious about making an advance payment for Hemingway's second book, and when he saw a reader's report on the manuscript, he was sure that he shouldn't make it. It was "The Torrents of Spring," which not only looked unsalable to Liveright but also did a good deal of kidding of Sherwood Anderson, one of Liveright's most profitable authors. The manuscript was rejected and the contract between Hemingway and Liveright was thereby nullified. Hemingway came back to New York in 1925 and called on Perkins, who gave him an advance on the book of $1,500, which looked bigger to him, he has said, than the $150,000 he received from Paramount for the movie rights of "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

By 1925, Ring Lardner, another member of the new literary generation, had been a Scribner author for about a year. Fitzgerald, who, like Lardner, lived in Great Neck, had persuaded him to collect some of his magazine pieces and give them to Perkins. It was quite an achievement, for Lardner didn't keep copies of his stories and had a hard time remembering where they had been published. "Maybe it was the *Saturday Evening Post,*" he would say hopefully of some story. The manuscript which Lardner turned in to Scribner's consisted largely of photostats made from back issues of magazines in the Public Library. The book was published under the title of "How to Write Short Stories." It was Lardner's seventh book, but it was the first to be seriously reviewed; the others hadn't been read except by the hammock trade. At Scribner's there had been an editorial meeting lasting all afternoon before the book had been accepted. The older Scribner employees felt that Lardner was merely



"He has no fault whatsoever to find with the administration, he approves the conduct of the war without reservations, he likes the OPA and the way they do things, he thinks the WPB and the OWI are O.K., he made out his income tax with no difficulty . . ."

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a sportswriter and just one more of Perkins' roughneck authors. Perkins claimed that Lardner was literature. What eventually won the argument for Perkins' side was a letter from Sir James M. Barrie, who said that Lardner was the most exciting American story writer he had read, although it was a pity, he added, that Lardner hadn't written about cricket instead of baseball.

The older men at Scribner's continued to be outraged not only by Lardner but by all the indecorous authors whom Perkins had been introducing one after the other. One ex-Scribner man recently wrote to a friend, "I remember the old fellow in charge of the stockroom opening a book and with quivering fingers pointing to a word. He said, 'To think that Scribner's would publish a book with that word in it!' The book was 'The Great Gatsby,' the word was 'son of a bitch.' " The letter continued, "There was a moment of crisis when the question was: would Scribner's publish Hemingway's 'The Sun Also Rises'? Old Charles Scribner, Sr., ran the place then with a very firm hand and no two ways about it. We knew that Perkins had to go to bat for Hemingway, and it was reported with hushed voices one evening that Charles, Sr., had turned down the book and Perkins was going to resign. I don't believe that now, but I did then. Anyway, that was the lineup: van Dyke and Galsworthy or Hemingway and Fitzgerald, with Perkins representing the latter."

For his part, Perkins insists that Mr. Scribner was quick to recognize the talent of Perkins' new author, but it is known that the old man was worried about the moral standards of Hemingway's heroines. He used to say fretfully, "I always felt that a woman at least ought to have some affection for a man." He wrote his friend Judge Robert Grant of Boston, asking for his comment on "The Sun Also Rises." The judge, himself still a novelist at seventy-four, replied, "You *had* to publish the book, Charles, but I hope the young man will live to regret it."

In 1929, Scribner's published Thomas Wolfe's first novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," which was a moderate financial success; it sold seventeen thousand copies in the trade edition before coming out in reprints. That year, too, Scribner's issued a biography, with nearly disastrous results: "Mrs. Eddy," by Edwin Franden Dakin. The Christian Science Church made formal protests, but old Mr. Scribner refused to withdraw the book. One self-appointed champion of Mrs. Eddy appeared in the office and threatened to use malicious animal magnetism against the publishers. Charles Scribner, Sr., died in 1930, and his brother Arthur, who succeeded him as president, died in 1932. A number of impressionable people at Scribner's thought that malicious animal magnetism had something to do with it.

Old Brownell had died in 1928. His office was inherited by the poet John Hall Wheelock, who had been moved upstairs into an editorial post after fifteen years in the Scribner bookstore. Wheelock also inherited Brownell's leather couch. Young Charles Scribner, the new president, lived in Far Hills and belonged to the New Jersey fox-hunting set. Like most Princeton men of his generation—he was class of '13—he had admired Fitzgerald and Hemingway from the beginning; also, he liked to smoke in the office. All these changes, combined with the changing character of the list of authors, meant that Scribner's was losing its mid-Victorian atmosphere. It became progressively less Victorian, reaching its low in the nineteen-thirties, when the office force, arriving in the morning, would find Thomas Wolfe, after a night on the town, asleep on the directors' table in the library.

THE friendship between Wolfe and Perkins has been best described by Wolfe in his last novel, "You Can't Go Home Again," in which Perkins is the editor called Foxhall Edwards and Wolfe is, of course, the hero, George Webber. "The older man," the novelist wrote, "was not merely friend but father to the younger. Webber, the hot-blooded Southerner . . . had lost his own father many years before and now had found a substitute in Edwards. And Edwards, the reserved New Englander, with his deep sense of family and inheritance, had always wanted a son but had had five daughters, and as time went on he made of George a kind of foster son."

For a whole year—1933—Wolfe worked ten to fourteen hours a day on "Of Time and the River," and he began to acquire the disposition of a morose elephant. "People seem to expect a great deal of me in my next book," he wrote to his mother in Asheville, "and I am very nervous about it." He was also nervous about money, even though Scribner's had been taking good care of him. In the past three years, Wolfe had received more than $15,000, including an advance of $5,000 on his new book, paid in monthly installments of $250; a short-story prize of $2,500 from *Scribner's Magazine*; a Guggenheim fellowship, also of $2,500; and royalties from the American, English, Swedish, and German editions of "Look Homeward, Angel." He was unmarried and hated to spend money on clothes or furniture, but he ate and drank on a scale commensurate with his six feet seven inches and his two hundred and fifty pounds. In February, 1933, he complained to his mother, "I have my back right up against the wall at the present time and have almost no money."

In his letters to his mother, he sounded as if he thought that everybody except Perkins—"the best friend I ever had"—was leagued in a conspiracy against him. These letters were full of phrases like "I have been hounded and driven crazy . . . beset and pressed on all sides . . . badgered, tormented, and almost driven mad at times by fool questions, fool letters from fool people, the tantrums of crazy women . . . cheap, slanderous, cheating, and canting swine —I see no reason why I should not tell them plainly what they are." Wolfe was not a man to keep his opinions to himself. Sometimes, at parties, he would begin to scowl and his face would go white; his friends would attempt to get him out of the room before he lowered his head and charged. Perkins told him, after one such scene, "You don't really hate those people. You hate yourself because your work is going badly." Wolfe promised he wouldn't act up again.

About half past eleven on the night of December 14, 1933, he came, late, to an appointment with Perkins in the editor's office and dropped a heavy bundle on his desk. It was two feet high, wrapped in brown paper, and tied with strong twine. When Perkins opened it, he found the manuscript of "Of Time and the River," on several kinds of white and yellow paper. It totalled more than three thousand typewritten pages—nobody knows how many more, because the pages weren't numbered—but in any event it was too long to publish in one volume. "It was all disproportioned," Perkins has said. Wolfe wrote his mother, "God knows a lot of it is still fragmentary and broken up, but at any rate he can now look at it and give me an opinion on it." Perkins went through the manuscript carefully and told one of his associates, "This book has to be done."

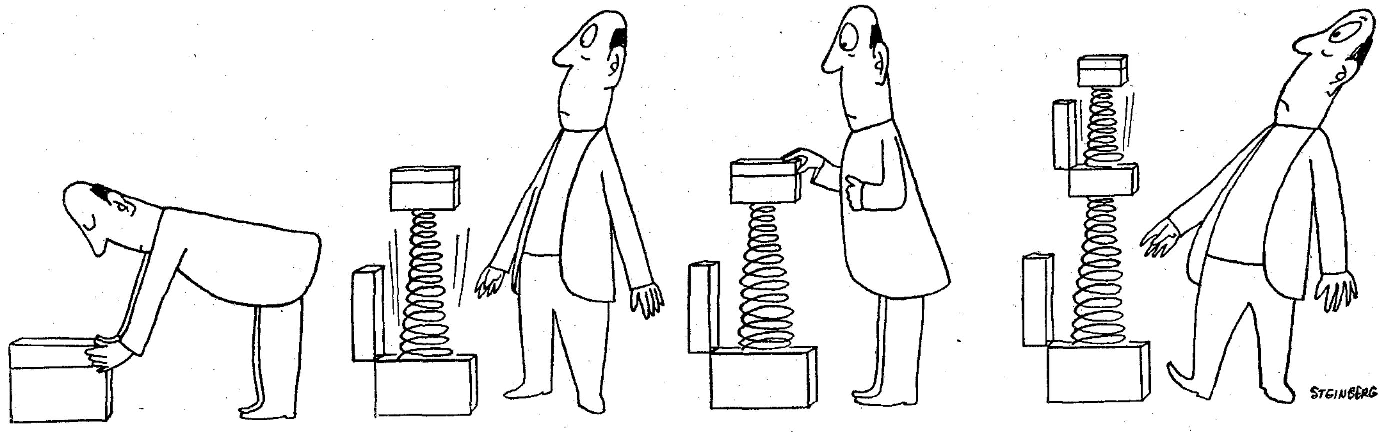
It took Wolfe and Perkins, working together, more than a year to do it. The first step was for Perkins, in his own phrase, to "mark up" the manuscript. This meant pencilling brief notes in the margin, in his high, angular script—"Ought to be cut out," or "Repetition," or "Needs to be explained." At that time, Perkins was living in town, and the two men began meeting at eight o'clock five or six evenings a week in Perkins' office.

Perkins would glance at one of his marginal notes and say, "I think this section should be omitted."

Wolfe would answer, after a long, sulky pause, "I think it's good."

"I think it's good too," Perkins would say, and mean it, "but you have expressed the thing already."

The two men would argue for hours, while cigarette butts and sheets of paper piled up on the floor. Sometimes, in the midst of an argument, Wolfe would glance at a rattlesnake skin with seven



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Home again, home again, jiggety-jig!"

"Marketing was certainly simpler in the car . . . *oops, there goes a potato!* . . . but it's a lot easier to park a bike—and cheaper, too . . . *hold on, Johnny, we're coming to a corner!*"

An American sense of humor has helped Mrs. Frazer make the best of food, gas and rubber rationing. It's rather fun balancing groceries in front and a small boy in back. It's *not* so much fun balancing coupon points against prices. But there's still a certain satisfaction in coming out even!

In the same cheerful, chin-up spirit, she has pitched into other wartime jobs. She's doing all her own cleaning since once-a-week Mary went to work at the plane plant. She's saving fats, cans, paper. She grows vegetables instead of flowers in the backyard.

There are no medals for being a good wartime housewife. But Mrs. Frazer, and the millions like her who keep their families healthy and homes attractive, are making a magnificent contribution to Victory.

The "family" *we* feed includes millions of soldiers and civilians. We have many of the housekeeping problems that face Mrs. Frazer — on a far larger scale. But we're trying to do *our* job, too, with good sense and good will.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft · Sealtest · Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

rattles—a gift from Marjorie Rawlings—which hung from a coathook above Perkins' overcoat and under his hat. Wolfe, whose touch was rarely light, liked to call this collection of objects "The Portrait of an Editor," a joke that had an undertone of resentment. Usually he ended by doing as Perkins suggested, but passages cut out of the novel were never thrown away. Wolfe carried them home to Brooklyn Heights and put them in a big wooden packing case—eventually there were three such cases, the two largest being three feet high, three feet wide, and four feet long—in the centre of his parlor. In them he also kept cooking pots, old shoes, an electric flatiron, and bundles of receipted bills. He saved his discarded scenes as plumbers save lengths of pipe, and eventually fitted them into other novels. Thus the longest of the passages omitted from "Of Time and the River" became the second half of "The Web and the Rock."

By February of 1934, work on "Of Time and the River" was going well. Sometimes, when the marginal note said "Needs transition," Wolfe pushed aside other manuscripts on a corner of Perkins' old-fashioned desk and wrote the necessary pages in his huge, sprawling, but legible hand, the words so widely spaced that five of them made a line and ninety filled a page. Wolfe had to have all his work copied; he never learned to type, because, he said, his hands were too big for the keyboard, just as his feet were too big for the pedals of an automobile. In April, the two men still hoped that the novel would be ready for fall publication, but Wolfe had developed a habit of writing new chapters, which he submitted at the evening sessions with a look of both penitence and pride. The book became like Penelope's web; whatever the two men unravelled by night, Wolfe rewove by day. One week he added a passage of some thirty thousand words, describing the death of the hero's father. Perkins thought that most of it was unnecessary, but he recently told an associate, "It was too good to let go."

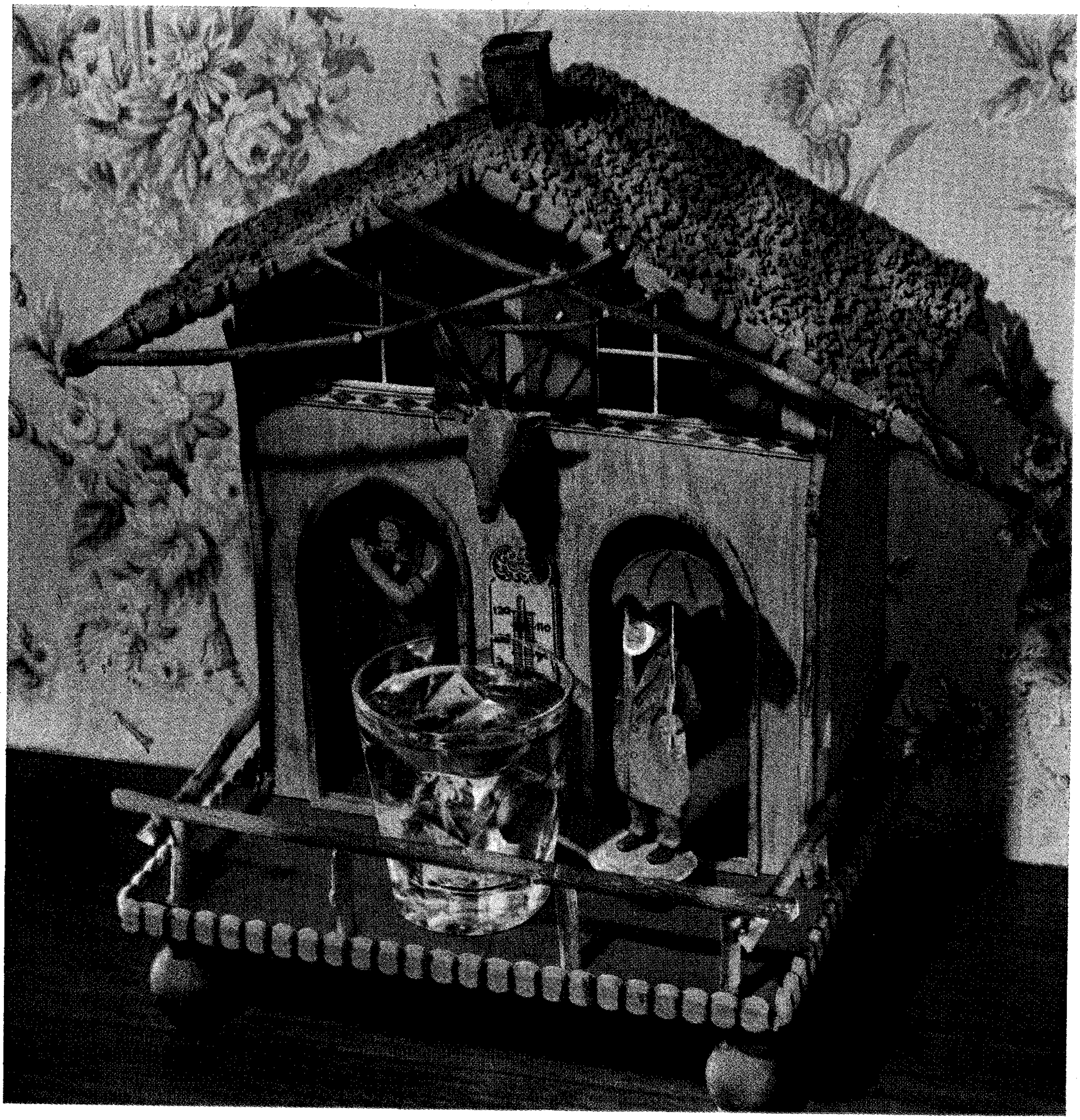
In the middle of October, Perkins felt that the book was finished. "I don't think you should do anything more to it, Tom," he said, but Wolfe had been working on it so long that he couldn't stop. It wasn't until January 14, 1935, that the novel was in page proofs. Then Wolfe was forbidden to make any more changes. Suddenly he felt as if he had been released from bondage. He celebrated by eating an eight-pound porterhouse steak. Perkins took his first vacation in three years. He paid a visit to Hemingway in Key West and, with his help, he landed the first fish he had caught since he was a boy. Two weeks before anybody at Scribner's expected him, Perkins was back at his desk. When "Of Time and the River" was finally published, in March, 1935, it bore this dedication: "To Maxwell Evarts Perkins, a great editor and a brave and honest man, who stuck to the writer of this book through times of bitter hopelessness and doubt and would not let him give in to his own despair, a work to be known as 'Of Time and the River' is dedicated with the hope that all of it may be in some way worthy of the loyal devotion and the patient care which a dauntless and unshaken friend has given to each part of it, and without which none of it could have been written."

In the autumn of 1937, Wolfe transferred himself and his three packing cases of unpublished manuscript to another publisher. People often wonder how such a close relationship came to be broken. Perkins said nothing at the time it happened and has said very little since. In his last novel, Wolfe explained at great length that there was a fundamental difference in temperament. Foxhall Edwards (Perkins), he said, was as much a fatalist as the author of Ecclesiastes, whereas Wolfe believed that the world could be changed for the better. In simpler terms, Perkins had been an independent Democrat for fifty years but had turned against the New Deal at the moment when Wolfe, after a German friend had been persecuted by the Nazis, was beginning for the first time to think of himself as a radical. Both men, however, were much more interested in people than in politics. The principal reason for the separation—it was never a quarrel—seems to be that Wolfe's pride was touched. He had told everybody how much he owed to Perkins' editing, and everybody believed his story, which grew in the telling, until Wolfe began to feel that his own contribution was being slighted. Once, after this attitude had crystallized, he said to another Perkins author, "I'll show them that I can write my own books. I'll show them that I'm not a robot." One of his friends said that he was like a son who had risen rapidly in his father's factory and then resigned, just to prove that he could be as successful on his own. Wolfe chose Harper, in preference to two other publishers who were bidding for his work, after he found that Edward C. Aswell, Harper's editor, had been born in the same week of the same month of the same year as himself. This time there wouldn't be any question of foster parentage.

The separation weighed on Wolfe's conscience, however. The last, long section of "You Can't Go Home Again" takes the form of a letter to Foxhall Edwards. "Dear Fox, old friend," he concludes, "thus we have come to the end of the road that we were to go together. My tale is finished—and so farewell." A somewhat different version of the letter was actually mailed to Perkins; it was a leavetaking note of a hundred and thirty-two handwritten pages. On the day that his last illness took a fatal turn, Wolfe scrawled another letter to Perkins in pencil. Perkins hurried to visit him at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, but by the time he reached the hospital, Wolfe was too near death to see him. Wolfe's will made Perkins executor of his involved estate. In this capacity, Perkins had to read the proofs of Wolfe's last three books, which were edited by Aswell. It was in these proofs that he saw for the first time Wolfe's portrait of Foxhall Edwards. The portrait was largely a caricature, but after publication people began to confuse it with Perkins' real personality. For example, Wolfe said that Edwards went to Groton, and now many people take for granted that Perkins went to Groton instead of St. Paul's. Perkins' first comment, made to Aswell, was simply, "That man he calls the Fox—I don't think Tom got him quite right." Then, a few days later, he added, "That man Tom calls the Fox—I took the passage home to show my wife and daughters, and they think he did get him right."

PERKINS, at least today, seems less timid and much more affable than Foxhall Edwards. He appears to enjoy telling stories about his boyhood and about the Perkins clan, which abounds in eccentric characters. Sometimes he talks as if his adventures as an editor belonged to the remote past. "Perhaps the trouble with literature in our time," he recently said to a literary agent, "is that there aren't as many rascals as there used to be." He pictures himself in conversation as a quiet country dweller, almost a backwoodsman, though he lives in a big white house within easy distance of the New Canaan railway station. The house is not as crowded now that three of his five daughters have married. He has six grandchildren, three of them boys, besides a large collection of nieces and nephews, mostly in uniform.

Mrs. Perkins has a great interest in



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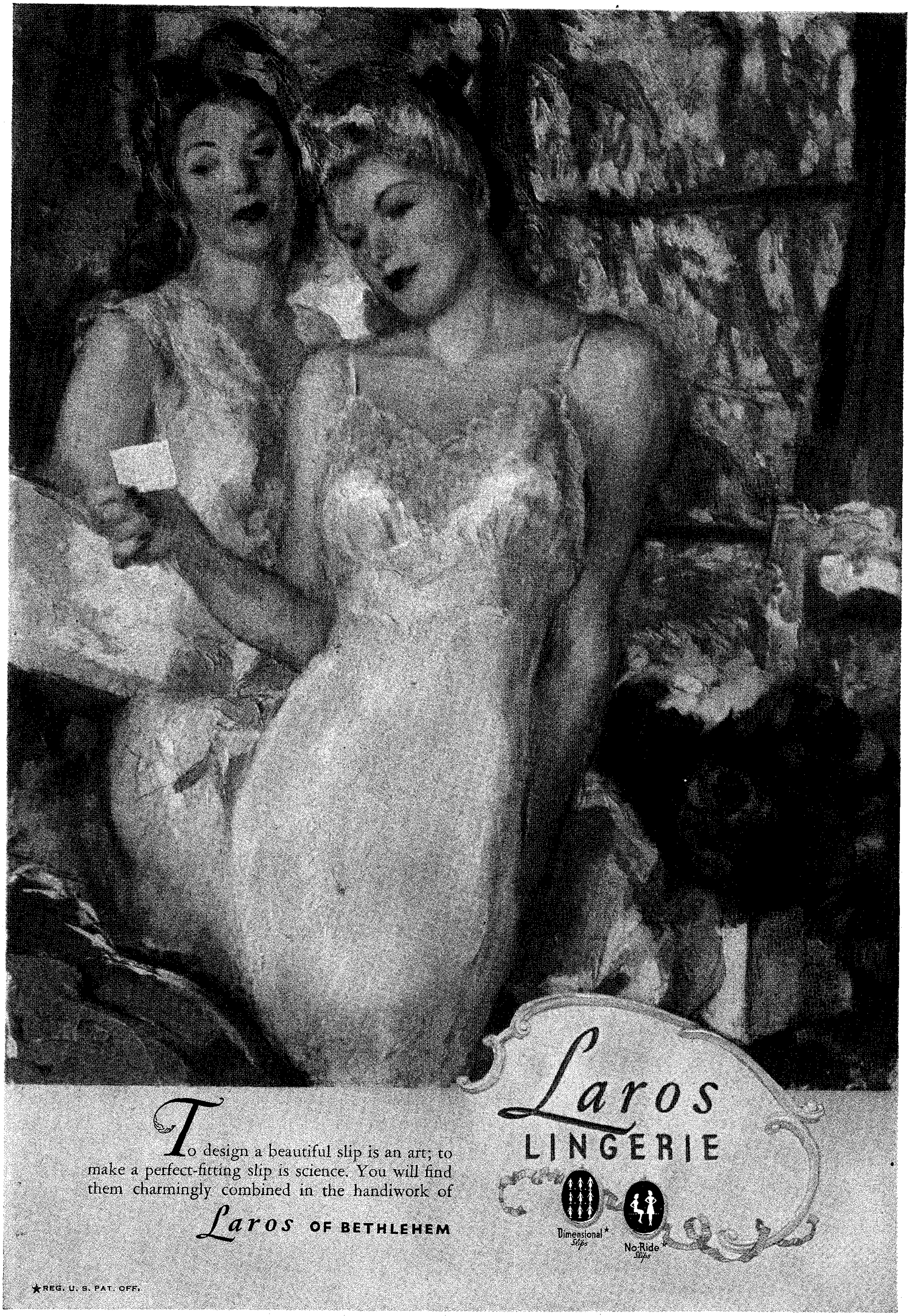

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the theatre. She was once an understudy for Mrs. Patrick Campbell and, under her maiden name of Louise Saunders, she has written several widely produced plays for children. She likes to redecorate the house. Shortly before the family moved to New Canaan from New York, she noticed that her husband's books had overflowed the library shelves and she decided to get rid of any duplicate copies. She packed the ones she found into a barrel and called in a second-hand-book dealer, who bought the lot for five dollars. David Randall, who is the rare-book expert at Scribner's, was walking down Second Avenue the following day when he happened to look into a second-hand-bookstore window. It was filled with first editions, including books by Galsworthy, Barrie, Fitzgerald, Lardner, Wolfe, and a dozen others. Several of them, lying open, were inscribed, "To my friend Max Perkins." The dealer was reasonable; he was willing to sell the whole collection to Randall for five hundred dollars. After consulting with Perkins, Randall undertook to get it for a smaller price. "How do you know that it was Mrs. Perkins who sold you those books?" he said to the dealer. "How do you know it wasn't a dishonest housekeeper? Why, you might be arrested for receiving stolen goods." The dealer was so shaken that he compromised for twenty-five dollars.

A corner table is always reserved for Perkins at Cherio's, a restaurant on East Fifty-third Street, where he has been eating ever since it opened, fourteen years ago. A sixty-five-pound sailfish he caught in Key West is hung on one wall. Perkins hates to read a menu. Once he finds a dish to his liking, he orders it automatically; there were months on end, when Perkins was living in town, that it was creamed chicken for lunch and breast of guinea hen for dinner. "Every day he come and every day he want cayenne pepper on the table and it used to be a Martini but now it's a Jamaica-rum cocktail," says Mr. Cherio, a small, dark, intense man. He has a great fondness for Perkins, which goes back to the time, twelve years ago, that he returned a crumpled ten-dollar bill that had fallen from the editor's pocket. "After that," Cherio says, "there is something between us, a troost. That man has been vaccinated in a way that make him troost people and other people troost him. He is the kind of gentleman which is really few in the world."

Perkins' working habits are as rigid as his eating habits. At ten each morning

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 40

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he sits down at his desk and begins reading his correspondence. Before long he discovers that he is still wearing his soup-kettle-shaped pearl-gray hat and takes it off with an absent-minded gesture. Then he calls his secretary and dictates a few letters. After that he reads manuscripts and sees callers. At one o'clock he goes out for lunch and by half-past two he is back at the office, ready again to see callers and read manuscripts. He frequently reads standing up, and he flicks the pages so fast with his long fingers that people don't see how he has time for more than a general impression of the quality of the typing. Asked for his opinion, he may say, "We must have this," or else "Mmm, well, I don't think . . ." and his voice trails off into a gentle but definite note of rejection. He leaves the office early. Usually at four-thirty, and never later than five, he pulls his hat down over his ears and walks out with an old briefcase full of manuscripts. Before taking the 6:02 train for New Canaan, he holds his last conference, usually at the men's bar of the Ritz, with an author or a literary agent—the longest conference of the day.

Perkins spends his weekends reading manuscripts. He insists that his importance to Scribner's is generally exaggerated. He regards himself as part of a team made up of himself and the rest of the editorial board—John Hall Wheelock, Wallace Meyer, and Charles F. Dunn—and led by Charles Scribner III. To deal with authors is Perkins' share of the work. He says that the man he would like to resemble is Major General John Aaron Rawlins, whom Grant called "the most nearly indispensable" officer on his staff. Rawlins' job was to keep Grant sober, reword his orders and dispatches (without changing their meaning), give advice when called for, and from time to time restore Grant's faith in himself. More than once in his career, Perkins has done all these things for an author.

—MALCOLM COWLEY

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Perkins.*)

•

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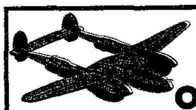

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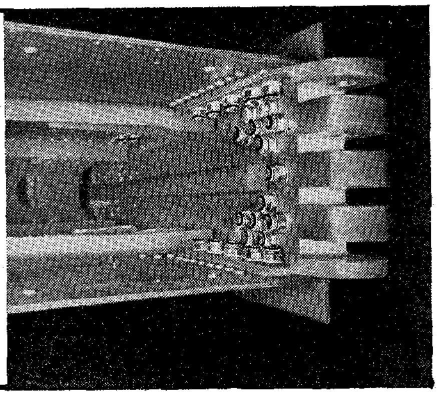

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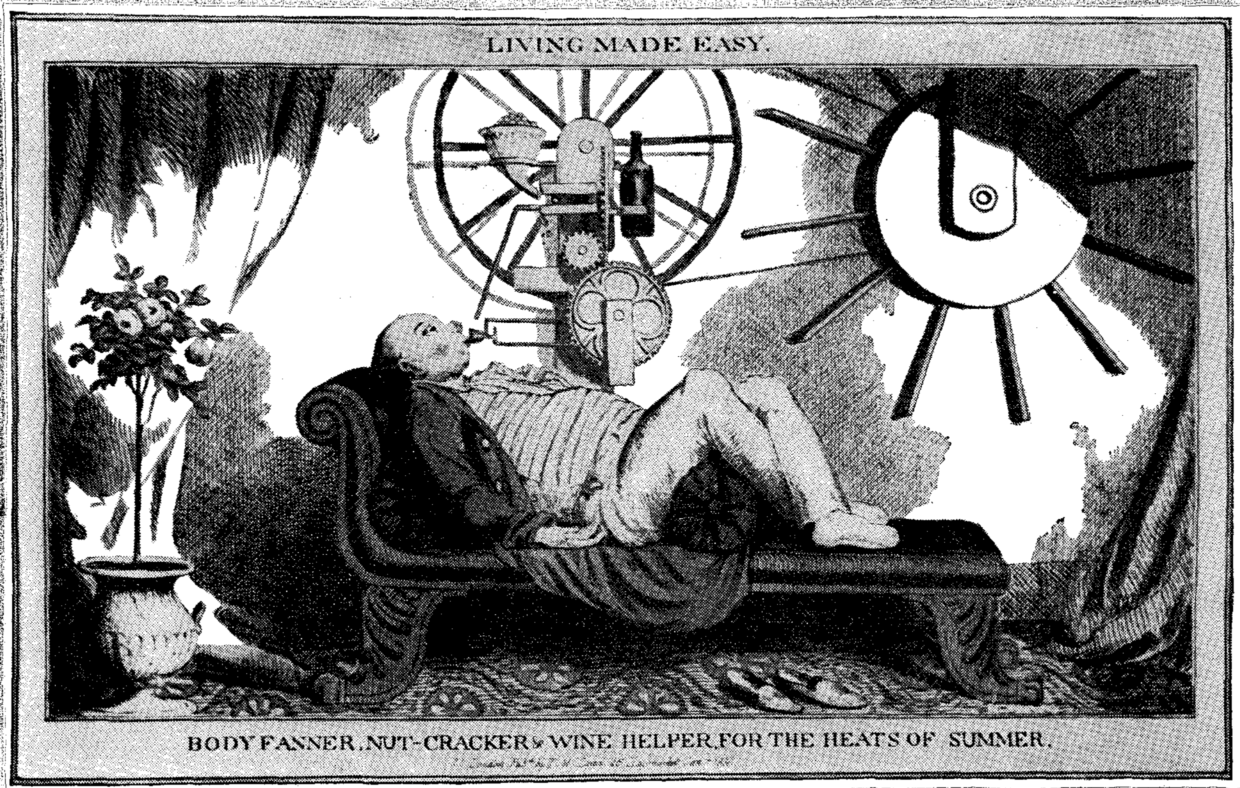
"Mrs. January & Mr. Ex" is about one of those characters defined once and forever by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly as Dulcy—a woman of helpless charm, a semiconscious wit, and, in private life, obviously intolerable to everybody. This time she is the tenant of a small house in New England, for reasons at the moment obscure to me, except that she happens to be rich. Her landlord is an ex-President of the United States—in this case it seems permissible to deduce Mr. Coolidge—and the goings on have to do with a love affair between this lady of vague, liberal, and scattered principles and a man who looks, I'm sure, at least as much like Republican Presidential timber as anybody else visible at the moment. It is by no means a fascinating play, but it is a literate and entertaining one, and who are you or I to ask for more?

The performances given by Miss Burke and Mr. Craven are, as noted, professionally impeccable, as is also that of Nicholas Joy, a better actor, I think, than is commonly supposed. The others, including Barbara Bel Geddes, Helen Carew, Edward Nannary, and Henry Barnard, are cast mostly in foolish parts and do, I'm sure, all that can possibly be done with them. Paul Morrison's set is one of the most intelligent of the season. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Like Miss O'Brien, Miss Garner is incomparable.—*Everyday Magazine.*

Good way for us all to be.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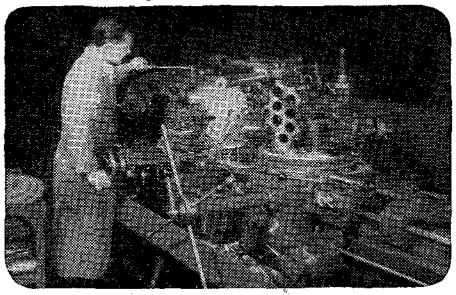

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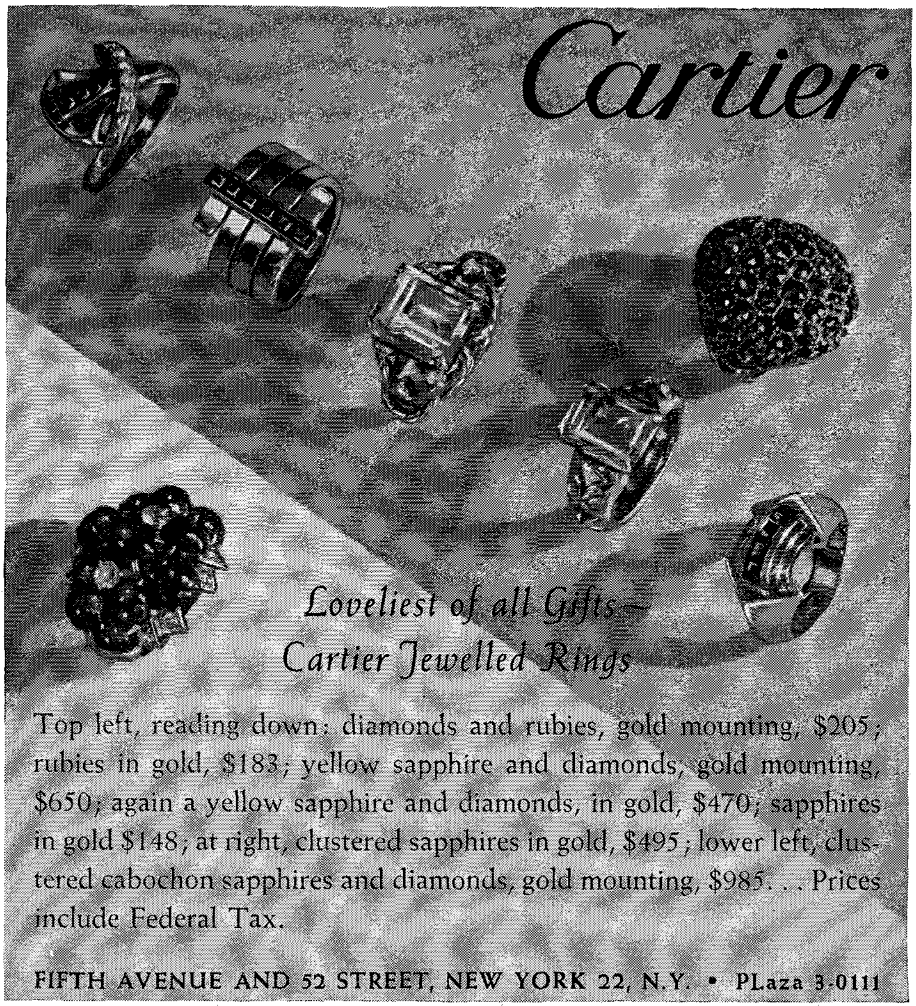
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Top left, reading down: diamonds and rubies, gold mounting, $205; rubies in gold, $183; yellow sapphire and diamonds, gold mounting, $650; again a yellow sapphire and diamonds, in gold, $470; sapphires in gold $148; at right, clustered sapphires in gold, $495; lower left, clustered cabochon sapphires and diamonds, gold mounting, $985. . . Prices include Federal Tax.

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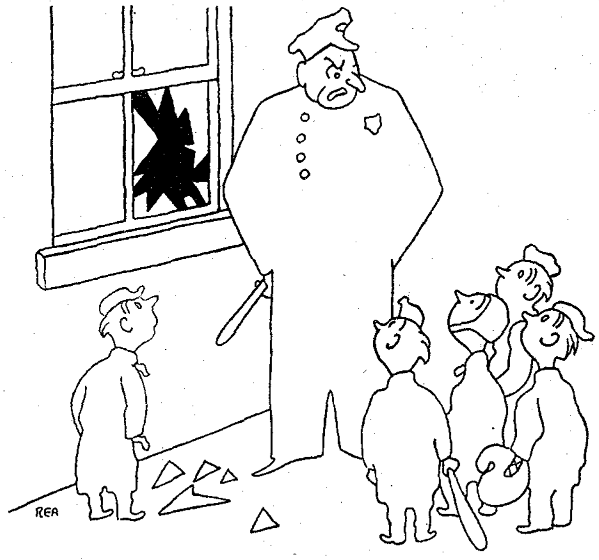
"Hm, a 150-foot clout! Which one of you had Wheaties for breakfast?"

Advertisement: We bet Wheaties will make a hit with you.
Signed: General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Even in War-Time
THE
DE WITT CLINTON
a KNOTT hotel
ALBANY, N.Y.
is better than GOOD!
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They ALL speak well of it

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Because it's aged in wood for flavor and tang.
Abbott's BITTERS
SINCE 1872

THE RACE TRACK

Warming Up

4TH RACE SCRATCHES

RACING opens at Jamaica this weekend with fresh hopes and, almost everybody assures me, fresh horses. For the benefit of all who have been worrying about it, I'd like to report that the transportation situation will remain much the same as last season. The Long Island Railroad will run the usual number of trains, but if you're thinking of motoring, you'd better think twice; the track, to do its bit toward discouraging automobilists, will keep its parking lots closed. Because the federal tax on amusements has been increased, it's going to cost more to go racing. Money seems hardly worth mentioning these days, but, just for the record, grandstand tickets will cost $1.60 and clubhouse tickets will be $4.30. Also, post time for the first race every day will be slightly earlier—1:45 P.M.

JIM FITZSIMMONS, who trains for the Belair Stud and Wheatley Stable, is telling a story about a soldier, stationed in the South Pacific, who sent five dollars to a friend with instructions to bet it on the Belair Stud's Apache in the Paumonok Handicap. You could do worse than follow this lead. Apache is bigger, handsomer, and, according to the clockers, faster than he was when he won the Paumonok a year ago.

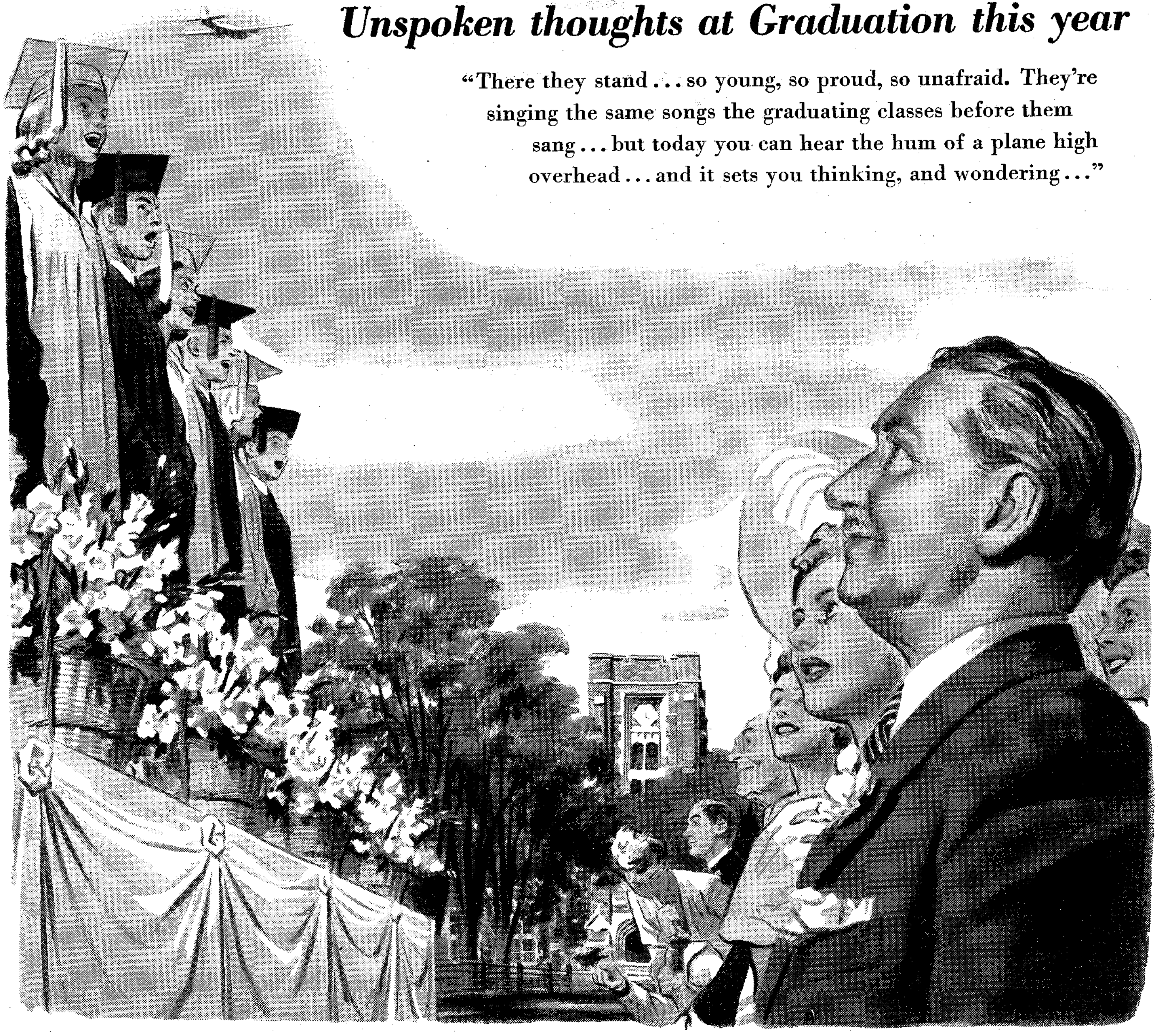
Another of Fitzsimmons' charges that caught my eye at Aqueduct the other morning was Free Lance. I'm tempted to say that he may be one of the better three-year-olds, but I shall reserve judgment until after the Experimental Handicap, which will be run next Wednesday, and the Wood Memorial, on April 22nd. Fitzsimmons' best bet for the filly races to come is Vienna, also a three-year-old, but she isn't another Vagrancy in my book.

I SAW Pericles, William Helis's gold horse, at Belmont Park one day last week. Gold isn't exactly his color—his coat is a rich, dark chestnut, about the shade of Whirlaway's—but he cost $66,000 at the yearling sales last August, and for $66,000 you *should* get a gold horse.

I think that the conformation of Peri-

Unspoken thoughts at Graduation this year

"There they stand . . . so young, so proud, so unafraid. They're singing the same songs the graduating classes before them sang . . . but today you can hear the hum of a plane high overhead . . . and it sets you thinking, and wondering . . ."



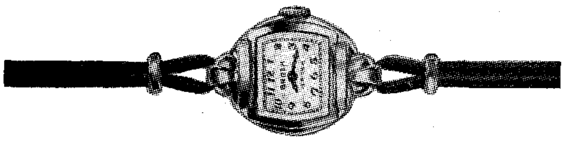
GRADUATION, 1944 . . . It will be a day of deep emotion . . . of love and pride and hope. You'll want to give something that will express these feelings. And what gift could be more important than a War Bond? . . . What gift could be more personal than a fine watch, tenderly inscribed? If you can, why not give both . . . and may we suggest that before you decide on any particular watch, you see the handsome selection that Gruen has to offer. They're backed by 70 years of skill and craftsmanship.

GRUEN WATCHES at Gruen jewelers only, from $29.75 to $250; with precious stones to $4000. Prices include Federal tax. Write for free folder "B." The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

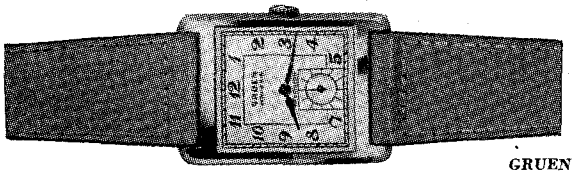
* * *

While we are manufacturing large quantities of vital precision instruments for war, we are also continuing to produce fine Gruen watches for civilian use . . . but of course the demand for these watches far exceeds production possibilities today.

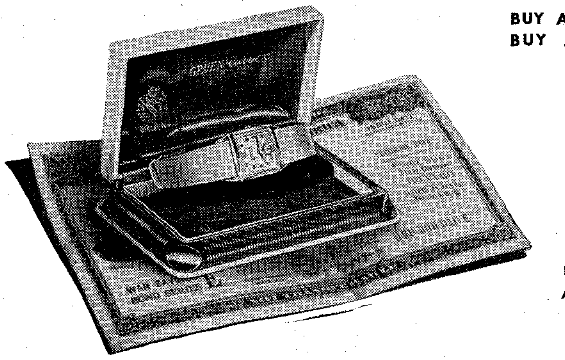
BUY A GRUEN WATCH . . . BUT
BUY A WAR BOND FIRST!



Lady's Watch shown above — VERI-THIN‡ NANCY, 17 jewels, pink or yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $39.75



Man's Watch shown above — VERI-THIN‡ TOUCHDOWN 17-jewel Precision movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case $49.75



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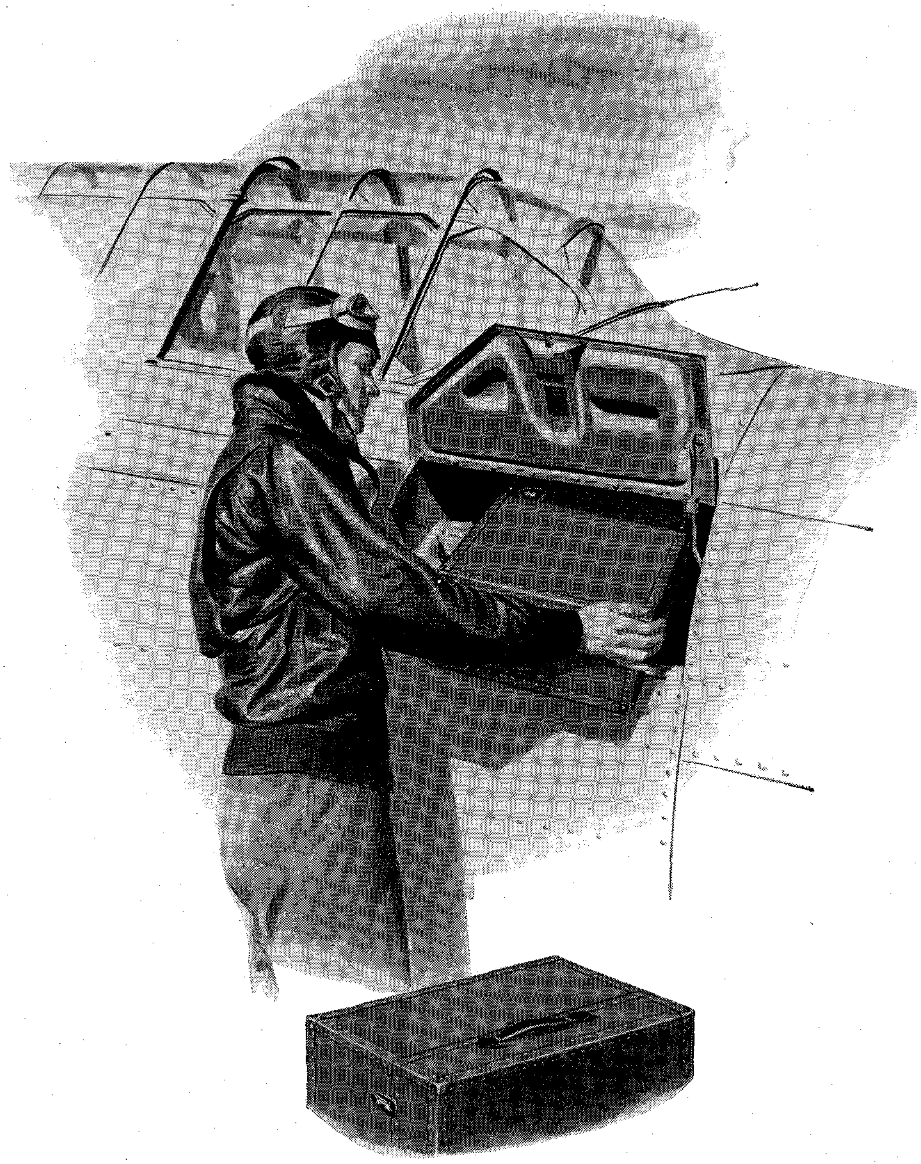

"Shipshape," say Navy Flyers

To keep Navy flyers' personal gear "shipshape" in all climates, "Seapack"* luggage was created by the Navy. Flyers say it does the job perfectly. "Seapack" is available now only to Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Aviation personnel through supply officers at Naval Aviation Activities.

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cles is closer to perfection than anything else this generation of fetlock-minded horsemen has ever seen. Anyhow, enough of them have tried to fault him and given it up as a bad job. He's a big, well-muscled colt, but his body and his legs are in such remarkable proportion that you don't notice his size. He's so quiet and well behaved, too, that he must have had a lot of expert handling and practically no childhood. He moves easily and I have a notion that he can run fast. Snyder, his trainer, says that he could break down most of his two-year-olds by working them with Pericles.

Although Pericles, who is by Blenheim II out of Risk, has been in light training at New Orleans all winter, he probably won't start in a race until the Belmont meeting next month. If he doesn't win it, at least seven hundred and eighty-three kibitzers will remind Mr. Helis of the hex on high-priced yearlings—New Broom, who cost $75,000, never won a race; Hustle On, who cost $70,000, never even started in one; Broadway Limited, who cost $65,000, won, and then dropped dead the next time he ran. On the other hand, if Pericles wins a race for each variant in the pronunciation of his name I have heard horseplayers around town utter, Helis should get all his money back.

COUNT FLEET was out for his first gallop of the season not long ago and I was lucky enough to see him. I can report that he looks well, but then most racers do when they come out of winter quarters. Cameron, his trainer, said that Count Fleet's bad leg was quite sound again but that it probably would be three months before he did any serious racing.

DON MEADE, my favorite jockey, was rejected by the armed forces not long ago because his physical examination showed that something was the matter with his wrists. The fact that anything was wrong with that pair of wrists came as a practically stupefying surprise to anyone who had seen him in action on the tracks through the years.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

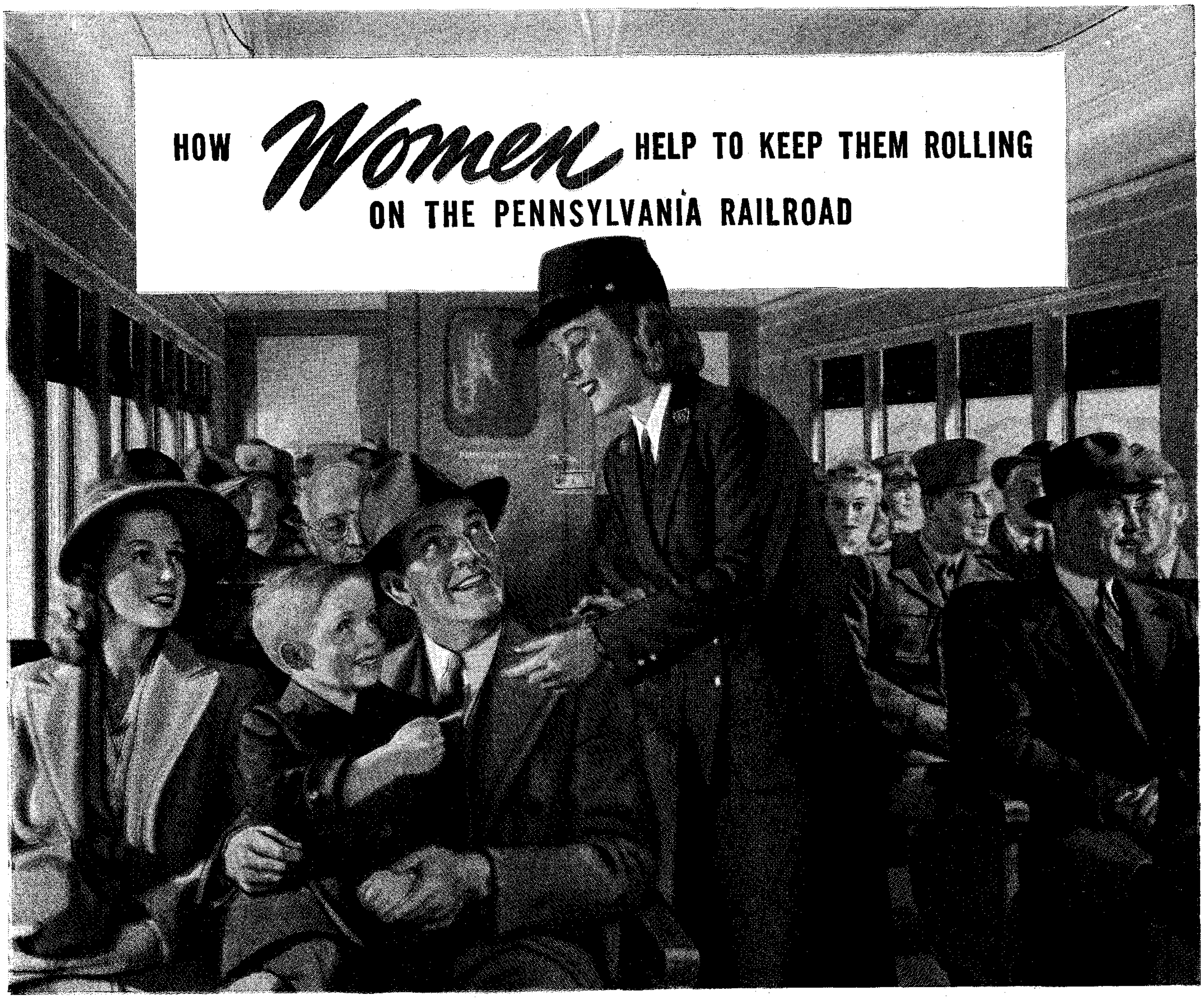
The oldest Baptist Church in America, founded in 1775, stands on Main street in Providence, R. I.

The barnacle has no heart.

—*Boston Herald.*

Any Baptist knows that who's ever stepped on one.

HOW *Women* HELP TO KEEP THEM ROLLING ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



A WAR ROLE FOR WOMEN . . . as a trainman on short passenger runs.

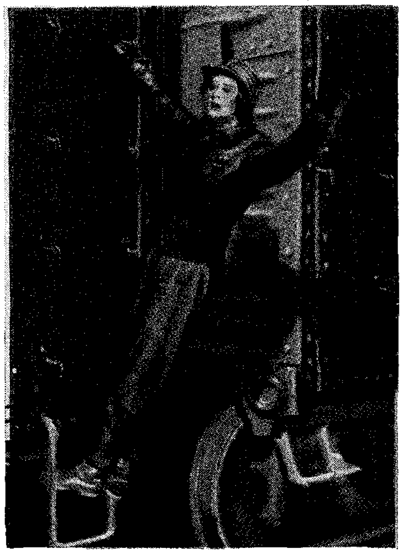
RAILROADING has always been regarded as a man's calling.

But when war reached deeply into railroad ranks—taking from the Pennsylvania Railroad alone more than 43,000 skilled and experienced workers for the Armed Forces—women were employed to help keep trains rolling.

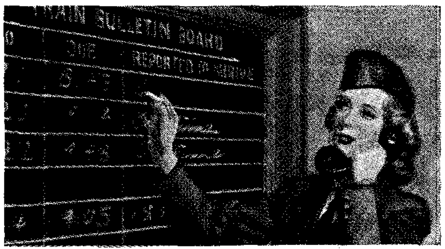
Today, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, approximately 22,000 women are serving in a wide variety of occupations—four of which you see illustrated here.

Positions such as trainmen, ticket sellers, train passenger representatives, ushers, information and reservation personnel call for intelligence, courtesy and a high degree of efficiency. Young women fresh from college and high school—after intensive training—have proved they can fill these roles most capably.

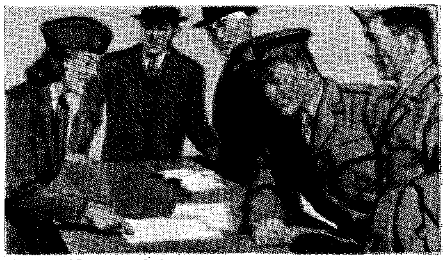
So, we're glad to have their help in the greatest job railroads have ever been called upon to do, *moving men and materials to Victory!*



AS A BRAKEMAN in freight yard operations, a job requiring strength and coolness.



AS AN USHER, she posts trains, announces departures and arrivals—answers questions.



AT INFORMATION COUNTERS, women are in the front line of transportation.

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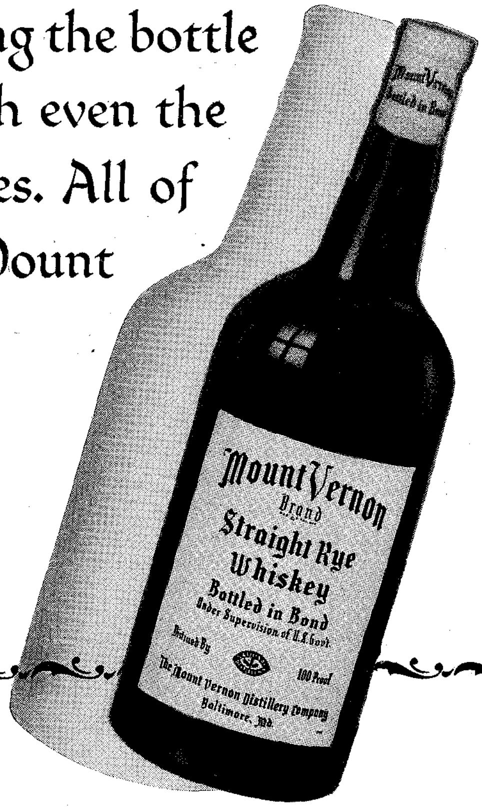
Mount Vernon

BRAND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Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
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100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
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Bottled in Bond . . . 100 Proof • This Whiskey is 4 Years Old
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LETTER FROM NAPLES

MARCH 30 (BY WIRELESS)

NAPLES has now been occupied by the Allies for six months. To anyone at the fighting front, six months undoubtedly seems a long time, but to men engaged in restoring a captured city to complete normality it seems little enough—at least when the city is only fifty miles from the front and is still being subjected to bombings. There are, of course, numerous signs of revival: the trolleys, buses, and funicular, whose operations had been temporarily suspended, are running again; the San Carlo Opera Company, its cast somewhat depleted but in fine voice, is singing afternoons, mostly for the Allied troops; the typhus epidemic, thanks to a remarkably efficient "dusting" campaign conducted by Army doctors, is now so well under control that movie houses and other public gathering places, which had been closed for five months, have been permitted to reopen; within the next week the city's handsome post-office building, which, along with many of its occupants, was torn apart by a German time bomb, should be in use once more.

In general the city, as you'd expect, has an air of wretchedness. Bombed houses, particularly along the waterfront, are so common that only the more oddly damaged ones attract any notice. Italian wrecking crews are out every day, knocking down wobbly building walls; and clean-up squads, shovelling rubble into trucks, are another ordinary sight. From a distance of several yards, the majority of Italians seem dressed well enough. A little closer, however, the loose threads, missing buttons, and shiny sleeves are apparent. Some Italians are going around in rags and laceless, very old shoes, but a good many have improvised more or less serviceable items of apparel. Walking down the Via Roma the other day, I was startled to see a middle-aged lady ahead of me in a rakishly cut suit made of what was obviously a GI blanket. The stocking shortage being what it is, women have taken to wearing *calzettoni*, the white, knee-length cotton socks once worn by Italian men for winter sports. A high-soled sandal made of pressed cork, or paper, or almost anything else is also common. Among the best-dressed Neapolitans are the former members of the Italian Army, who have been permitted to retain their boots and gray-green uniforms. They undoubtedly walked with more of a strut in the old days, but the fact remains that they do have their uniforms, and they still manage to look almost dashing.

Naples is surely one of the world's noisiest cities. Plane patrols are constantly buzzing overhead and warships keep whistling their way in and out of the harbor. Jeeps, fire-fighting trucks, ambulances, and motorcycles roar through the streets all day long at a speedway pace. The dominant human sound is made by the bootblacks, of whom there seem to be thousands, most of them under ten and in tatters. They swarm along the boulevards shouting, "Hey! American polish, Joe?" Once they have cornered a customer, they chatter endless recommendations of restaurants, barbershops, and bordellos. When the shine is finished and the customer offers the usual five lire, the bootblack is likely to announce that he would prefer two American cigarettes. If he gets what he wants, he immediately lights up. As he wanders off down the street, he starts shouting again.

A number of Neapolitan landmarks have been destroyed or damaged beyond repair. The fourteenth-century Church of Santa Chiara has been demolished. The Santissima Annunziata Church is a shambles. The Royal Palace has suffered a number of direct hits and the National Library, containing the Herculaneum manuscripts, has been razed by the Germans in retaliation for what they considered *their* Italian stab in the back. Some Baedeker items, however, are still around. Virgil's tomb is intact and so are the Majolica Cloisters. The elaborate, partially Rockefeller-endowed aquarium, right on the waterfront, has never been hit and the populace still goes to look at the fish on display there. The Museo Nazionale and most of its paintings were left unharmed when the Germans evacuated, but they made off with its Pompeian bronzes and two hundred and fifty-two Titians, Botticellis, Raphaels, Breughels, and other masterpieces. The Germans, after some thought, decided that the abbey above Cassino would be a safe haven for their loot. Early in December, however, the Nazi Rome radio announced that the works of art had been moved again to the Italian capital. Everyone here is hoping that the Germans have told the truth this time, but the uneasy feeling persists that there is a chance that these treasures were destroyed along with the Reichswehr's fortress on Abbey Hill.

AMID all the physical damage, the AMG is persevering with what it calls the "liberation of the city"—a painstaking, pacific process involving such matters as finding jobs for the natives, keeping the city's streets clean, demobilizing Italian soldiers, and distributing bread-ration coupons. The AMG officials are trying to give Italy back to the Italians and let them run their own country, but they have found that this friendly principle is not an easy one to put into practice. One handicap in getting things going again is the profoundly inefficient administrative setup left behind by those sensationally efficient, departed Fascist officials. The black

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The New York

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One man tells Another

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The first time I ever shaved with a Personna I said 'I must be dreaming'. Such a fine shave, and I hardly felt the razor. Alice said 'George, how smooth your face is!' and I said 'Personnas for me for the rest of my life.' Try 'em yourself and you'll see what I mean."

•

10 FOR $1.00 and worth it!
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market, which was a thriving institution throughout Mussolini's regime, is still going strong. Shoes are selling at as high as twenty-five hundred lire (twenty-five dollars) a pair, bread at a hundred and twenty lire, and a litre of olive oil at two hundred and eighty lire, ten times as much as it cost before the war. The AMG has issued several stern appeals to the city's residents about the black market, but the Italians, puzzled by the Allies' annoyance with what they have long taken for granted, simply go their own, old sweet way.

There are plenty of good municipal jobs waiting for the right anti-Fascists, if they will only speak up. (Lieutenant Colonel Poletti, at the moment, is looking high and low for a reliable police commissioner.) Great numbers of Italians with long Fascist records turn up and vigorously proclaim that deep down in their hearts they always hated Mussolini. However, most of the real anti-Fascists, hunted by the secret police right down to the year 21 of the *era Fascista*, remain in hiding. They find it difficult to believe that their days of unlawfulness are at an end. A few of them have come into the AMG headquarters and, after looking around suspiciously, have raised their arms in weak Fascist salutes, certain that they have stepped into a trap.

One satisfying discovery that the AMG has made is that most of the city's schoolteachers are as keenly anti-Fascist as anyone could wish. Most of them were miserable at having to follow a pedagogic line they didn't believe in; they are happy to stop teaching their pupils the glories of the Balilla and to begin letting them in on the simple, old-fashioned nursery rhymes. They are also energetically helping to eliminate the primers and readers they never cared for and are drawing up outlines of new books for Italian children to study. The Allies, incidentally, knowing a newsprint shortage when they see one, have undramatically but sensibly abstained from staging any literary bon-

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fires; they just collect the proscribed stuff and ship it off in truckloads to the Italian pulp mills for reprocessing.

As if the city didn't have troubles enough, Mount Vesuvius, as everyone knows, had a major eruption last week. The catastrophe sent thousands of peasants who had been living along its slopes scurrying to Naples for shelter. It was one of these refugees who uttered the clearest statement on how the Italian peasant feels about the war that I have heard. I was driving out toward Vesuvius with some companions in a jeep one evening, in order to get a look at the lava flow, when an air-raid alert sounded. We immediately parked our jeep and started to get off the road. Across the road, we noticed that a peasant, a husky, middle-aged fellow, had done the same with his donkey-drawn cart, which was loaded down with furniture and bedding. We walked over to him and asked him how things were going. He told us that he and some of his townsmen had spent most of the day marching in religious processions in an attempt to head off the approaching lava. They had pinned their savings to the statues and images of the local patron saints, but the lava had kept coming toward the town. Finally, Allied officers had ordered the place evacuated. The peasant was now on his way to Naples, where a brother of his had an apartment. He had no idea whether his own cottage was still standing. "Even if it is gone," he said sadly, "I at least know that my home was destroyed not by man but by God."

—Daniel Lang

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPT.

News is a strange commodity. It is fresh information about something that has recently taken place. Therefore it is an ephemeral thing that lasts for the day, or often only for the hour. Yesterday's editions are in the wastepaper basket or line the housewife's shelves. By its nature, the record of history in the making is hasty, frequently inaccurate, and almost always incomplete, awaiting tomorrow for the new developments.—*From "Washington Broadcast," by The Man at the Microphone, published in March, 1944.*

News is a strange commodity. It is fresh information about something that has recently taken place. Therefore it is an ephemeral thing that lasts for the day, or often only for the hour. Yesterday's editions are in the waste-paper basket, or line the housewife's pantry shelves. In its nature the record of history in the making is hasty, frequently inaccurate, and almost always incomplete, awaiting tomorrow for the new development.—*From the introduction to "Dusk of Empire," by Wythe Williams, published in March, 1937.*

LISTEN: APRIL 8, 1944

Gene Fowler speaking, in his magnificent *Good Night Sweet Prince* biography of Jack Barrymore:

"We had tea...at Lionel's home...just recently...and he said 'I have something to show you. I have just completed a manuscript concerning Jack's and my times together.'

"Lionel then brought a manuscript from a briefcase. It is not a literary work, but a musical composition called 'In Memoriam.' It contains nostalgic melodies of Lionel's own contrivance; and through it there persist gypsy airs, both sad and gay, and a little song, 'Blue Forget-me-nots,' which the brothers used to hear at the Cafe Boulevard in New York when they were young and eager and touched with dreams.

" 'Unless my friend Eugene Ormandy and his Philadelphia Orchestra play it' said Lionel, 'we'll just file it away. Ormandy would understand better than anyone else what it means.'

"Lionel looked for a long time at the score of his memorial music, then said, 'To write this was like having a long visit with Jack.' "

Well...the other day James Fassett of CBS asked Eugene Ormandy to look at Lionel's score. As a result, the Philadelphia Orchestra, in its CBS broadcast at 3:30 EWT on April 22 will perform *In Memoriam,* for the first time, and those who wish may lay a handful of early blue forget-me-nots at the feet of the greatest player of our country in our day. Lionel will speak briefly, and Ethel, Ned Sheldon and Gene Fowler will be listening with you.

★

In the course of one year 111 community enterprises received free time over WBIG, CBS' civic-minded affiliate in Greensboro, N.C. They included hospitals, schools, churches, government agencies, welfare boards, farm agencies, fraternal groups, patriotic organizations, etc. The dollar-value of this free air ran into tall figures but you can't measure the heart-and-head service of a radio station by pocketbook numbers alone.

★

No news:

South opened with 1 spade. West bid 2 hearts. North said, "Three clubs." Before East could bid there was a terrific crash of glass; the lamp fell down and the room in which North (Richard C. Hottelet, CBS correspondent in London) was playing bridge, was plunged in darkness. A bomb had struck the next building.

Hottelet, South, East and West scuttled downstairs into a shelter. There they found they were still holding their bridge hands. They finished the hand, and after the "all clear" they went back to Hottelet's apartment to clean up. Presently Mrs. Hottelet heard a sharp "Ouch!" coming from the bathroom where North was taking a bath. It seems he had neglected to remove the glass splinters from the bathtub.

★

North Carolina farmers listen to Grady Cole, farm editor of WBT, CBS in Charlotte, simply because Cole keeps coming up with notions that are not only helpful to the farmer but to the country. Three such:

1. He persuaded 25,000 farmers to release their land for Army maneuvers—even got the cooperation of a group of conscientious objectors. Then at reveille every morning WBT blew a 50,000-watt bugle to wake the maneuverers up.
2. When the long North Carolina coastline was threatened with a U-boat invasion of saboteurs, Cole got the Governor to deputize and arm 2000 farmers in 35 counties.
3. To back the Treasury's War Bond program thousands of Carolina mill workers, at Grady Cole's suggestion, worked a half day extra at time and a half; socked the extra wages into bonds.

For his individual contribution to radio and his country *Variety* gave Grady a "Personal Palm." But he still wears the same head-size.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

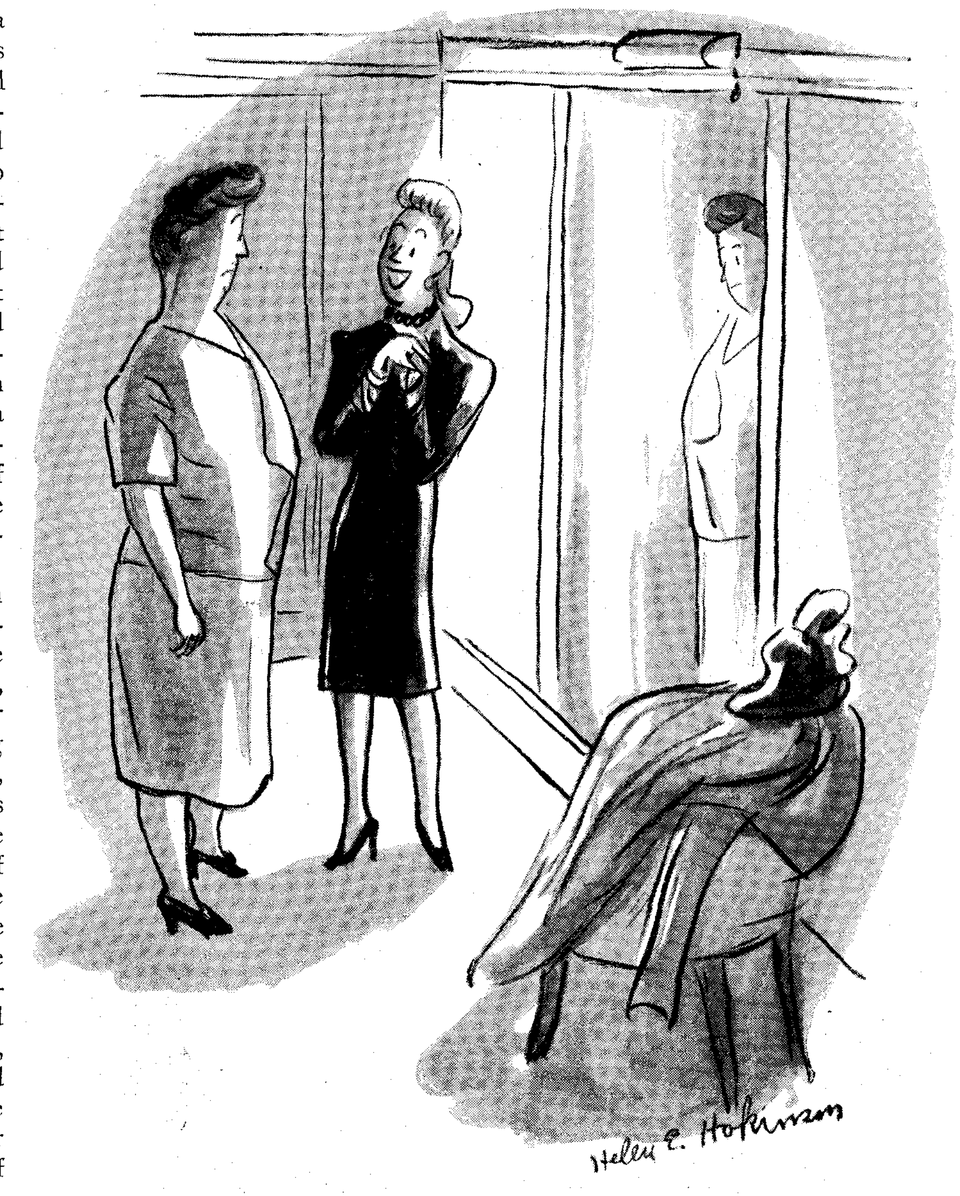
FURNITURE of cypress, a sturdy, enduring wood with a pronounced and pleasing grain, seems to be popping up everywhere this spring. Two New York furniture men have been especially successful with cypress: Hans Knoll, whose chairs and tables were designed by Jens Risom for both indoors and out (principally, I should think, out), and Salterini, celebrated ex-exponent of wrought iron, who has found it a satisfactory substitute for metal in lawn and terrace furnishings.

You will find Knoll cypress furniture at Altman, W. & J. Sloane, and Hammacher Schlemmer, and Bloomingdale has an assortment of both Knoll and Salterini pieces. At Bloomingdale a fifth-floor cubicle has been fitted up as a penthouse-terrace setting for Knoll chairs and tables, which are in natural-finish cypress, a wood that is quite blond in its native state. The star of the group is Jens Risom's armchair with a removable scoop seat (it's really a seat and back) of colored canvas stretched over a curved wood frame. This seat can be lifted out of the armchair and used as a back rest for a floor- or lawn-sitter. Followers of exhibits of Modern Design will recognize this chair as a descendant of Mr. Risom's birch armchair, which had a removable seat of basket-weave upholstery webbing. The new version is, to my mind, as comfortable an armchair for its price ($29.98) as can be found anywhere. It is also an example of good, honest furniture design, as indicative of the habits of the generation it is built for as stiff-backed, earlier American chairs were of our stiff-backed ancestors (or am I mixing cause and effect?). Armless easy chairs, with stationary seats of the same shape as the armchair's removable one but made with basket-weave webbing instead of solid canvas, are $34.50. Two or three of these, lined up side by side, could make a sofa or bench. The webbing, like the canvas, is in bright colors (lemon yellow, cherry red, a fine grass green), and may be sunned upon, rained upon, scrubbed with soap suds, or washed down with a hose, all without damage to its good looks. You can match your colors or mix them in choosing a set of chairs. Side chairs with webbing seats are $24.98.

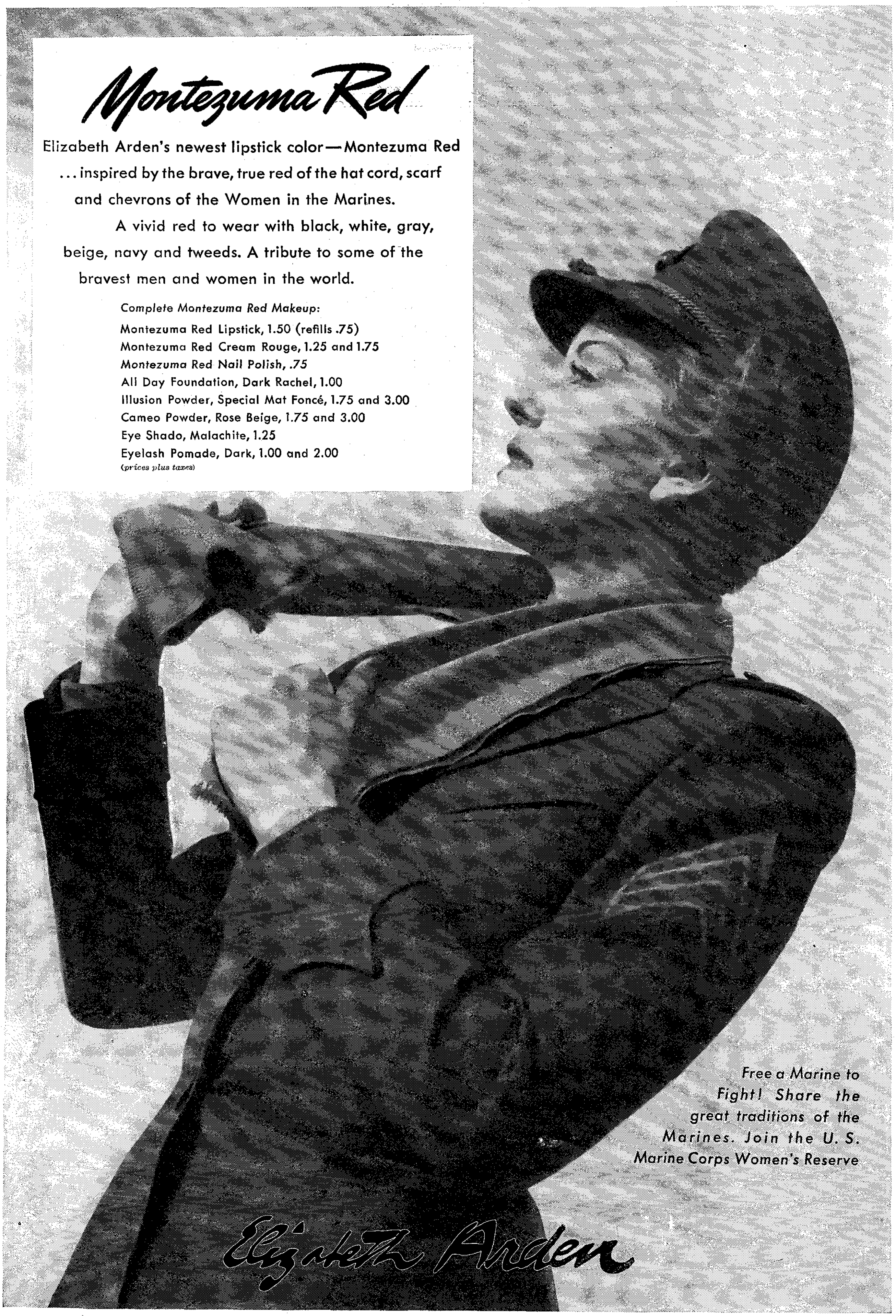
This terrace group includes dining, game, and occasional tables of cypress, usually costing around $30, whether fitted with conventional square tops or with Risom's pet irregular ones, which resemble wooden cut-outs of clouds (and which I don't like).

Bloomingdale's sixth, or outdoor-furniture, floor has Salterini cypress. Mr. S. has given his pieces a sort of grayish driftwood finish, with touches of rubbed-in white. This sounds fancy, and it has been fancily named (Frosted Ebony, if you please, and I doubt if you do), but since the effect is very much like the soft, uneven grayness of old, well-weathered barns and fences, it ought to go very well in an outdoor setting. The best of this group is a sofa having separate seat and back cushions, covered in shrimp-pink and slate-gray waterproofed canvas, and a pair of side arms which let down to turn it into a cot for an unexpected guest (presumably one who won't mind sleeping outdoors). This is $180. There are matching chairs and tables for various purposes, and one especially nice little piece, called a stool but really a low table (two stools pushed together make a good-sized coffee table), supported by a rather unusual crisscross framework business which looks like a fence—nice for your lawn, because there are no legs to poke holes in the turf. Besides, the fence effect looks pretty. The stools are $20 each, or $25 with a pink quilted canvas seat pad.

Habitual procrastinators should read the innocent-looking little tags hung on



"A mad bunch of flowers might do something for it."



Montezuma Red

Elizabeth Arden's newest lipstick color—Montezuma Red ... inspired by the brave, true red of the hat cord, scarf and chevrons of the Women in the Marines.

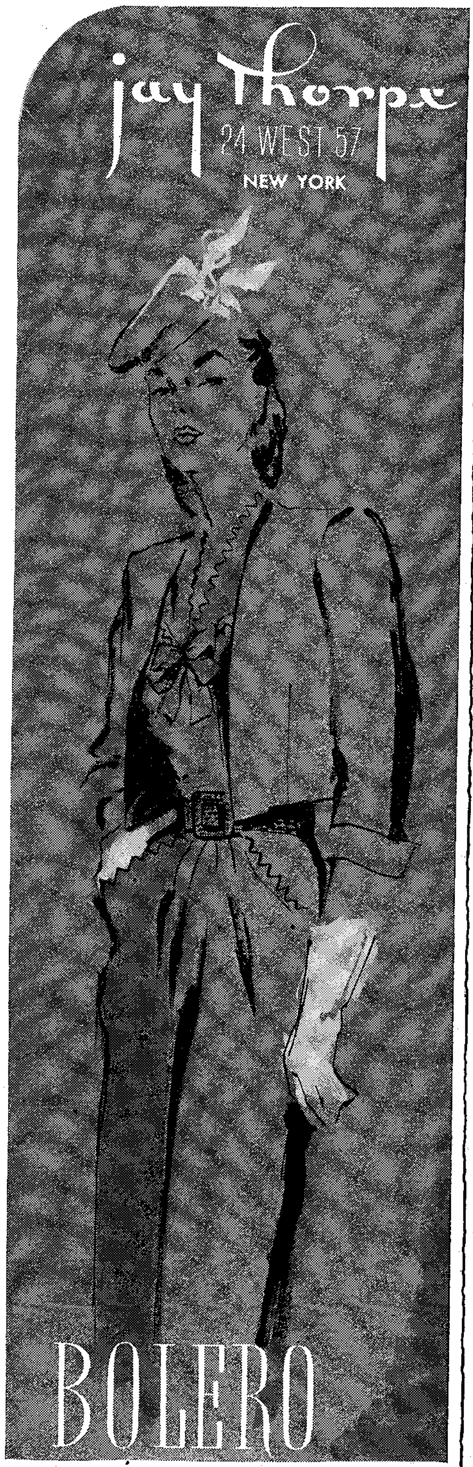
A vivid red to wear with black, white, gray, beige, navy and tweeds. A tribute to some of the bravest men and women in the world.

Complete Montezuma Red Makeup:

Montezuma Red Lipstick, 1.50 (refills .75)
Montezuma Red Cream Rouge, 1.25 and 1.75
Montezuma Red *Nail Polish, .75*
All Day Foundation, Dark Rachel, 1.00
Illusion Powder, Special Mat Foncé, 1.75 and 3.00
Cameo Powder, Rose Beige, 1.75 and 3.00
Eye Shado, Malachite, 1.25
Eyelash Pomade, Dark, 1.00 and 2.00
(prices plus taxes)

Free a Marine to Fight! Share the great traditions of the Marines. Join the U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve

Elizabeth Arden



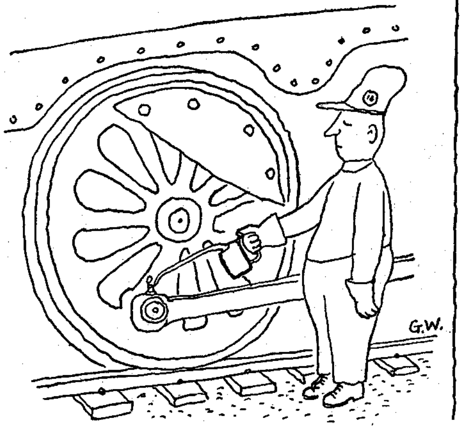
... the rhythm of spring

The pace-setting short jacket, over its own slim dress...shown here in cloud-soft sheer wool, edged in fretwork points. Chosen from the new Jay Thorpe collection of soft dresses-with-jackets. Beige, coffee-bean, grey, navy. Sizes 12 to 18. Dress, 75.00. Jacket, 35.00.

SUIT SALON • THIRD FLOOR

all the pieces in both furniture groups. They read, "Delivery in four weeks."

VICTORY GARDENERS' CORNER: You may as well accept the frankly inferior garden hose now being offered in garden-supply stores at standard top-grade-rubber-hose prices, because it's all you'll be able to get this year—unless, of course, you want to invest $13.50 in fifty feet of the new flexible plastic hose (no rubber in it at all) which Hammacher Schlemmer, for one, are selling. . . . Metal spray guns are fast disappearing, but the first plastic replacements are turning up. One at Hammacher Schlemmer is $2.35 in quart size, with rubber tubing. . . . Wheelbarrows and garden carts are on hand in all-wood versions—rather cumbersome things and, of course, without such modern improvements as balloon tires, but they'll do a job. Stumpp & Walter, 132 Church Street, have a good wheelbarrow of unfinished wood. Its wide, solid-wood wheel shouldn't be too hard on lawns. This is $11.50. . . . Hammacher Schlemmer's two-wheeled dump cart ($9.95) is the dustpan type: tip it up, sweep in your garden rubbish, and trundle off to the compost heap. . . . Gardeners' tools of the necessary—*strictly* necessary—sort are around town: rakes, spades, hoes, and so on. No fancy business, however, except for occasional deposits of prewar stock, such as a supply of beautiful, gleaming, worth-their-weight-in-gold British stainless-steel hand forks, for loosening the soil in boxes and small beds, at Hammacher Schlemmer, for $2.75. The acute shortage is in trowels, which have all but vanished, and flower gardeners whose old trowels have given out and who have an investment in bulbs which must be taken up for periodic rests are now really up a tree (and not the old ailanthus at the foot of their gardens, either). Their best bet is the masons' trowels which are sold at hardware stores; some gardeners actually



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Pour one jigger of Jamaica Rum over a few cubes of ice and fill glass with soda water (also delightful when mixed with Dry Ginger Ale). One of the most popular and refreshing of all rum drinks.

The rigid centralized controls that guard the quality of *all* Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand or type, are doubly important today—assure you that wartime pressure has forced no compromise with Jamaica's superior standards of quality and flavour.

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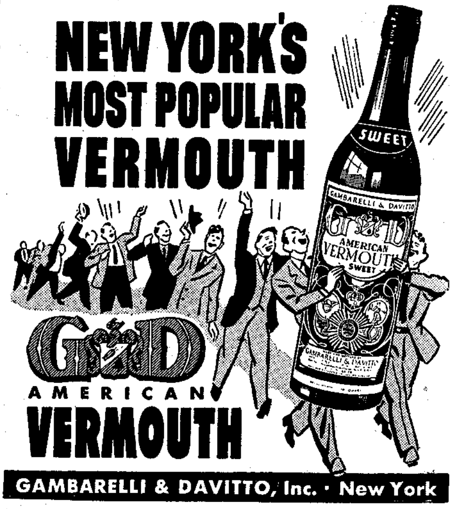
To Our Readers

Paper shortage has obliged us to request the omission of certain advertisements from this issue and the reduction in size of others. To those advertisers and to their colleagues, who have made it possible for us to accomplish this, we herewith express our thanks.

NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR VERMOUTH



G&D
AMERICAN
VERMOUTH
GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO, Inc. · New York

prefer these flat, diamond-shaped tools, with their sharp cutting edges and sturdy construction, to the real thing.

THE indoor aspects of spring are more likely to cause headaches than pleasant excitement, but there are antidotes. For one thing, the Feller-Jones people, those accomplished mothproofers, are still at work. They can be summoned through Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, or the Marie Morrison dry-cleaning shops (150 East 78th Street and 872 Madison Avenue) to give your clothes and premises the works, with the customary guarantee that the effects of the treatment will last for five years. There's a catch this year, however, because of what has come to be known as the manpower situation—you may find yourself at the foot of a formidable waiting list. No great harm done, though, for Feller-Jones have put their mysterious mothproofing chemicals into bottles, which are now on sale at Lewis & Conger and Hammacher Schlemmer, in quart ($2.50), half-gallon ($4.50), and gallon ($8) sizes. The other Feller-Jones inventions, a rug shampoo and an upholstery-fabric cleaner, are also at Lewis & Conger and Hammacher Schlemmer, starting at $1.75 a half gallon for the rug concoction and $1.75 a quart for the fabric-cleaning fluid. These are easily as good, in their own efficient way, as the mothproofing liquid. —B. B.

•

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.—(AP).—Ever since they can remember what one Lautze twin did the other Lautze twin did too.

They even served in the same naval organization in the South Pacific. They are both lieutenants junior grade.

Yesterday they came home to San Francisco on a leave.

Both of them announced they would wed today in a double ceremony. Lieut. Richard Lautze will marry Miss Lizette O'Brien and Lieut. Robert Lautze will wed Miss Alice McCarthy.

Both the twins picked their brides from Redwood City.

The President then suggested that Congress pass a simple joint resolution immediately containing "wholly unobjectionable tax increases."—*Vallejo (Calif.) Chronicle-News.*

Nothing like a joint resolution right after a double ceremony.

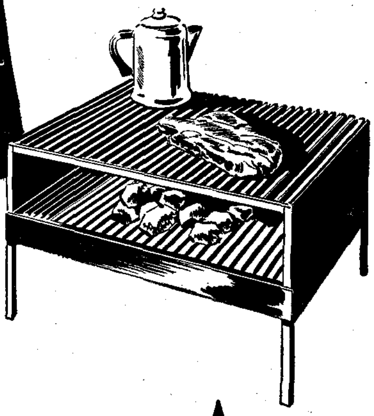
•

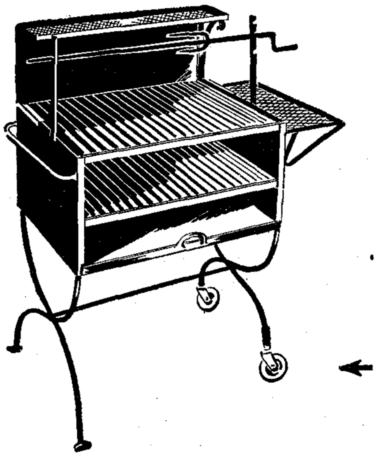
THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Robert Molloy in the Sun*]

All in all, this is just like any Bemelmans book. And if Bemelmans is not a genius, this reviewer is prepared to eat all his books.

Still Available!
OUTDOOR BARBECUE GRILLS
For Summertime Fun at Home





Oblong Charcoal Grill—Here is the famously versatile grill which may be used as a portable unit, as it is, or set up as a permanent outdoor stove by building stones around it. Extra-heavy steel and wrought iron construction, black finish. Grilling surface 24" x 18"..... **$12.95**

De Luxe Barbecue Grill—Many exclusive features make this the most desirable of all portable grills—compartment beneath fire-bed for baking potatoes, removable pan, revolving spit, top warming shelf and side utility shelf, both removable. Stands 39" high with ample grilling surface 24" x 18". Easily wheeled about. **$37.95**

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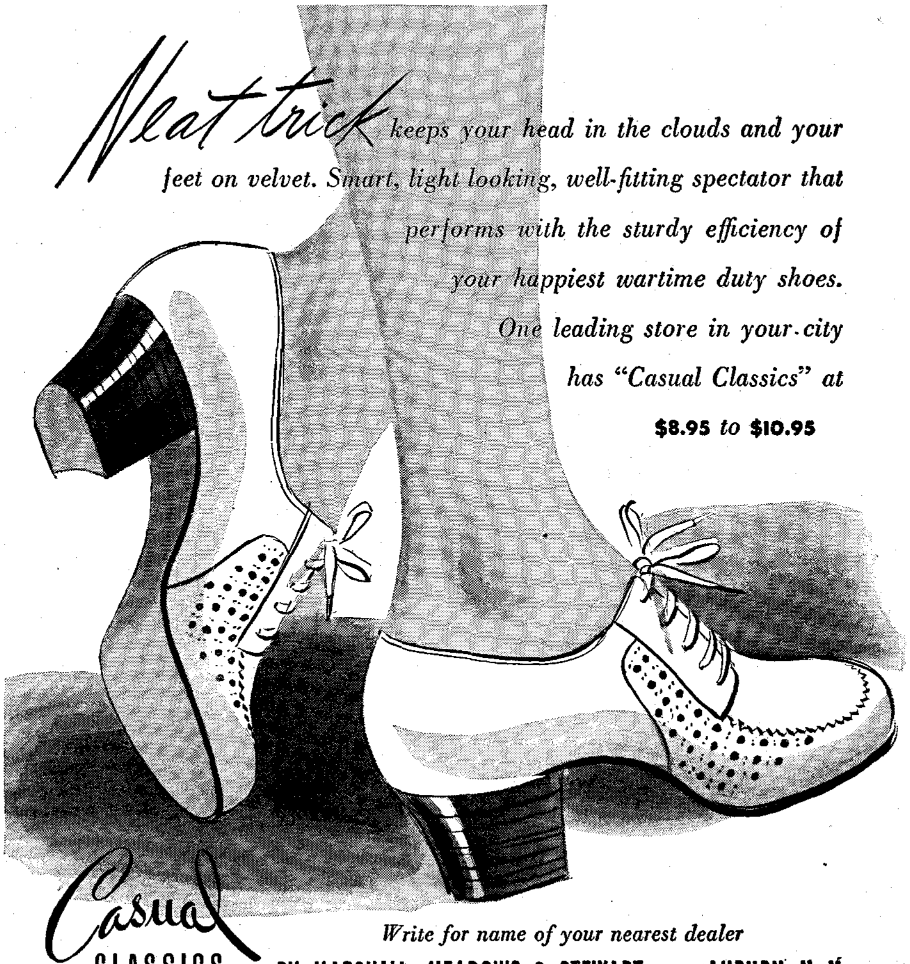

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Earrings, $14.25; compact, $27.50;
locket...holds two pictures, $27.50.
Federal tax included. Mail orders filled promptly.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly Standard Music

THE performance of Verdi's Requiem at the Metropolitan last week was in the nature of a double benefaction, because it brought in a handsome sum for the Red Cross and brought forward a superb presentation of a musical masterpiece. Bruno Walter conducted, and his Requiem had the same warmth and power that has marked his direction of Verdi operas. The soloists—Zinka Milanov, Kerstin Thorborg, Charles Kullman, and Nicola Moscona—collaborated ably. Special mention should be made of the remarkable singing of Mme. Milanov, whose fine voice provided some of the most beautiful sound that has been heard hereabouts all season. There was excellent assistance from the Metropolitan chorus, prepared for the occasion by Giacomo Spadoni, and from the Metropolitan orchestra.

Sergei Rachmaninoff died a little more than a year ago, and in his memory the Boston Symphony, on its Thursday-evening program in Carnegie Hall, included his second symphony. This symphony has been in the standard orchestral repertory ever since its première some thirty-five years ago and will probably stay there a good many years more. It is fairly long, and considered rather old-fashioned by some, but it has rich melodies and sweeps along so well that, when it's finished, you know you've heard something substantial. Serge Koussevitzky conducted it with his customary enthusiasm and devotion.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, who has served the Philharmonic-Symphony this season as assistant conductor, pinch-hitter, and director of part of a concert, turned up with a complete program of his own last week. I heard this one at its second, or Saturday-night, performance, at which a capacity audience raised repeated ructions of delight over this young musician, who turned in expert and animated performances of music by Mozart, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Copland, and Bernstein.

Mr. Bernstein was represented as a composer by a symphony entitled "Jeremiah," with movements named "Prophecy," "Profanation," and

"Lamentation," the last being an extended mezzo-soprano solo, impressively sung by Jennie Tourel. This symphony started a good deal of discussion in the lobby after the concert. The opinions I heard varied, all right, because the symphony is fairly provocative music, both in style and in form. The first movement is melodiously declamatory and generally persuasive. The second, a scherzo designed, according to the composer, "to give a general sense of the destruction and chaos brought on by the pagan corruption within the priesthood and the people," is rhythmically ingenious and has plenty of instrumental color, but it seems overcrowded. The finale, with a text from the Book of Lamentations, has breadth and power. Mr. Bernstein's writing for orchestra is surehanded, and I suspect that there will be more of his works around for public consideration before long.

THE National Negro Opera Company came to Madison Square Garden last week for a performance, in English, of "La Traviata," and won lots of acclaim from an audience of a good many thousands. (Sorry, I lost count.) The stage that had been set up seemed too small to handle the large chorus, and the use of amplifiers made it difficult to get an altogether accurate line on some of the voices. Mechanical matters aside, it was a sound, straight version of the opera, well sung, sensibly acted, and conducted with spirit and finesse by Frederick Vajda, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera. From where I sat, the voice of William Franklin, the elder Germont, was especially effective. I also thought that some of the secondary rôles, notably the Flora of Minto Cato and the Gaston of Oscar Griffin, were exceptional accomplishments and that Lillian Evanti, as Violetta, and Joseph Lipscomb, as Alfredo, were thoroughly convincing and musical.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

●

"Fort Lauderdale's Future Depends on Obedience to God" will be the subject of Rev. Robert Walker's talk at the Community gathering, Stranahan Park, Mar. 19th, at three P.M.—*Fort Lauderdale (Fla.) "This Week."*

Guess the Chamber of Commerce will have something to say about *that.*

●

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "The Butler Died in Brooklyn," by Ruth Fenisong*]

Hale looked at his brother out of his brother's clear gray eyes.

Chantilly
HOUBIGANT

Your theme song

This is the fragrance you've longed for. Chantilly ... by Houbigant. A perfume that will sing your praises wherever you go! Never loudly, never obviously, but with a slightly spicy, sprightly air that will turn masculine heads ... and hearts ... your way. A perfume that will be your special theme song.

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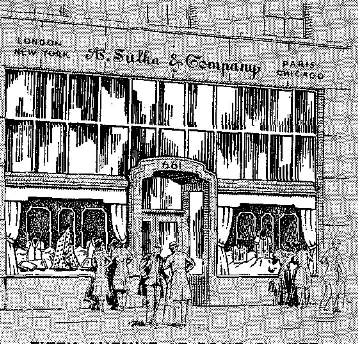

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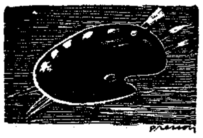
THE ART GALLERIES

Those Abstractionists Again



I DON'T want you to think I can't talk about anything but abstract painting; that's not it at all. It just happens that the galleries are crowded with the stuff. Two weeks ago, for instance, there were three abstract shows to deal with, and now here we are with three more—Arthur Dove at An American Place, Juan Gris at the Buchholz, and the eighth annual exhibition of the American Abstract Artists at Mortimer Brandt. Maybe this is as good a time as any to take up that old question: what's the good of abstract art, anyway? I must confess at the start that I've never been able to consider even the best of it quite as great as the greatest of conventional painting. It can't be, because, in a sense, its aims are lower. Abstract painting aims principally at qualities of design, such as symmetry, balance, and conscious order, and in stressing these qualities it is forced to simplify or "essentialize" subject matter more or less arbitrarily. But the greatest conventional artists—Greco, Giotto, Rembrandt, Breughel—could convey in their paintings the same feeling of order and formal gratification while still meeting the delicate demands of representation, and it seems to me that as their problem is greater, so their results, when successful, are more impressive.

It may be argued, of course, that all art is abstract in some degree, since no artist paints exactly what he sees, and the more imaginative he is the more "abstract"—in this sense—his work is likely to become. But that would only start us going around in a circle. My point is that although, on most levels of excellence, abstract art can compete successfully with the conventional, there's one level—the highest, where representation is perfectly combined with perfect design—which the abstract, by reason of its own limitations, can never reach. Judged on its own aims, however, abstract painting can have formidable value, as the Juan Gris show proves. Gris has never become as well known in this country as some of his contemporaries, but he was until his death, in 1927, one of the real leaders of the French Abstract school, and his work has a brilliance and authority that quite justify his position in the movement.

Gris, I think, was almost a natural-born Abstractionist. He had an instinctive sense of form and an almost unerring feeling for pattern, together with a fine eye for color, and the chance the abstract style offered to express these qualities simply and directly seems to have been just what he wanted. Indeed, one of the great joys one gets from his work is the feeling that it was done by a man who was both attuned to and satisfied with his method. From his earliest paintings on, there is no straining at its limitations, no restiveness, as there is in Picasso's work. Like Braque, Gris seemed content to work within his chosen style, and his development led him through such pieces as the handsome "Pitcher and Bowl," of 1916, and the larger, more intricately planned "Harlequin at the Table," of two years later, to such really masterly paintings as his "Pipe and Open Book," "Still Life," and "The Scissors," all of 1926—small paintings, but done with an easy authority that gives them immense conviction. The show contains twenty-nine oils and a dozen gouaches, drawings, and so on, and the dates run from 1911 to the year before Gris's death. It's a handsome and well-selected collection.

THE American Abstract Artists, as a group, are stronger in their aversion to any suggestion of the representational than Juan Gris was, for he at least gave titles to his pictures, while the A.A.A. make it a rule not to, merely numbering the exhibits and letting it go at that. It's a practice that is something of a nuisance to the reviewer, who is forced into laborious circumlocutions like "the vivid-blue composition numbered 27, by A. D. F. Reinhardt" instead of being able to just name the picture and be done with it. The rule is justified aesthetically, I guess, and a great part of the work is so non-objective that it would be difficult to find truly relevant titles. I thought the show, which closes this Saturday, a good one, not so much because of any individual standouts as because of a general feeling of clarity and competence. More particularly, I liked Byron Browne's boldly handled anatomization of the human head, No. 3 in the catalogue, as well as Suzy Frelinghuysen's sedate but gracefully handled abstraction (No. 9) and that vivid blue composition numbered 27, by A. D. F. Reinhardt.

IT is hard to know where to place Arthur Dove. If you take him as an Abstractionist in the strict sense—

MAN TALKING TO HIMSELF...

As long as they carry him as "Missing", you have hope. But the final telegram from Washington came today. My wife is broken up in little pieces. All she said was, "Why did it have to happen to Johnny?"

Maybe she was asking God, not me. I didn't know the answer. But I'm beginning to get it.

It had to happen to Johnny and all the other's because Johnny's old man was a dope. Sure, I had a lot of company, a whole country full. But Johnny was my kid, a swell kid.

I was in the last war. Most of us who were took it pretty seriously. We believed we had a job bigger than we were. We believed making the world safe for Democracy was worth what it cost. I was proud I was in the act.

Afterwards, the American Legion wanted the Army and Navy kept up, and universal training. That was okay with me. But when the hardlucks in the Legion began to bellyache for the bonus, a lot of us got disgusted, and got out. That was mistake No. 1, maybe.

If we had put the heat on Congress to keep up the Army and Navy, buy enough new planes, teach a million kids every year how to be handy with a field piece or a bayonet, do you think the krauts would have gotten too big for their breeches? Or the Nips made that Pearl Harbor pass? We paid plenty for WPA and CCC—but the Army makes men, too.

Sure, hindsight, is always smarter—but we should have known better. With seventeen months in France and Germany behind me, I couldn't see the League of Nations, because it might mean sending American troops over again sometime—if that ain't a laugh!

We think a republic is the only kind of government, and we made the Germans buy one; but never interested ourselves in seeing it was kept in working order. We took a lot of paper promises, and wouldn't let them be paid in goods, like we sent. So we had to cancel debts, take in most of the world's gold, making money troubles for other countries, too.

Our newspapers let us know what's going on in the world, but we stuck to the sports pages, stock reports, flagpole sitters, and made-in-America crimes. We overlooked rough stuff unless it was committed on the premises.

We were so damn scared of being suckers for propaganda again that we were just plain suckers. And the old USA brand of patriotism was vaudeville, and just a little bit corny.

For a country that fought six wars for principles, right or wrong, it looks to me as if we sold principles short.

We put up with Al Capone over here and Mussolini over there. We even admired that loudspeaker because he made the trains run on time in Italy, and kept the natives at work.

We thought the paperhanger and his Heils were funny for a long time. When he started the goose-stepping and took back the Ruhr, we were out to lunch.

We never opened our yaps when Mussolini glommed on to Ethiopia. We sold scrap iron and oil to the Japs, while they swarmed over China; and always looked the other way from their mandated islands.

We figured Chamberlain was the hard luck of the English; and what happened to the Czechs was too bad, but none of our business.

Did you ever write your Congressman or back up Cordell Hull's department after the mixup started in '39? Neither did I.

When the Poles, Dutch, Belgians, Greeks and French were overrun, some of us acted as if it were just something for the newsreels. We let Mr. Kurusu go on playing tag.

Remember Pearl Harbor? Sure, but I can forget it. Treachery is nothing new. But Bataan will burn me up forever. Americans got pushed around, starved, killed and captured—and the richest country in the world didn't have enough on the ball to save Corregidor or keep 20,000 of our own out of Jap prison camps.

Even now, some people think this war is only something that interferes with business!

Well, what does it all add up to?... Make enough mistakes, and they're bound to catch up with you. Be dumb—long enough—and you will be unhappy. We are now paying the piper, also the police and fire departments.

If I had spent a buck on postage to my Congressman in the last ten years, he might be scared of me, too. And I might have saved a son and a lifetime of taxes.

Right now, I want this war kept in the "Rush" compartment, and run on a twenty-four hour shift, eight days a week. I want everybody who is supposed to be working on the war to deliver or get out. I want Washington to show more guts, and stop being the patsy for pressure groups. I want more lowdown and less horsefeathers on national affairs. I'll buy all the bonds I can, take the taxes, stand the shortages, do anything within reason I can—to end this war, fast!

Afterwards, watch my smoke. I'm going to be a Washington correspondent in reverse. The nation's capital is going to hear from me any time I think the government is not giving good value—and not through any Gallup poll either! I'll probably make boners now and then—but not by letting things slide.

This government has cost me so much that I'm going to insist on getting my money's worth. If you don't do the same, you'll deserve what you get; and there isn't any question that you'll get it! It's taken two wars and a son to teach me, but now I'm hep.

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one who really tries to get at the permanent patterns underlying the changing forms of things—you are forced to admit that he is not so hot, for his patterns are as capricious and as basically thoughtless as a child's. Perhaps one should regard him as a naïve fantasist who just happens to work in what looks like the abstract method. But if his work lacks depth, it has a broad, fanciful charm, and such pieces as "Sand and Sea," "1944," and "Rose and Locust Stump," all in his show at An American Place, convey that quality completely.

Fifty-Five artists, with a painting or sculpture apiece, make up the list at the thirteenth annual of An American Group, on through this Saturday at The American-British Art Center. The group, frankly a crusading outfit, has in other years often tried to aim its annuals at one social problem or another, once adopting the evils of bad housing as the theme of its show, for example, and again the problem of the artist and the war. This year there is no theme, and the odd thing is that it doesn't make much difference one way or the other in the spirit of the collection. You get the same sense of awareness, of instant reaction to what is going on in the world around us, that you always got from the group's shows, and though the subject matter is more general the impact is no less great. There are a number of excellent things, among them O. Louis Guglielmi's sardonic "Sisters of Charity," the delightful "Mealtime" by Chuzo Tamotzu, and Hugo Robus's weird sculpture "Fearfulsome." Above and beyond the individual pieces, I got a sense of drive from the show, a feeling that the artists were really working and knew what they were working for, which made it one of the most encouraging group shows I have seen in this sometimes confused season.

—Robert M. Coates

•

WHICH EXPERT IN THE PHILADELPHIA "INQUIRER" D'YA READ?

[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer, March 9th, page 21*]

Loretta Young will be off the screen until after her baby is born in August. She has decided not to make any more pictures until November.

"We'll wait for her," said William Goetz. "She is under exclusive contract to us, and she will be given a leave of absence."—*Louella Parsons.*

Loretta Young has been signed for International's "Home Is the Sailor," going into production late this month, despite the penciled-in date with the stork.—*Danton Walker.*

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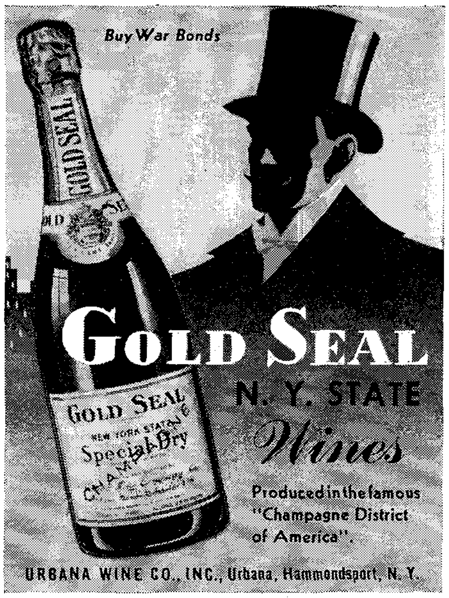
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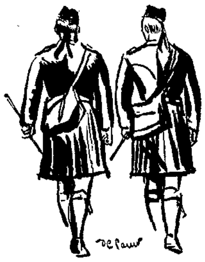
LETTER FROM LONDON

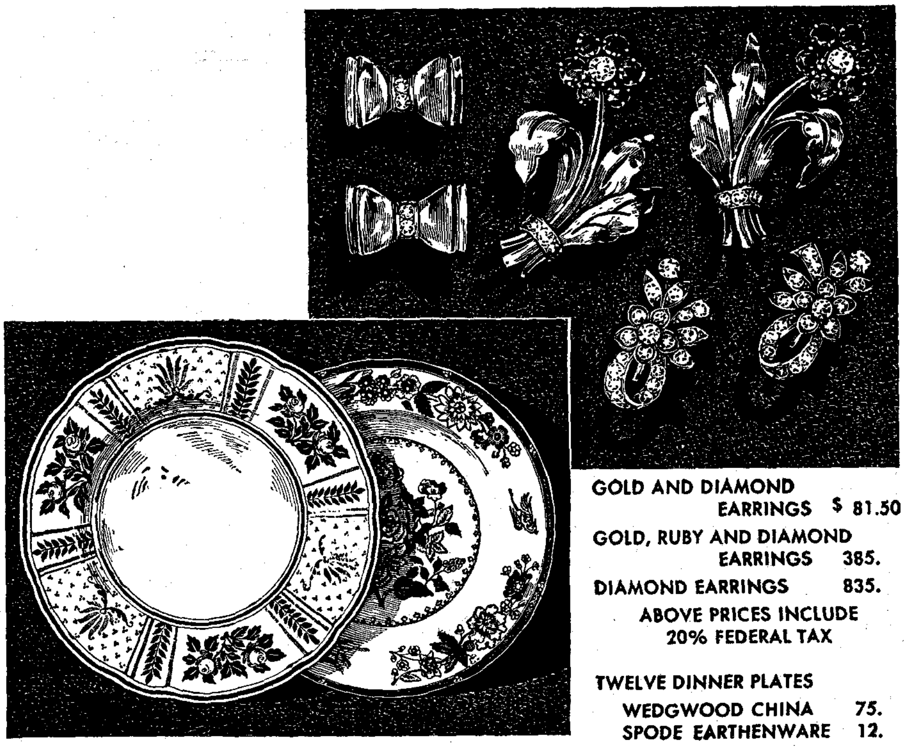
April 2 (by cable)



IN the bad quarter of an hour that comes before the call to battle stations, tempers, it seems, are inclined to get short in high places as well as in low. To judge by the turn of most recent conversations, Britons have somewhat anxiously been wishing that they would wake up and find that "it" had started, that they knew what Russia was thinking, that they knew what the Allied foreign policy was up to, and that it would rain like the dickens and relieve the serious drought. Though the weather is one thing Mr. Churchill has never attempted to control and is not expected to, it had been hoped that he would tackle a couple of the other problems in his Sunday-night broadcast—that he would explain, for instance, just how the Atlantic Charter, which sounded so fine from the middle of an ocean, is going to be made to work on dry land. Next day many still confused Britons seemed to feel that they had asked for bread and had been given, if not a stone, simply a promise of thousands upon thousands of prefabricated houses, at moderate rent, after the war. Steel shares rose immediately on the strength of this prefabricated future, but people's spirits noticeably didn't.

Those who had looked forward to one of the old Churchillian trumpet blasts had to console themselves with the Cromwellian speech of the enormously popular General Sir Bernard Montgomery at the opening of London's Salute the Soldier Week, when the General doughtily invited God to scatter the Allies' enemies and the public to scatter its cash in war bonds. This seemed more in the genuine just-before-the-battle vein than the Prime Minister's contribution, about which none of the press, with the exception of the truculently loyal Beaverbrook faction, could summon up much more than polite enthusiasm.

There wasn't even that kind of enthusiasm, and there was, in fact, a lot of downright consternation, when Mr. Churchill, a day or two later, allowed his impatience with his domestic critics, which had merely simmered in his broadcast, to boil over in a Parliamentary crisis that looked trivial close up and probably even more so from a dis-



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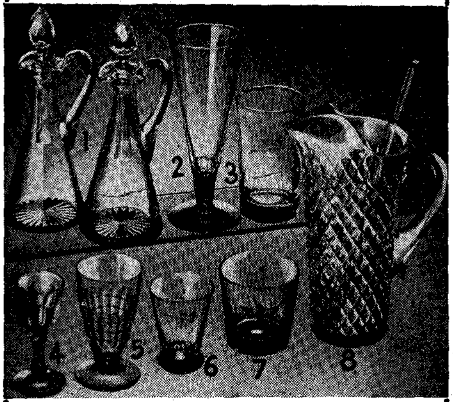

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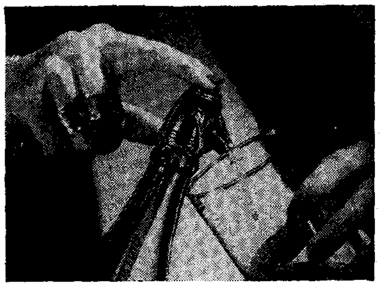

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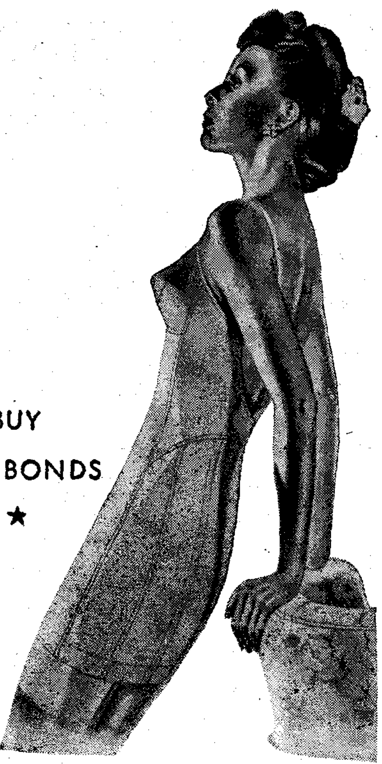
tance. The first defeat suffered by the Churchill Government, which came about over the question of equal pay for men and women teachers, might have ended as a sensation for home consumption only if it hadn't been for the Prime Minister's insistence on reopening the matter and calling for a vote of confidence in himself as leader of the whole war effort. The Commons was rather smartly ordered to abandon the lady teachers and register its unqualified approval of the Government or face the unthinkable alternative of finding a new one. The argument that any constructive difference of opinion with the Government over a purely domestic affair was an act of sabotage against the second front, certain to bring glee to Berlin and gloom to Allied capitals, sounded extremely queer to a great number of people here. If ordinary opinion could have been polled, the mass of Britons would have come out solid for Churchill, of course, as even the rebellious M.P.'s did in the showdown, but they still democratically dislike stand-and-deliver tactics. At any rate, the rebellion, never more than a parochial matter, which people here wish had been confined to their own back yard, is now duly crushed and all concerned can relax.

LONDON has been "saluting the soldier" with the usual accompaniment of crowds gaping at the rocket guns that demurely sit on view in Trafalgar Square, hawkers selling paper flags at black-market prices, endless shows of superb marching men and material, and an endless tinkle of cash flowing into the National Savings till. Since Londoners are always ready for a good procession, maybe it was a sound idea to glamorize the fighting men just when so much attention was fixed upon them, but possibly they themselves feel that the most sincere salute to the soldier will be the increase in service allowances for wives and children which the Government is expected to announce shortly.

Meanwhile, the blitz having tempo-



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rarily died down, business once more seems to be flourishing in theatres, restaurants, and the like, and new shows keep popping out like spring flowers, despite the fact that the opening of the invasion may cut them down overnight. Londoners who come back from short breathers in the country say that impending events seem far more real in the rural sections than they do in the capital, which has to have a National Savings Week in order to see a tank. In remote villages people are losing sleep because of the rumble of military traffic on the roads, and "the invasion" is now made an excuse, just as "the blitz" used to be, for the minor dislocations of everyday life, from no whiskey in the pub to the plumber turning up late because he and his bicycle got involved in a convoy.

Londoners have not yet felt the effect of the drought, which, in many parts of rural England, has been grave enough to make standing in queues for water a daily chore. England is now in the position of the hostess of a modest-sized house with an influx of guests who have run the cistern dry. An exceptionally arid season, a lack of prevision on the part of those in charge, and more and more American troops crowding in on this already overcrowded little island have resulted in a situation which is making farmers, not to mention lots of bathless householders, look worried. Reservoirs will probably be as high on the priority building list as Mr. Churchill's prefabricated homes on that wonderful day which Britons, without specifying the month or even the year, now doggedly refer to as "after it's over." —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*Post card received by a lady, who hasn't gotten over it yet*]

U. S. CONGRESS ABUSES YOU, IMPOSES 20% TAX on your winter coat. While senators and congressmen wear hand-tailored suits and coats costing $200 made of imported woolens, that are tax free.

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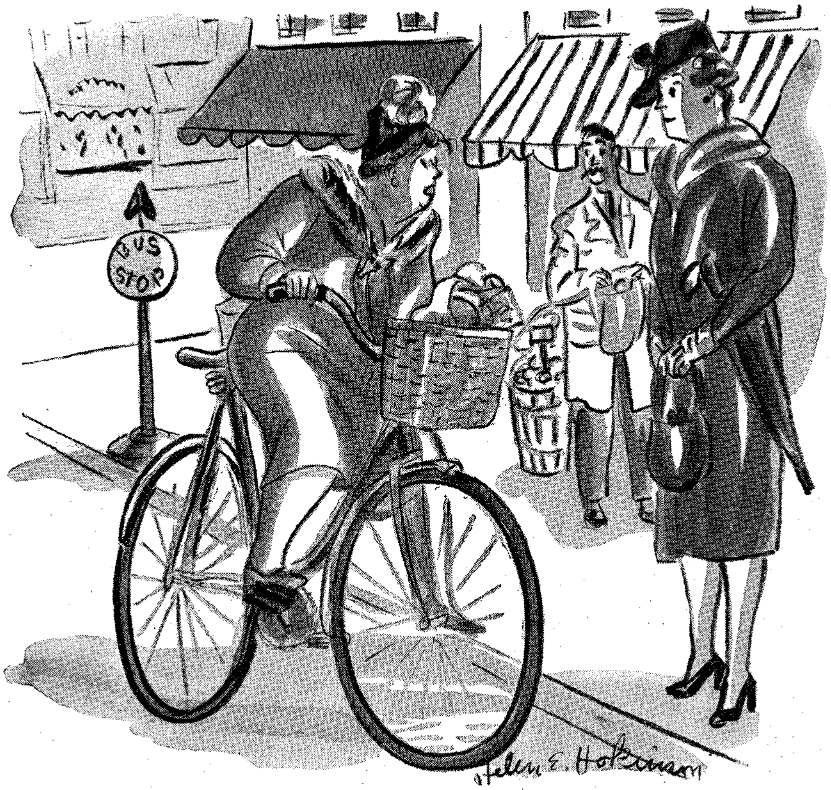
I, your soldier boy—Son—Hubby or Beau, I want you to preserve your health, your spirit; because we need your work, your inspiration and morale to brace us in our fighting. Therefore I say to you: Go to Knothe's make a deposit now to escape that vicious tax on your next winter's coat. This is not tax evasion—this is customer protection. I am fighting here, Knothe's are fighting on the home front to keep it up and going until we boys come home.

Sincerely yours,
Your Soldier Boy



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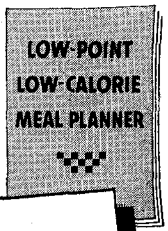

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A PROLETARIAN PENTHOUSE GARDEN

MY wife and I live in what was originally the janitor's penthouse on the top of a corset factory, and our roof garden began with a wagonload of Union Square. Mr. Moses was lifting the face of the old square and removing a good deal of its body as waste material. Egmont, a friend of mine and my predecessor in the penthouse, arranged a private deal with a willing truckman to dump one of his loads at the freight entrance to our loft building; Egmont and the night watchman moved the rubble to the roof.

Egmont began his planting in butter tubs and wooden boxes, which promptly rotted. My wife and I replaced them with creosote-painted boxes and conscientiously equipped them with drainage holes. Our boxes may have lasted a little longer than the uncreosoted ones, but they rotted, too. So we just spread the earth on the roof between two skylights and the garden prospered. The skylights didn't. Last autumn the factory tenant beneath us complained of leakage, and we had to shovel the earth away from the skylights and, at considerable expense, build a brick retaining wall about a more restricted roof garden.

We needed to restrict it, in any case, because our earth was washing away. We had improved the Union Square subsoil with an almost indefinite number of sacks of finely rotted humus from the mulch pile at Cream Hill, our country place in Connecticut. But that was in the dear, dead days when we had gas. Until gas returns, our garden will have a little less soil each year.

In the course of nearly fifteen years of roof gardening, we have discovered a lot of primary facts which do not jibe with the rosy prognostications of the garden pages or with the extravagances of the plusher penthouse-garden advertisements. Some of our discoveries make things easier, and some vice versa.

What we grow on the roof today is essentially a residue. We've tried a little of almost everything, mostly by accident. I have a strange passion for ferns, and have lugged in from the country an extraordinary number of cartons full of them. I prefer maidenhair, but it doesn't like the sooty city. In the city, maidenhair looks beautiful the first May and June, turns brown come midsummer, pokes its nose up bravely the second year, and never amounts to anything again. The true fiddle ferns—what filicophiles call cinnamon ferns and interrupted ferns—seem actually to like the city. They do too well, in fact, the first year, and grow so tall that the wind breaks them. They tend to be a bit smaller the second year, and last for a good five or six years. Probably they would last longer still with expert attention, which ours don't get. Lady ferns prosper in spring and turn brown in midsummer, but if you cut the fronds, they come back nicely. We learned that it doesn't pay to import ferns in midsummer. The time to bring them in is when the fiddle fronds are just showing aboveground.

In the clumps of ferns we also imported, by accident, a variety of other flora, and possibly some fauna. When we rearranged our roof garden last year, we dug out our proud shade tree, a white ash which had started, unbeknownst to us, under the shade of a fern frond seven or eight years ago and was waving its top ten feet aboveground when it had to be moved. A bit of sumac also came in with the ferns and spread both belowground and above, apparently intending to monopolize the entire garden. We dug it all out. Wild asters and goldenrod also appeared, and spread. Goldenrod looks a bit shabby in the city smoke, but the asters, blooming for about a month in September, make quite a show. I tried fertilizing them last year, which wasn't what they wanted at all; they ran to leaf, and I had to cut them back twice. What they like is the equivalent of an old-fashioned, dust-covered roadside, and a normal city roof gives a very fair imitation of that.

Another of our accidents was the vines that cover our trellises. We have very fine trellises. The corset factory died years ago and was replaced by assorted and less-interesting business firms, but it had built trellises as background for its corset fashion shows before it departed for Queens, and we inherited the trellises. In recent springs they have been covered, until June, with luxuriant masses of Virginia creeper and wild-grape vines, both of which immigrated as stowaways with ferns. Last year we even had two wild grapes.

In June the bugs arrive. Many plants won't grow on a city roof, but I doubt if there is any variety of insect pest which won't flourish there. Some of them, of course, blow in from New Jersey. Others apparently go through their life cycles in our thin roof soil. We have had swallowtail butterflies and praying mantids—I kept a mantid for a month, one autumn, tethered to a trellis—and we have lots of a lovely orange-nosed, white-spotted black moth. I learned its name last year, when I finally got around to sending to the Botanical Garden a sample of the caterpillars which every year have devastated our vines. It's the eight-spotted forester, if you're interested. The Botanical Garden also told me what to use to destroy it, but I've lost the memorandum.

The Japanese beetles are clearly Jersey immigrants. On the west side of our roof we have wistaria, which never bloomed on Cream Hill and so was brought in to the city. It has never bloomed here, either, and we've had it, altogether, nineteen years. But it makes a pretty pattern of foliage and in the last year or two has shown a vague intention of climbing. On it the Japanese beetles land. They don't eat wistaria; they just land on the west coast of the wistaria bush and rest. Then they move to more succulent pastures.

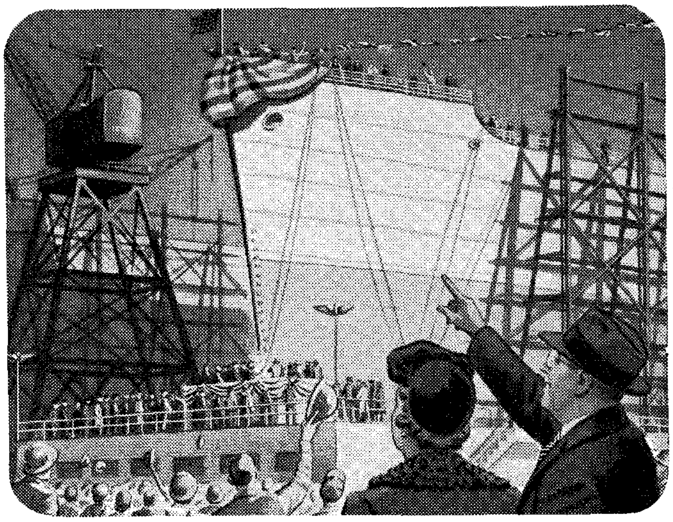
The Japs like Virginia creeper and marigold and adore roses. They have no interest in sunflowers, petunias, zinnias, ferns, and iris, which are among our city standbys. Or in nicotiana, the tobacco plant's garden cousin, which is our penthouse pet because it sends out its fragrance in the evening and shines white in the city dusk.

In fact, as all gardeners know, nicotine is a powerful insect deterrent. When the corsets moved out from below us, cosmetics replaced them, and then we had cigars—very cheap cigars—for a few years. The odor of the cigars filtered up through the skylights and kept the insect pests away. In the cigar years our roof-gardening was easy. We regretted it, as gardeners, when the cigars moved down the street, giving way to zippers.

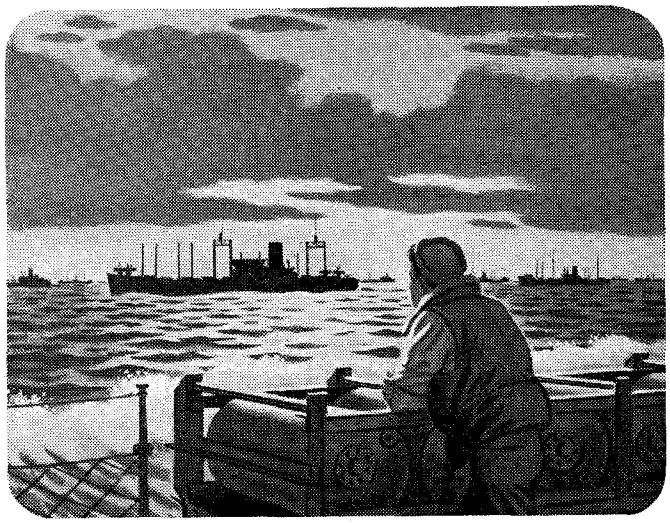
THE Cream Hill season begins three weeks later than New York's, which is a disadvantage from the point of view of starting plants. In the course of the years we have discovered that certain plants seed themselves in the city. We never need to buy nicotiana, or marigold, or calliopsis, or sunflowers. The three or four stalks of sunflower which we permit to grow in the back of the roof garden each year would, if permitted to do so, seed a city acre. They seem to need no nourishment at all. I have found sunflowers sprouting and even, in a stunted way, blooming in the gravel in the gutter on the roof, which was probably enriched somewhat by the wash from our garden. Marigold and calliopsis never reseed themselves

Joe Smith and the U.S. Congress—

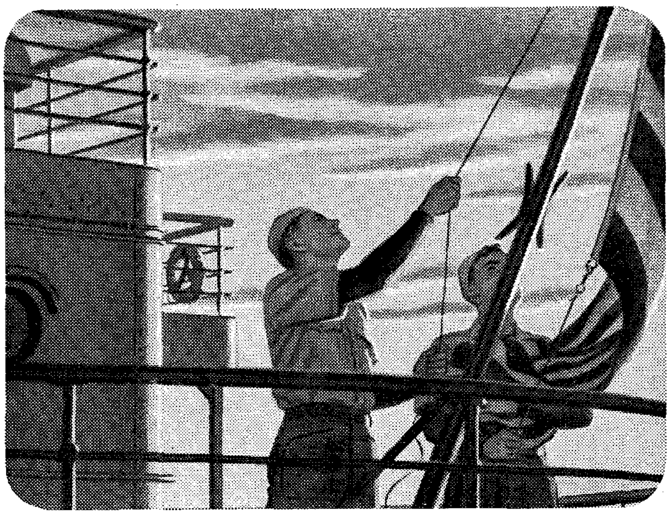
Congress was thinking about Joe and his family and his business—and about millions of other Americans—when it passed the famous Merchant Marine Act of 1936, aptly named "The Magna Charta of the U. S. Merchant Marine." For all of us—on farms and ranches, in mines and factories and offices—have a stake in the merchant shipping that insures our national defense and economic security.



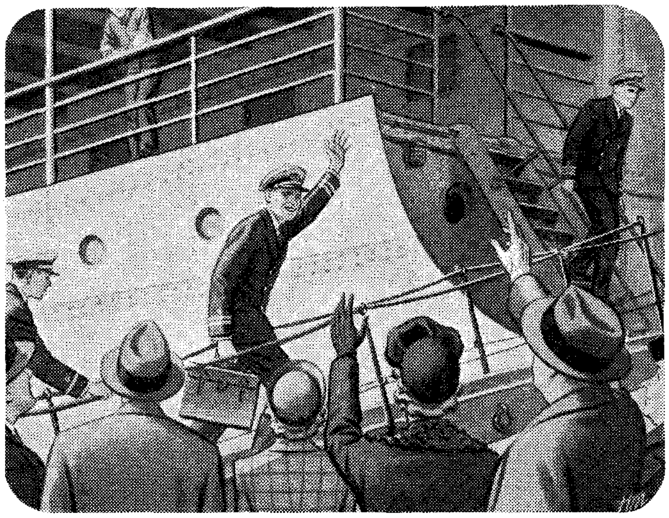
Joe's business sells some goods overseas, uses a good many materials that must be imported. For those two reasons, Congress declared, America must have shipping enough to carry "*a substantial portion of* (*our*) *export and import commerce.*" The resulting program of expansion, greatly accelerated by the needs of war, has brought us the world's greatest merchant fleet!



Joe, Jr., is overseas in uniform today, needing tons of U. S. food and supplies to carry on the Democracies' fight. The Merchant Marine Act made provision even for this, calling for an all-American merchant marine "*capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war.*" America's modern merchant fleet is making an Allied victory possible!



In a pinch, Joe and the rest of us would rather count on a ship flying the Stars and Stripes, so Congress planned for a merchant marine "*owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens.*" American Export Lines and other U. S. shipping companies today have the "know-how," the ships and the facilities to make our country truly independent on the oceans.



Joe's younger son, Jerry, is Second Mate aboard one of the fast, modern vessels built under the Act. And he knows his seafaring career is assured, for Congress declared support for a fleet "*constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel.*" For the first time in nearly a century, the U. S. can hold its rightful place along the world's sea lanes!

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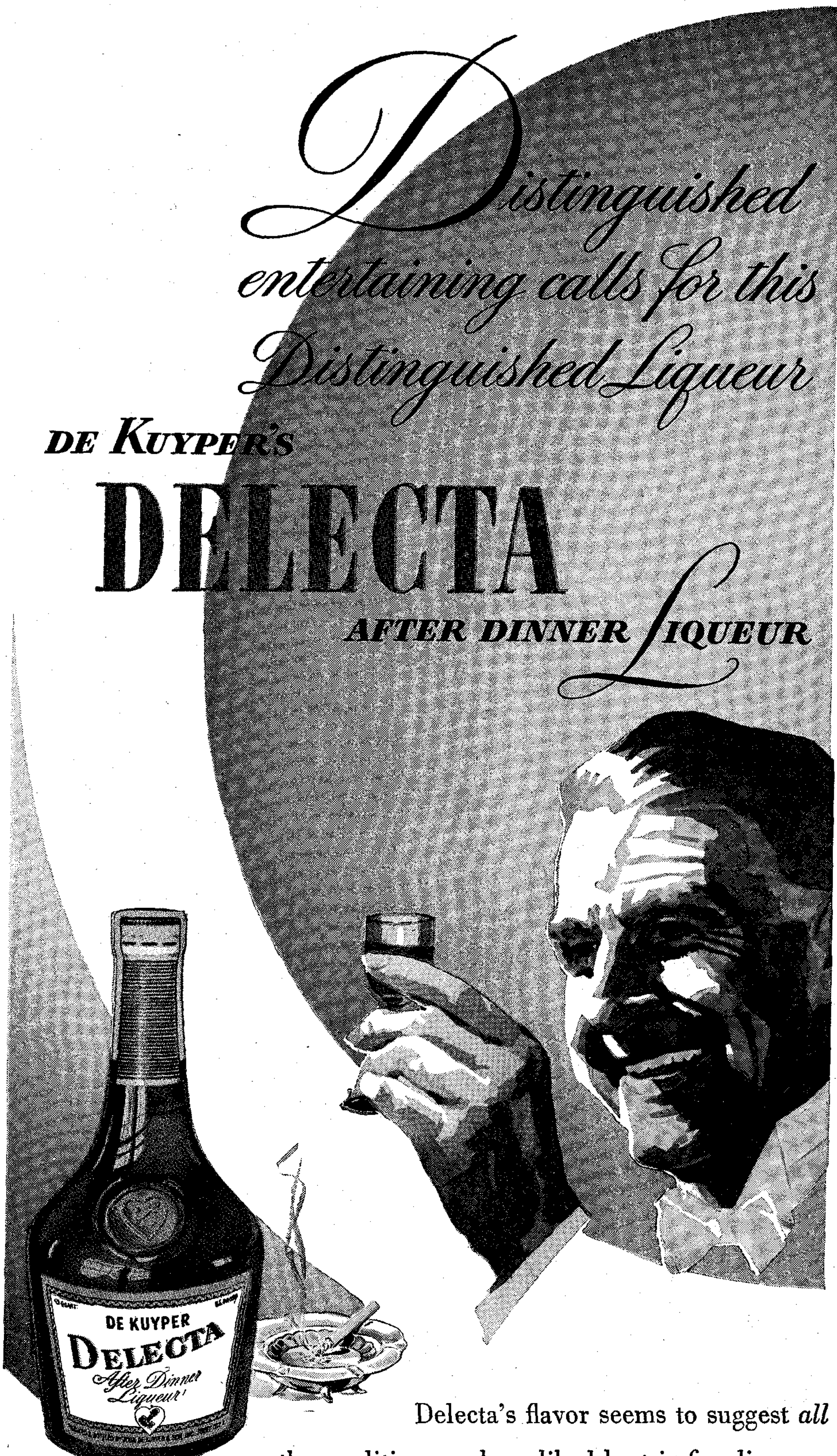

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on Cream Hill, but each spring in the city I find several plants starting bravely under the garden litter, and they do well. Nicotiana will grow anywhere.

Petunias and zinnias don't seed themselves, but they flourish in the city. Calendulas, which flourish like weeds in our Cream Hill vegetable garden, won't grow in the city at all. For years my theory was that their sticky leaves got clogged with deposits from the city smoke, but one day a friend pointed out that the petunia leaves were sticky too and that they didn't suffer.

We've tried bulbs, and they don't do badly. Every year at least one snowdrop blooms in February, which is an encouraging phenomenon. We never remember to lift tulips in summer, as the books advise, and so they peter out. So do daffodils.

We have a lawn, too. It is, I think, the feature of our roof garden most admired by visitors. It is roughly ten feet long and six feet wide, and we cut it with a regular lawn mower. We used shears for years, but that's a slow job. The soil under our lawn cannot be more than three inches deep; the grass needs constant watering and also, we have discovered, a scattering of fertilizer once every month or so through the summer, but it grows. I doubt if any putting green has more cherished grass.

THE Victory-garden experts, I understand, advise against vegetable gardening on city roofs. In the general contagion last year, however, we couldn't avoid a few vitamin experiments. We had always had chives (it, too, seeds itself all over the roof), we've had parsley, and we brought in mint with the ferns some years ago. The mint, if encouraged, would take most of the garden. You don't need much mint, however, for an occasional julep. For reasons which the Botanical Garden could doubtless explain, our city mint gets pretty seedy before September. We had grown city radishes on occasion, simply because radishes grow quickly, and there's a point in the spring when you want something to show for your efforts.

Last year we succumbed to the martial atmosphere and grew a few other vegetables on the roof. We had at least one good mess of beans—I contend we had two, but my wife doesn't remember it that way—and we had several messes of oak-leaf lettuce. Also, we had tomatoes.

As a matter of fact, we had peppers too. But we didn't have eggplants. We bought three plants of tomatoes, three of peppers, and three of eggplants in May and set them in. They grew very nicely. They put out leaves and in due time put out flowers, too. But the flowers wilted and dropped and there was never any suggestion of actual tomatoes or peppers. The tomato plants began to get tall, so I tied them to the trellises. The pepper plants were covered with waxy little white flowers and the eggplants put out their sultry purple. But no fruit.

It was an office associate, the garden editor of the *Herald Tribune*, who solved my problem. He was writing weekly articles explaining that one should not over-fertilize or under-fertilize, or over-water or under-water tomatoes, and I told him I'd tried all those things and none of them worked.

"Have you any bees up there?" he asked.

I looked that evening when I got home. We hadn't. It was, I think, about the only category of insect missing. We had flies, aphids, butterflies, moths, centipedes, beetles, and ladybugs—once we even had had a grasshopper—but we had no bees.

"Well, then," he said, the next time I saw him, "you've got to act like a bee. Pimp 'em."

He told me then the story of the man who, when his pumpkins wouldn't set, wrote to his congressman, who referred his letter to the Department of Agriculture. The Department replied, suggesting to him that perhaps his pumpkin flowers were not being properly fertilized and that, if he had no bees, he could substitute for them by brushing the pollen off some of the flowers and onto others with a camel's-hair paintbrush.

The man refused. "I grew up on a farm," he said, "and as a boy I led the stallion to the mare and the boar to the sow, but I'll be doggoned if I'll pimp for a pumpkin."

I pimped for my tomatoes. I brushed the pollen one Friday afternoon, departed for the country, and when I looked again on Monday morning I could already see the little green tomatoes forming. It seemed miraculous. I didn't begin pimping until mid-July, but even so we had a good tomato harvest. The peppers succumbed to my mediation too, but the eggplants refused. Apparently they insist on their own private sex life.

—LEWIS GANNETT

•

THIS IS WAR

[*Market column in the Miami Herald*]

BEST TIP TODAY: Use roast lamb for roast pork for that dinner.

Smoothly waved back from your brow . . . perfect with the new town hats. Brush it out . . . exactly right with casual country clothes. Glamorous foil for formal evenings . . . a diagonal pompadour and sleek chignon. Three smart hair styles from one! And you can enjoy them all if you have a soft, natural permanent wave by

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Girls, Girls, Girls

ALTHOUGH it has a plot which militates vigorously against it, "Cover Girl" turns out to be a likable musical. The cast contains Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Phil Silvers, Otto Kruger, Lee Bowman, Jinx Falkenburg, and a lot of girls who in real life are employed as models and whose faces have been reproduced on the covers of various national magazines. I don't remember seeing any of them before, but there are a couple I'd just as soon see again, notably a blonde whose name is Peggy Lloyd, as near as I could tell from the credit list. The cover girls don't do anything but float alluringly before the camera and have been used merely as a sort of blackjack to club you into a mellow mood. This is a trick I don't ordinarily approve of, but in this case the girls are such admirable specimens that I'm willing to forgive and forget. The movie is in Technicolor, an invention which seems to be still rather hit or miss after all these years but happens to work exceptionally well this time.

The plot aforesaid is about a boy-and-girl dance team, composed of Kelly and Miss Hayworth, which splits up temporarily when the girl is tempted with fame and fortune by a rich theatrical producer. Naturally, she's in love with her dancing partner all the time and eventually goes back to him. This is plainly old stuff, and it's only because of several successful frills and furbelows that the basic article isn't a complete eyesore. One frill is some lively patter, of the Hope-Crosby school, between Kelly and Phil Silvers. A furbelow is Kelly's dancing, which is better than ever. Then there's the fact that the music is by Jerome Kern and the lyrics by Ira Gershwin. "Long Ago," as I recall, is about the most typical, tuneful Kern melody. "Put Me to the Test," which is mainly Gershwin lyric, will probably get some attention from the pluggers, too.

THERE'S been a tendency in Errol Flynn's recent pictures to kid his parts a little, especially when they call for romantic scenes or any indication of lofty virtue. Whenever things have got on a fairly high plane, Flynn has been asked to wink or smirk or gag up his lines in some way. This is all very sly and racy, but it has succeeded in spoiling his pictures more than the mere fact of his not being a very good actor could do by itself. There's a strong hint of it in "Uncertain Glory," in which he plays the part of a present-day French criminal, condemned to the guillotine, who seizes a chance to die a hero. You never know from start to finish whether the character is meant to be admirable or not, because the minute Flynn inclines a little that way, he balances it with a bit of rather silly clowning. It may be that it was the purpose of the story that you be kept guessing, but I don't think the man was intended ever to look like a downright goof. Paul Lukas is good as the detective from the Sûreté, but he suffers the fate of a lot of movie detectives in that he is built up at the beginning as a very smart fellow and then is obliged to contradict his buildup with nearly every move he makes.

"UKRAINE IN FLAMES" is the latest documentary from Russia. It has the inevitable wallop of the story of a people who are driven from their homes and then manage to fight their way back again, yard by yard. It's handicapped, though, by a lot of repetition, and the exciting combat photography that distinguishes Russian war documentaries is scarcer in this one than in most. The English commentary, too, has a grandiloquence that doesn't always stand up. "But the triumphant surge of the Red Army could not be stopped," says the voice, as two Russian soldiers scramble up a hill.

"Four Jills in a Jeep," with Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye, and Mitzi Mayfair, is the by no means engrossing account of a trip through Army camps in England and North Africa actually made by these four ladies. The fact that you can come home from such a trip and pick up a few grand with a movie about it shows that self-sacrifice has its compensation.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

CROSSTOWN

Some men rocket to success
Like a 7th Ave. express;

Others get where they are going,
But, like locals, do some slowing.

As for me, I don't know what'll
Fit so aptly as the shuttle.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(SUDDEN SQUALL DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. O'Brien of New York. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to address the House for 1 minute.

The Speaker. Without objection, it is so ordered.

There was no objection.

Mr. O'Brien of New York. Mr. Speaker, I did not rise to a point of personal privilege because of the fact that many sarcastic and insinuating remarks were cast at me, for I have no need to defend myself. I do, however, have something I wish to read, something I prepared to read last Friday. Although today is not St. Patrick's Day, with your kind indulgence I will give it precisely as I would have given it on Friday had the House been in session.

Mr. Speaker, I consider myself singularly privileged this 17th day of March to salute my colleagues and fellow Americans—so here goes. The top o' the morning to youse all! Erin go Bragh! Be off with youse, you and your blarney.

You do know, my friends, that my congratulations to you on this glorious morning are shared with me by every Member of this House of Irish extraction, and may Divine Providence shower on you His choicest blessings.

Never in the history of our great country have the Americans of Irish extraction been so thankful for the numerous and bountiful blessings which have been given them by these great and glorious United States. No nationalistic extraction has ever been given greater privileges, consideration, and protection than the two-fisted, red-blooded, fighting Irish. Yes, the pages of history have been glorified by their heroic deeds in every war and the service they have rendered on the home front cannot in any way be computed on a cold, hard basis of dollars and cents. This great love of country is motivated by a feeling of appreciation and devotion for their land of adoption.

Now let us just take a look. At my left we find a descendant of the great Welches. We have an offspring of the Kearneys, and who would want to overlook the Gavins and the Horans.

It is with profound modesty and with great reluctance that I inform you that we O'Briens were the noblest of all Irish. We were the Kings—yes, we were the Kings of the fighting Irish and not neutral Ireland.

We have plenty of reasons to omit this year those Deep in the Heart of Texas Irish, but because of our generosity and love of mankind we feel we would be doing a great injustice to ourselves and not to the individuals to whom I am about to allude, namely, "Lariat Slinging Black Cattle" Dick O'Kleberg, long, lean, rangy "Pistol Packin" Milton Michael O'West, and the vociferous and flamboyant "Don't Draft Them Fathers" O'Kilday.

Now for saluting the Irish on my right. If you will give me your undivided attention, I will mention them by name, and . . .

[Editors' Note: Remaining eighty lines deleted because of paper shortage.]

Oh rare

Oh lovely

BRAEMAR

A rare thing now—a Braemar sweater. But we let you know when a boat comes in... as now. They're worth waiting for. Take them in the hand, rub them against your cheek. The same pure Scottish Shetlands—the soft springy wool, alive resilient body. Add one to your collection now—guard them with your life. Slipovers, 15.70.

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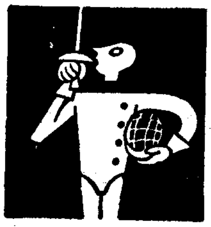
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

NOTES ON SPORTS

The Epée Always Rings Once



IT'S conceivable that D'Artagnan, an old-fashioned sort of Gascon, would have balked at the sight of an electric épée, but the weapon is firmly established in modern fencing. Judges aren't needed in electric-épée competition, since every touch is indicated by the flashing of a light and a feverish buzzing sound. Last Sunday, at the Fencers Club, on East Fifty-third Street, where the local qualifying round of the national electric-épée championships was being held, the room was filled with fencers with little plugs hanging down their backs and from their sleeves. As each pair of fencers took their turn on the fencing strip, each man was plugged in. The plug at his sleeve went into a socket in his épée and the other was attached to a cord which stretched behind him to a gadget so designed as to pay out the cord when he moved forward and take up the slack when he retreated. From their respective gadgets, the cords of both men ran over to one side of the room and then into a box equipped with lights—a red one for one man and a green one for the other—and buzzers. Wallace Goldsmith, of the New York Athletic Club, who won the highest score in this qualifying round, is a small man, but he was obviously undisturbed by the several yards of cord he was attached to.

Another of the qualifiers, Alfred Skrobisch, explained that in the heat of battle you hardly felt anything behind you at all. You knew there was something back there, he said, but you didn't feel as though you had anything to do with it. Mr. Skrobisch was one of the pioneers in the use of the electric épée at the Fencers Club, where he built the first apparatus about eight years ago. Epées had been wired in Europe a couple of years before that. Mr. Skrobisch showed this department the weapon he was using and pointed out a little button on its end that pushed just like a doorbell. There are two wires running down the blade to an outlet in the guard. Somehow, by an arrangement too complicated to explain, touches on the guard, which don't count, aren't registered. Electricity has been tried in foil competition, too, but it's not very practical because, in foils, the legitimate targets on a man's body are limited and the buzzers and lights are apt to register indiscriminately.

Mr. Skrobisch said that the ideal electric épée would operate by radio and would involve only a couple of boxes, a little one on the fencer and one off to the side somewhere, and no connecting cord. This may be achieved after the war, when materials are available. A fencer's horizon is practically unlimited.

LAST Friday night at Madison Square Garden, where all you hear when one boxer lands on another boxer is a biffing sound, Beau Jack beat Juan Zurita of Mexico. Zurita is a switch hitter who in the course of a fight changes constantly back and forth between a left-handed and a right-handed stance. Jack found that the only way he could lick this shilly-shallying was to get inside, where it didn't matter which hand Zurita was trying to lead with. Even so, Zurita gave him a certain amount of trouble, and the many Latins in the crowd found quite a bit to shout about. There were probably a lot more Latins glued to their radios in Mexico, and it's possible that a good many of them thought that they were robbed when the decision was announced. Jack won, all right, and by a fair-sized margin, but it was the kind of slow, mauling fight that doesn't broadcast very well, especially since fight announcers are woefully reluctant to tell you who's ahead. This department happened to be in Wales a while after the Farr-Louis fight, another slow one, and the atmosphere was still tense. When the decision against Farr had come over the air, the Welsh had unanimously persuaded that their native son was in the hands of thieves. —D. L.

•

He [Dickie Jones] picked the school himself when he was hired as Henry. He wanted no part of a professional school, insisted on a regular prep with a good football field and non-unique students.

Only concession that the school has made to Dickie as a radio star is to give him Thursday off so he can come to Manhattan to rehearse and do his show.—*This Week Magazine.*

Not a bad little concession at that.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Chicago Sunday Tribune*]

Mr. Rapport last Wednesday took over the entire supervision—both editorial and advertising—of the trade week-end binge and its effect on the book department of D. Appleton-Century.

Last Man Club Founded 1898
1898
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"He wants to change the by-laws and drink the William Penn now!"

WILLIAM PENN Blended Whiskey, popular since '98, is blended at the high point of flavor—where fine base whiskeys provide rich, full taste and softened neutral spirits add smoothness. For better drinks, always ask for William Penn Blended Whiskey. Gooderham & Worts Limited, Peoria, Illinois.

* * *

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL

Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. You can help keep prices down by buying only what you need. When you buy, check ceiling prices and don't pay more. Pay off old debts. Buy your share of war bonds.

* * *

William Penn
Originated in 1898
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Millions "Say When" with

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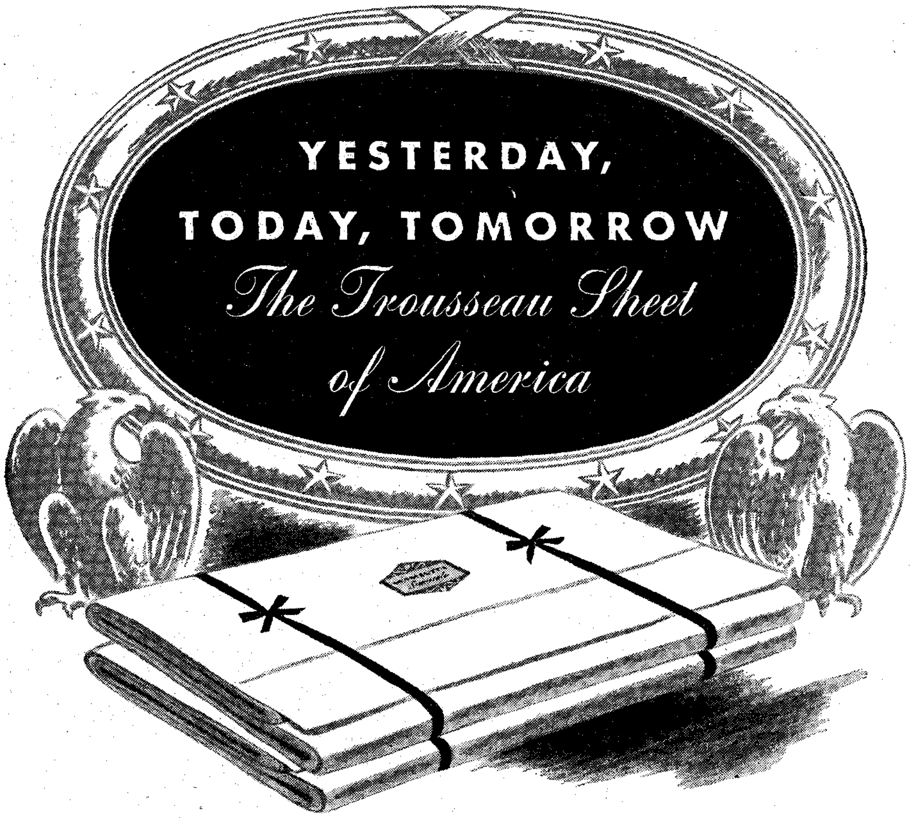
BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% FRUIT AND GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



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You can receive no finer citation than this superb wrist watch by Rolex . . . for the Rolex Oyster, or the Rolex Oyster Perpetual, is truly a dependable guardian of today's split-second tempo. ☆ ☆ ☆ The simple stem-locking device, patented and used exclusively by Rolex, guarantees complete waterproofing of the precision mechanism within. ☆ ☆ ☆ Today, almost every Rolex Watch is scheduled for the use of the Armed Forces and our Allies . . . but a limited number are still available for civilian purchase. See your local Rolex Dealer. He'll do his utmost to serve you. Priced from $80.00

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Russians have evidently grown more broad-minded in their attitude toward the outside world. Red Army soldiers are being allowed to leave the country to travel in foreign parts.

•

There was plenty of moisture in the air on the day the special Congressional election in Oklahoma was held. The Republicans say it was rain, but the Democrats insist that it was the old Roosevelt tide coming in.

•

Allied soldiers in the European theatre have been ordered to turn in their diaries, because these books could give away valuable information if they fell into the hands of the enemy. It might comfort Hitler, for instance, to learn how our boys feel about their top sergeants.

•

A Supreme Court decision upholds the principle of portal-to-portal wages. Perhaps the justices feel that a miner should get paid extra because the underground scenery he passes on his way to work is so poor.

•

A danger to the Republic, hitherto unsuspected, has been revealed by Martin Dies. The vigilant Texan has discovered evidence that Walter Winchell is fixing to abolish Congress.

•

Between now and the fifteenth of the month, many taxpayers must guess how much they expect to make this year and must pay up for the first quarter. In this case the government has no objection to over-optimism.

•

On successive days, quadruplets and triplets were born in a hospital here. New York is quite excited about this stork-market boom.

•

There is no confirmation of the report that Heinrich Himmler has been killed. We can only assume that the rumor manufacturers are just trying to give the public what it wants.

•

Station WQXR has further endeared itself to its public by cutting out singing commercials. The management holds that the radio plug should be made as nearly painless as possible.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Cigarette case by CARTIER

AN [illegible] OF CIGARETTES

A cigarette that's all-Virginia makes such a delectable difference in flavor and all-round smoking enjoyment, that a change to Virginia Rounds is nearly always permanent. Made of bright tobacco for bright people, Virginia Rounds are noticeably better.

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES
London
NEW YORK
Montreal
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Smart folk to whom you offer a Virginia Round know they cost a little more.

A Product of

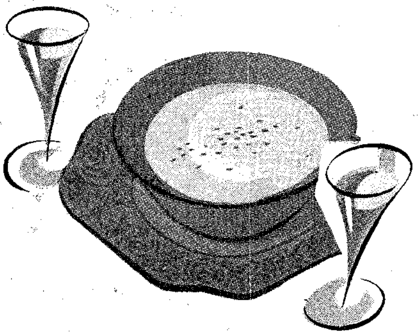
Benson & Hedges

A name that means more than a firm or a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

Wine in Wartime does special duty in your kitchen!

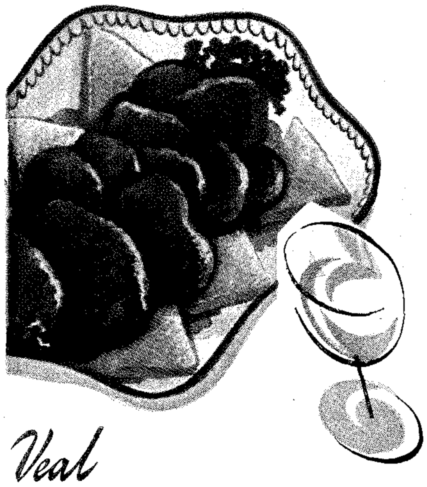
RATION BOOK

Wine has a way with the foods of wartime. You add a little wine in cooking dishes like those shown on this page and the result is something of almost forgotten goodness. Then you pour friendly glasses of wine at table, to kindle spirit and appetite. It's a sensible way to entertain these days. It's simple, on the moderate side, and easy on your ration points



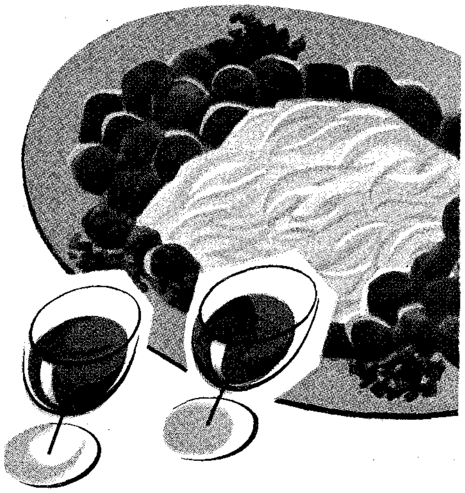
Soup

To Make Something Divine of most any soup, simply add wine, to taste, shortly before removing soup from the heat. You'll probably prefer Sherry in cream soups . . . dry Sauterne or Rhine Wine in chowders . . . Claret or Burgundy in the clear soups. And all soups, gourmets emphasize, are at their best in the company of a glass of Sherry



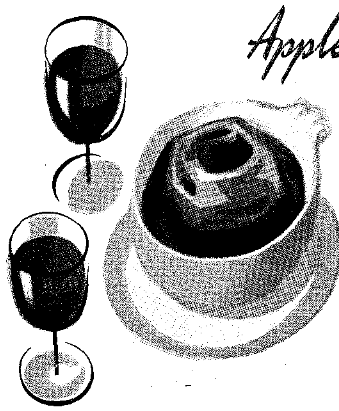
Meat Balls

Swedish Meat Balls with Red Wine Sauce. To serve 5 or 6 people, have a pound of lean beef ground twice. Add 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs, a tsp. each cornstarch and salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper, dash of allspice or mace, a beaten egg and 1 cup top milk. Saute a minced small onion in 1 tbsp. oil and add. Mix thoroughly and shape into tiny balls, 40 to 42 in all. Brown lightly in a little oil. Take up balls. Make gravy by stirring 3 tbsps. flour into fat in pan, add 2 cups water, 2/3 cup Burgundy wine. Season. Put back meat balls, simmer 20 min. Serve with hot buttered noodles, a green vegetable, and glasses of Burgundy or Claret. Or Cabernet, Pinot Noir or Zinfandel



Veal

Veal Scallopini Sauterne. To serve 4 or 5 persons, cut into small pieces a one-pound veal cutlet that is 1/4 inch thick. Roll in seasoned flour. In heavy frying pan heat 2 tbsps. oil with a clove of crushed garlic, and brown the floured meat. Remove garlic, add 1/2 cup water, 2 tsps. lemon juice and 1/2 cup Sauterne wine. Cover and let simmer about 30 minutes, or until meat is very tender. With this toothsome dish, set out Sauterne or Rhine Wine well-chilled. Or Semillon or Sauvignon Blanc



Apples

Pommes au Port. Wash, core and peel upper portions of 4 large apples, place in casserole. Dissolve 1/3 cup sugar in 1/2 cup boiling water, pour over apples, cover, and bake at 375° 30 to 40 min. Remove apples to serving dishes, pour 2 tbsps. Port wine into each. Boil down remaining syrup until fairly thick, pour over apples. Serve with small glasses of a rich, full-bodied Port, a royal finale to any meal

● *Want additional wartime recipes and wine service hints? Write for new booklet. Wine Advisory Board,*
85 *Second Street, San Francisco* 5, *California*

BEFORE ALL ELSE — BUY BONDS

BOOKS

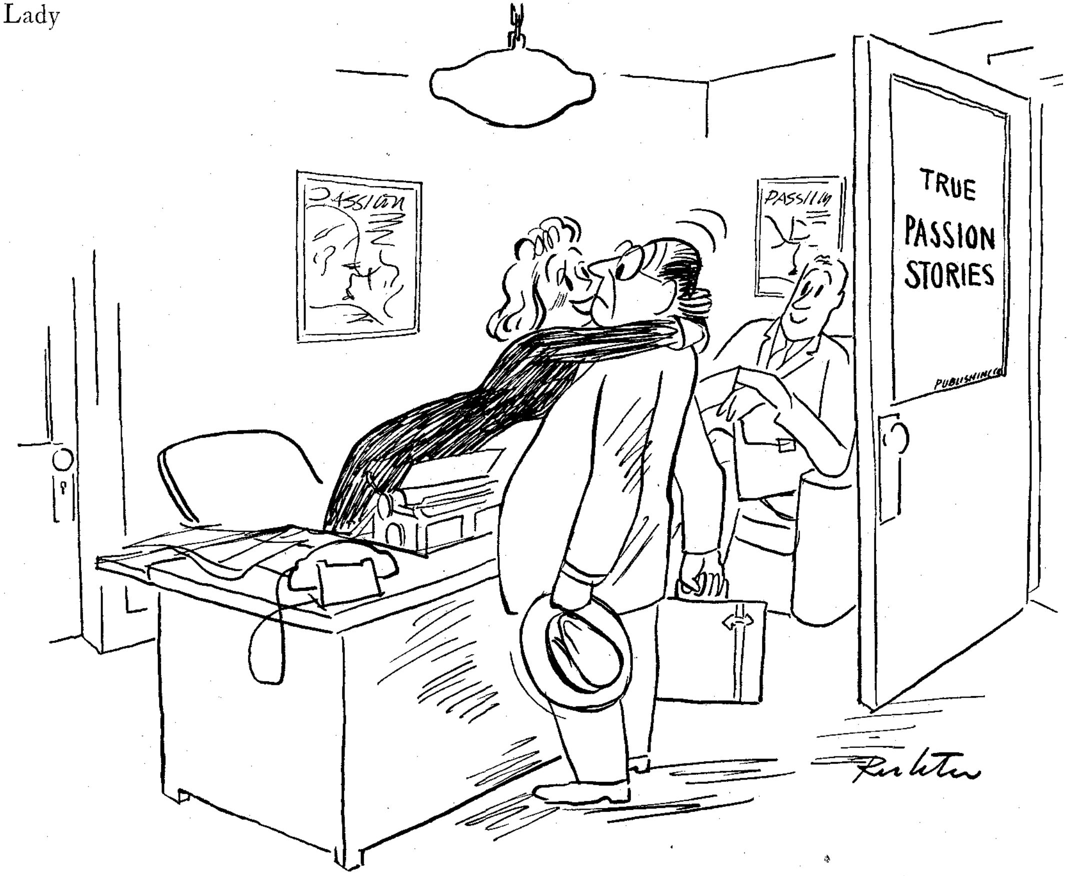
What Became of Louis Bromfield

IN the days of "The Green Bay Tree" and "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg," Mr. Louis Bromfield used to be spoken of as one of the younger writers of promise. By the time he brought out "Twenty-four Hours," it was more or less generally said of him that he was definitely second-rate. Since then, by unremitting industry and a kind of stubborn integrity that seems to make it impossible for him to turn out his tripe without thoroughly believing in it, he has gradually made his way into the fourth rank, where his place is now secure.

His new novel, "What Became of Anna Bolton" (Harper), is one of his most remarkable achievements. The story begins in the London season of 1937, and in a succession of brilliant scenes which, for the density of the social picture, recalls the opening of "War and Peace," Mr. Bromfield makes us acquainted with a vivid and varied company from that international haut monde about which he writes with authority. As we pass among these glittering worldlings, Mr. Bromfield characterizes each one with a magically evocative phrase. There are fading Lady Kernogan, "quite simply a tart, with certain superior qualities;" Major von Kleist from the German Embassy, "with the peculiar erect stiff carriage of Prussian military men;" Lady Haddonfield, "whom the years had turned into a rather handsome bony mare," and who at fifty "loved politics and intrigue and was considered the greatest hostess of the Tory Party." But cynosure of all smart London is the American Anna Bolton, of unknown origins but immense wealth, who stands at the top of the staircase of the great Georgian house she has rented, "triumphant and handsome and hard," welcoming "a gaudy, dying world." "There, side by side " thinks a young American guest, as he sees Lady Haddonfield and Mrs. Bolton, "receiving half of Europe, stand the two hardest, most ambitious bitches in the world!" And yet, he notes, Anna Bolton looks "like a fine race horse in training."

This young American, a foreign correspondent—it is he who tells Anna's story—is the only person present who knows who Anna Bolton is, for he comes from her home town of Lewisburg, Ohio, and went to school with her years ago. Mr. Bromfield, at this point, by a bold device, takes us back to Anna Bolton's childhood; and, brilliant social observer that he is, as much at home among the stratifications of a small American town as among the nuances of rank in a London drawing room, he shows us the unbridgeable difference between the well-to-do classes of Lewisburg and those who, in a racy, colloquial phrase which becomes one of the leitmotifs of the story, live "on the wrong side of the tracks." Anna Bolton, we are startled to learn, was once simply Annie Scanlon, the daughter of an Irish cleaning woman and a drunken Irish brakeman, who lived just beyond the railroad crossing. When little Annie first went to high school, the other children couldn't help noticing her "because of her bold looks and coloring—her red hair and blue eyes and a figure developed beyond her years. It was a figure like that of a young Venus Genetrix, made for love, made for bearing children." "Even the high-school boys who didn't understand such things felt them by instinct," Mr. Bromfield tells us shrewdly, with one of his revealing insights into the psychology of adolescence.

Annie fell in love with Tom Harrigan, "the very core" of whose attraction "was a kind of healthy animal magnetism," "as good-looking a boy as I have ever seen—the Irish kind with black curly hair and blue eyes and high color with big heavy shoulders and long straight legs. . . . I suppose he fell in love the same way he did everything else. He knew what it was all about without being told. He knew with the sure instinct of a young male animal what it was he wanted and went for it." He seduced Annie and made her pregnant, but when she told him, "he was not puzzled at all. He said quite simply, with a curious mature wisdom, 'We'll get married. After all that's why we love each other. That's the way things are. That's why people fall in love—to have babies. That's the way it was meant to be.' " But Annie is "shanty Irish" and Tom "lace-curtain Irish," a further shade of social distinction which Mr. Bromfield subtly makes us feel. Tom's rich parents object, but he marries her, and Tom gets himself a job as an automobile sales-



"*You* darling*! Whom did you wish to see?*"

COLETTE, NANCY HALE,
DOROTHY PARKER, KAY BOYLE,
VIRGINIA WOOLF, G. B. STERN,
MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN,
ANITA LOOS, and a score
of others bear witness

It's a Woman's World

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EDITED BY
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With an introduction
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THIS book is an answer to "Why is a woman?" In its groups of stories, written by the best feminine writers of our day, you will find realistic portraits of women in love, women and children, women during war, and women in professions. There's a section, too, about women who are completely individualistic—the section in which all women think they belong. Fun to read —highly enlightening—it's sure-fire ammunition for the 1944 battle of the sexes.
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man in Pittsburgh, and there their baby is born. They are ideally happy together till one day Tom is killed in a motor accident, and that same year the baby catches measles, develops pneumonia, and dies. In the hands of a less skillful artist, the deaths of Annie's husband and her baby might seem rather impromptu and meaningless, a gratuitous visitation of tragedy, but Mr. Bromfield has taken care to make Tom Harrigan so completely unconvincing a character that we do not complain of or notice any lack of plausibility in his death. Since we have never for a moment believed in him, we are not touched by what happens to him. The important thing is the effect on Anna. "I met her on the street," the narrator says, "the day she came back from the funeral of the baby. Something had happened to her eyes. They were like stone, as if there were no more tears in them." There seems to be an assumption in all this and through the whole of Anna's story that she is the victim of the "intricate, senseless pettiness and worn-out traditions" of the town where she was born; yet she had obviously done pretty well for herself, and, though Tom had had his fatal accident while hurrying in answer to a telegram, apparently a pretext to lure him home, announcing that his father was dangerously ill, the disastrous end of her marriage can hardly be charged to small-town snobbery. That Mr. Bromfield should have arranged this accident and have made Anna feel this grievance is of the essence of his tragic conviction, somewhat akin to Thomas Hardy's, of the unpredictability of human events.

And then Anna turns up in Europe with a fortune that a rich second husband has left her, riding the high tide of social success and as if "sitting perpetually in a theatre box watching a corrupt but breathless play." For Mr. Bromfield, with his awareness of social forces, paints around her the larger background of the disintegration of Europe. "It was a world dominated by too many intriguers, by too many small people, a world lost for lack of decency and leadership, with scarcely a statesman in it. . . . Vienna was like an old whore who had once been very pretty. . . . In France the people were on the brink of revolt against the corruption and intrigue of their own government. But Rome was worst of all. . . . Rome was the mad carnival of Europe at its worst. . . . And strangest of all there was a mad, sinister, vagrant who took the name of Hitler."

But Anna is too vital a creature to fall a victim to this decadence of the Old World, and how she fares when war comes to France makes the chief drama of Louis Bromfield's story. Leaving the Ritz, which has become her home, she flees Paris before the Nazi invasion, but her escape is held up by an air raid, in which she sees a woman killed. The husband of this woman, though Anna protests, makes her drive him to the nearest town. "He said, in a very quiet voice, 'You're going where I tell you. I know your kind. You're the cause of everything.' And suddenly he slapped her hard on the side of the face." This is the beginning of awakening for Anna. She has recognized already in this arrogant young fellow a resemblance to the man she once loved: "She felt suddenly faint and leaned against the car, letting the torch fall to the ground at her side. For what she had seen was Tom Harrigan—a big man with blue eyes and dark, curly hair." Here again we might be tempted to feel, in the case of a less adroit novelist, that the appearance in Anna's life of a second man who is virtually a replica of the first, with a child who closely resembles her own child, strains a little the legitimate license which we are accustomed to accord to fiction; but since the character of the first Tom Harrigan has the two-dimensional quality of a paper doll, it is not difficult to accept an exact duplicate cut out of the same piece of paper.

This second Tom Harrigan is a Russian, perhaps a better man than the first Tom, for he possesses the simple courage, perfect honesty, and vast humanity characteristic of his race. In the love between him and Anna, Mr. Bromfield seems to give us a symbol of the union between Russia and the United States which was cemented at Teheran. Not that the author necessarily accepts the Soviet experiment in toto; for, in spite of Tom II's rude behavior on the occasion of his first meeting with Anna, he turns out to be very wellborn, the son of a White Russian émigré, and thus keeps up the high social tone which Mr. Bromfield has taught us to expect in his fiction.

Anna takes in his motherless child and she sets up a canteen for refugees in a town just over the line in then still unoccupied France. She works her high connections in Paris and her acquaintance with the Prussian von Kleist to get supplies for the despoiled population, but she refuses to marry von Kleist, who wants her, as he tells her, "because I am tired and sick and corrupt and you are strong and healthy and young"—a decision from which, also, it is possible for the politically minded reader to draw a significant moral. She finds that she

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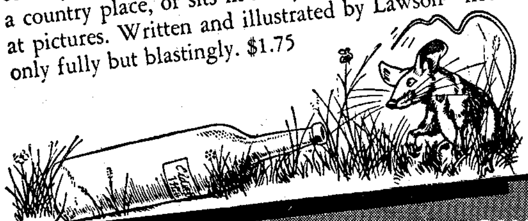

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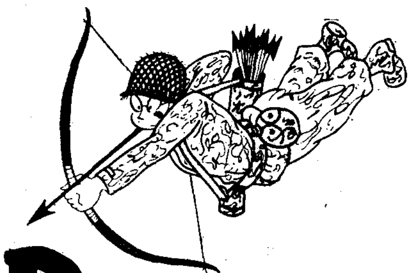

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loves this young Russian, who is active in the underground movement, and for the first time, after many arid years of pleasure-seeking and worldly notoriety, Anna Bolton at last finds herself. Her companion, Harriette Godwin, puts it eloquently in the memorable scene in which Harriette is dying: "I've seen something happen to you, my dear, something miraculous. . . . I think I've seen you grow a soul." "That is really what this story is about," Mr. Bromfield has already told us, "how Anna changed and came to be born at last as a whole person, without deformity, how Anna learned understanding and humanity, and the value of things in life."

When the United States declares war, Anna's position in France becomes impossible, and she escapes to Algiers with the second Tom. There the narrator meets her again. "She turned toward me and I knew at once the woman was Anna Bolton, yet as I saw her in full face there was something about her that was not Annie Scanlon, at least not the Annie I had known. The hard look was no longer in the eyes. There was no hardness about the mouth. The experience was an extraordinary one." She is married and thoroughly happy. When this old friend sees her Russian husband, "it seemed to me that Tom Harrigan was looking at me. . . . I heard Anna saying, 'You see?' And then softly in English in that warm new voice of hers, she said, 'I am very grateful. God gave me another chance.' "

Mr. Bromfield, in "What Became of Anna Bolton," has accomplished something in the nature of a miracle. In hardly more than sixty thousand words—a story that recalls, by its length, "A Lost Lady" and "Ethan Frome"—he has produced, by severe compression, a small masterpiece of pointlessness and banality. Most novelists of Mr. Bromfield's rank have some hobby about which they become interesting, some corner of life which they know and about which they have something to tell, some humor or infectious sentimentality or capacity for creating suspense; and it must have cost Louis Bromfield a rigorous labor of exclusion to fashion this beautifully limpid little novel in which there is not a single stroke of wit, not a scene of effective drama, not a phrase of clean-minted expression, and hardly a moment of credible human behavior.

I HAVE been trying to review this production in the manner appropriate to it—that is, as far as possible, in the language of the ladies who admire Louis

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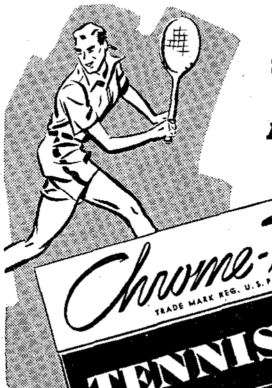

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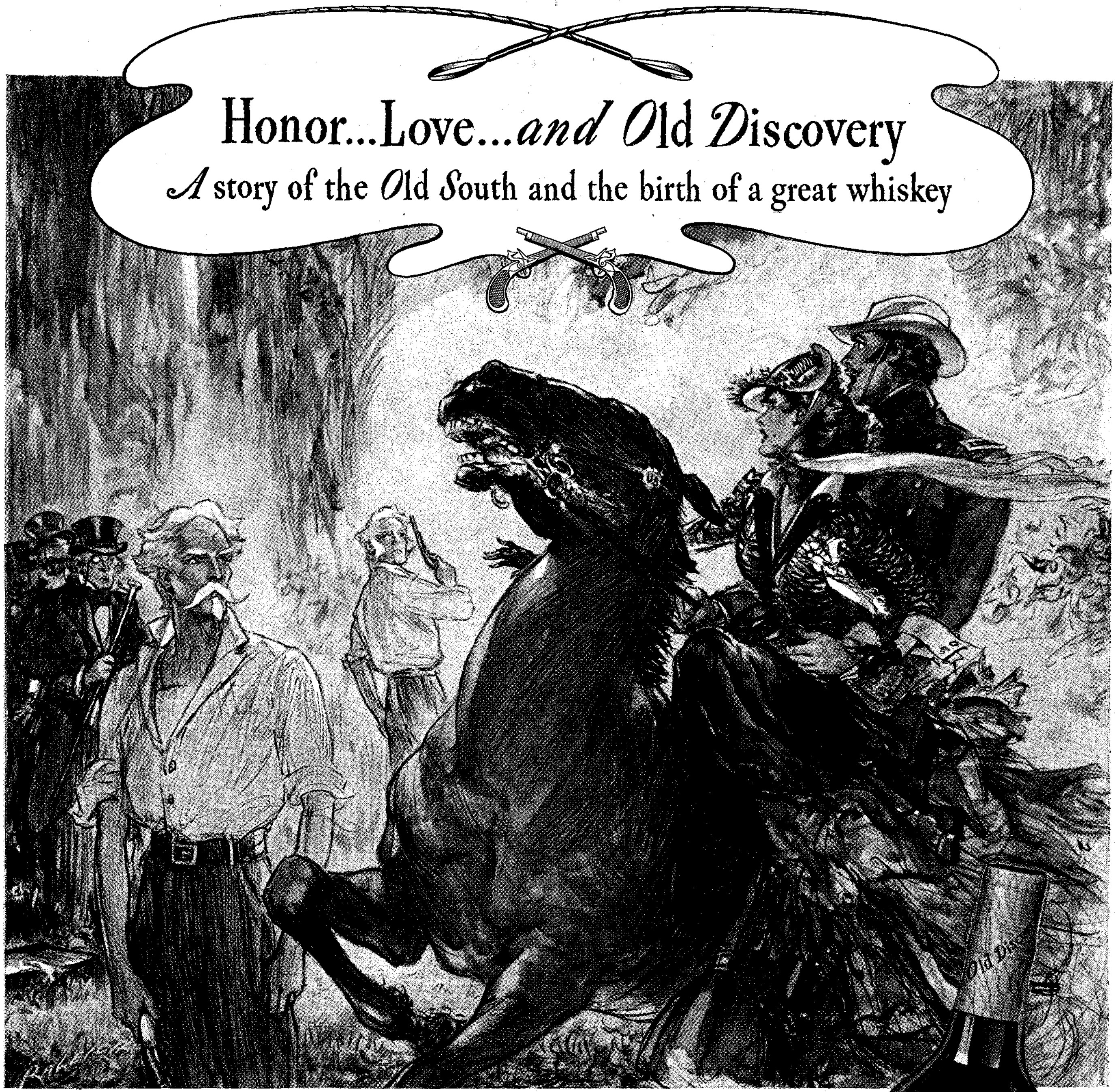

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

> NOTE: *Folklore has handed-down several versions of this romantic tale. Although they differ as to which parties actually stopped the duel, all agree that the duel was averted by blending the whiskies of the two erstwhile friends. Future advertisements will give other versions of the story* ◆ ◆ ◆

The Southland smiled when Colonel Merriwether of Kentucky announced the betrothal of his lovely daughter to Captain Bruce Maxwell, gallant son of the Colonel's lifelong friend, Judge Maxwell of Maryland.

But the Colonel and the Judge were proud, proud gentlemen. Proudest, perhaps, of their respective Kentucky and Maryland whiskies, since both were famous distillers!

Just one week before the wedding, they argued the relative merits of their whiskies, argued so fervently that they quarrelled, and quarrelled so violently a challenge rang out in the night: "Pistols, then, in Murdock's Meadow. Colonel Merriwether, your servant, sir!"

And so, at dawn, the erstwhile friends prepared to defend their honor with their lives, and began to pace off the fatal distance.

But hark! The thunder of hooves shattered the stillness, and a cry was heard across the meadow. "Stop!" It was the gallant young Captain, bearing down at a wild gallop, his bride-to-be before him on the saddle.

"Stop!" shouted the Captain. "Upon my honor we have made a Great Discovery! Granted that the Colonel's whiskey is the best in all Kentucky—granted that my father's is unmatched in all of Maryland—we have joined the two together, and what resulted from the happy union is the best in all the world!"

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Bromfield and who write enthusiastic reviews in the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. But the truth is that the book reviewer is baffled when he attempts to give an account of a work which has already turned its back on literature and embarrasses him on every page by stretching out its arms to Hollywood. He comes to feel that what he ought to have done was simply to pass it along to the movie department. For the characters of Mr. Bromfield are hardly even precisely stock fiction characters: they are blank spaces like the figures on billboards before the faces have been painted in. When their features are finally supplied, they will be the features of popular actors. Mr. Bromfield seems to have made it easy, by giving Anna a similar name, for his heroine to wear the face of Ann Sheridan, who, not so very far back, in "Kings Row," was playing just such an Irish girl from the other side of the tracks, in love with a rich young man; and in the same way Eric von Kleist can merge readily into Erich von Stroheim. No doubt the public will see them soon and will not mind if what they are and do has no logic and no motivation, no likeness of any kind to life. But the book reviewer is rather up against it, since he has to have something to take hold of, even to say that a book ought to be better, and "Anna Bolton" completely eludes him because it is really sub-literary and proto-film.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE LOOM OF LANGUAGE, by Frederick Bodmer, edited by Lancelot Hogben (Norton). This is a popular book on language in the same series as "Mathematics for the Million." Professor Bodmer's principal interest is in what he calls "language planning," the adaptation and teaching of languages with a view to making them more practical mediums for international communication. He treats at length of the similarities between the languages in the Teutonic and in the Romance groups, suggests methods for acquiring in these languages "basic" vocabularies like that of Basic English, and devotes a considerable amount of space to the discussion of universal languages of the type of Esperanto and Volapük. To the literary aspects of language he is curiously and bluntly impervious. "The literary arguments for language study are," he tells us, "manifestly bogus when based on the claims

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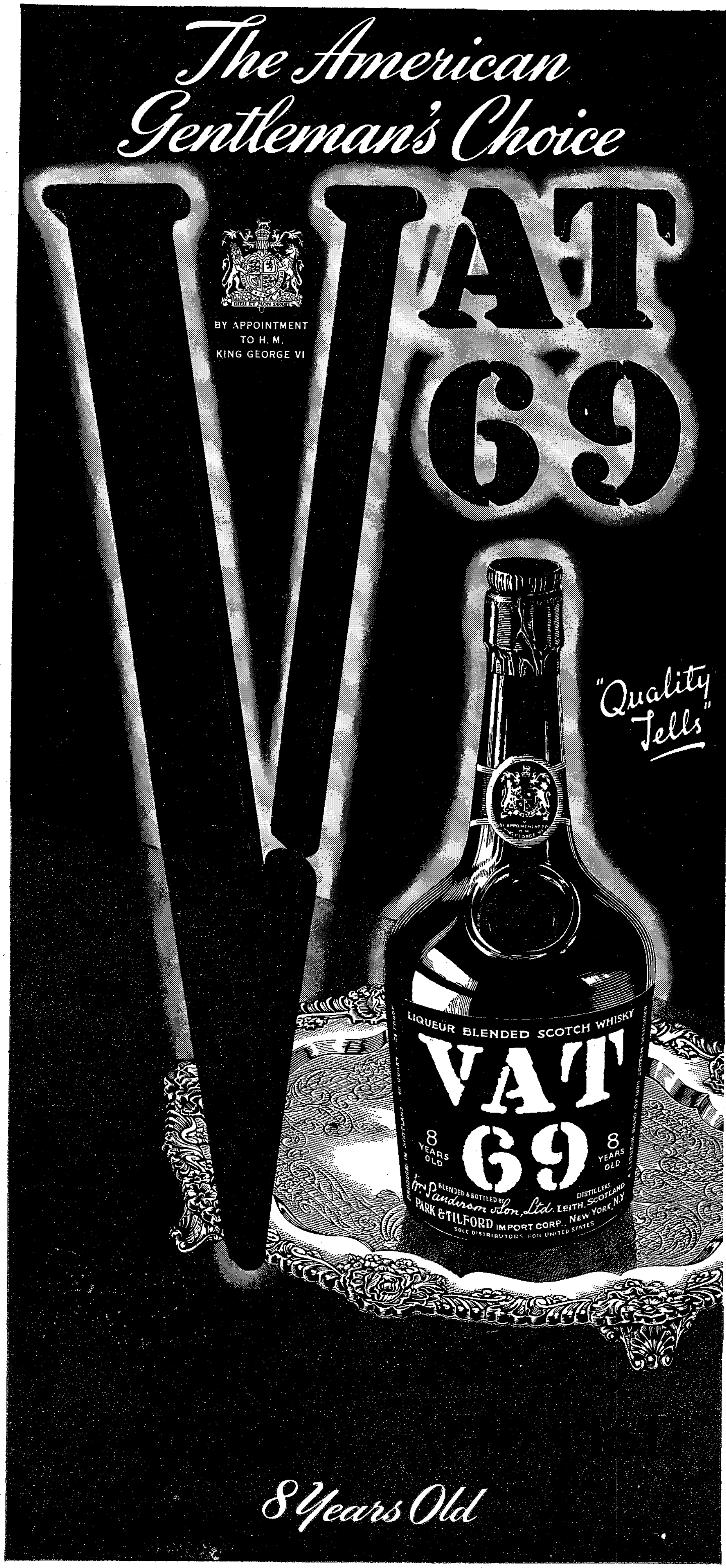
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of fiction or drama for which cheap translations are readily accessible," and he dismisses the expressive Slavonic group with something like indignation because they do not lend themselves to "basic" simplification. The book will be valuable, however, to anybody occupied with language. It is full of fascinating information derived from the study of linguistics.

The Illustrated Encyclopedia of American Birds, by Leon Augustus Hausman (Halcyon House). This compact volume contains descriptions, alphabetically arranged, of the fourteen hundred and twenty-two species and subspecies of birds found in North America. The articles are terse but quite full, though there is no anatomical information of the kind that would be demanded by an ornithologist. The little cuts are all line drawings, and the book contains no colored plates. A useful work of reference for anyone who does not want to study birds profoundly.

TVA—Democracy on the March, by David E. Lilienthal (Harper). Mr. Lilienthal, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, tells its complete story. He has, naturally, a quantity of first-hand information at his disposal, much of which has never been published before, and he has worked it into a most interesting account of a unique native social experiment whose long-range importance has perhaps been more clearly understood in Russia, Sweden, India, and China than it has been here at home. Illustrated.

Balkan Journal, by Laird Archer (Norton). A diary, kept by the Foreign Director of the Near East Foundation in Athens, that begins in June, 1934, when forty of Mussolini's warships staged a demonstration off the Albanian coast, and ends in August, 1941, when the last Americans left Greece after the Germans took over. Mr. Archer makes no tremendous revelations and has a disconcerting habit of using two journalistic clichés where one might easily do, but, by recording the little events of daily life, particularly during the German occupation, he draws a detailed and very moving picture of Greece during that tragic era.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Misadventures of Sherlock Holmes, edited by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). Three books have just been published to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the return of

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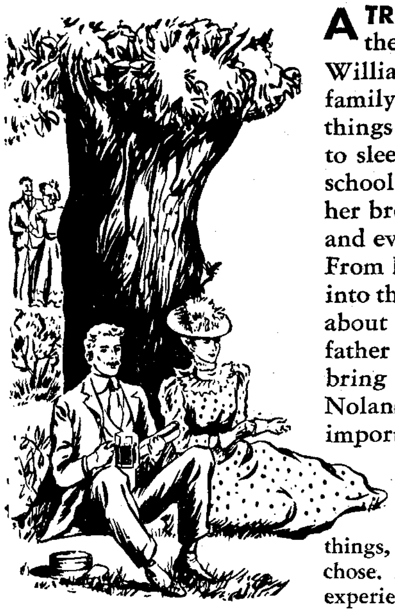

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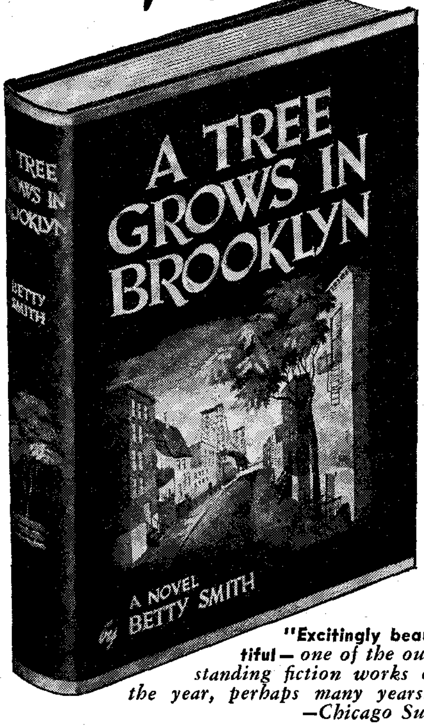

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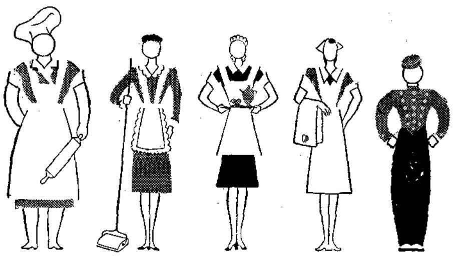

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Sherlock Holmes after what once appeared to be his final brush with Moriarty. In this one, practically anybody you can think of, from Bret Harte to Logan Clendening, M.D., seems to have tried his hand at a Sherlock Holmes parody. It contains most of the famous parodies, a few pastiches, a long bibliography, and an introduction by Ellery Queen which will probably turn out to be the definitive work on Doyle parodies. A nice plump book for any reader's shelf, but most suitable for the handful of Holmes experts.

PROFILE BY GASLIGHT, edited by Edgar W. Smith (Simon & Schuster). Essays, poems, sketches, maps, and other fanciful material, gathered into what is termed "An Irregular Reader about the Private Life of Sherlock Holmes, with an Introduction by Louis Untermeyer." If you should happen to be interested in Sherlock Holmes' coat of arms, you'll find it here, as well as material on the state of his teeth, the location of Dr. Watson's controversial wound, and similar trivia. The final section of the book is devoted to the Baker Street Irregulars, that group of people who go to some length to keep up the Holmes legend. Just fine for the type of reader who likes to refer to Doyle's stories as "the sacred writings."

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON, edited by Christopher Morley (Harcourt, Brace). This collection of five of the best-known Holmes stories bristles with footnotes designed to make things easier not only for a high-school or college student but for anyone who isn't quite sure about the meaning of "gasogene" or "growler" or who is interested in parallels to be drawn between Socrates and Holmes. Short descriptions of all of the Holmes stories are included, as well as an introduction by Christopher Morley, full of reverence and nostalgia.

•

A building permit for repairs to a residence at 111 Arlington was issued to A. Erickson Wednesday at City Clerk C. W. Simpson's office. Construction, to cost $200, will be completed June 15, God willing.—*Lawton (Okla.) Daily Constitution.*

Stiff upper lip, gentlemen!

•

THE OMNIPOTENT WHOM

[*Mr. Hamilton Fish (R., N.Y.) in the Congressional Record*]

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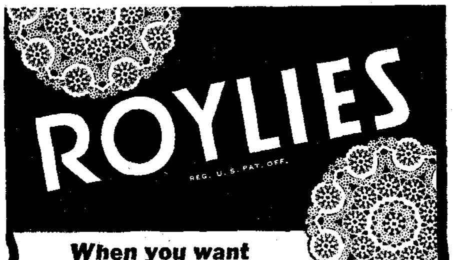

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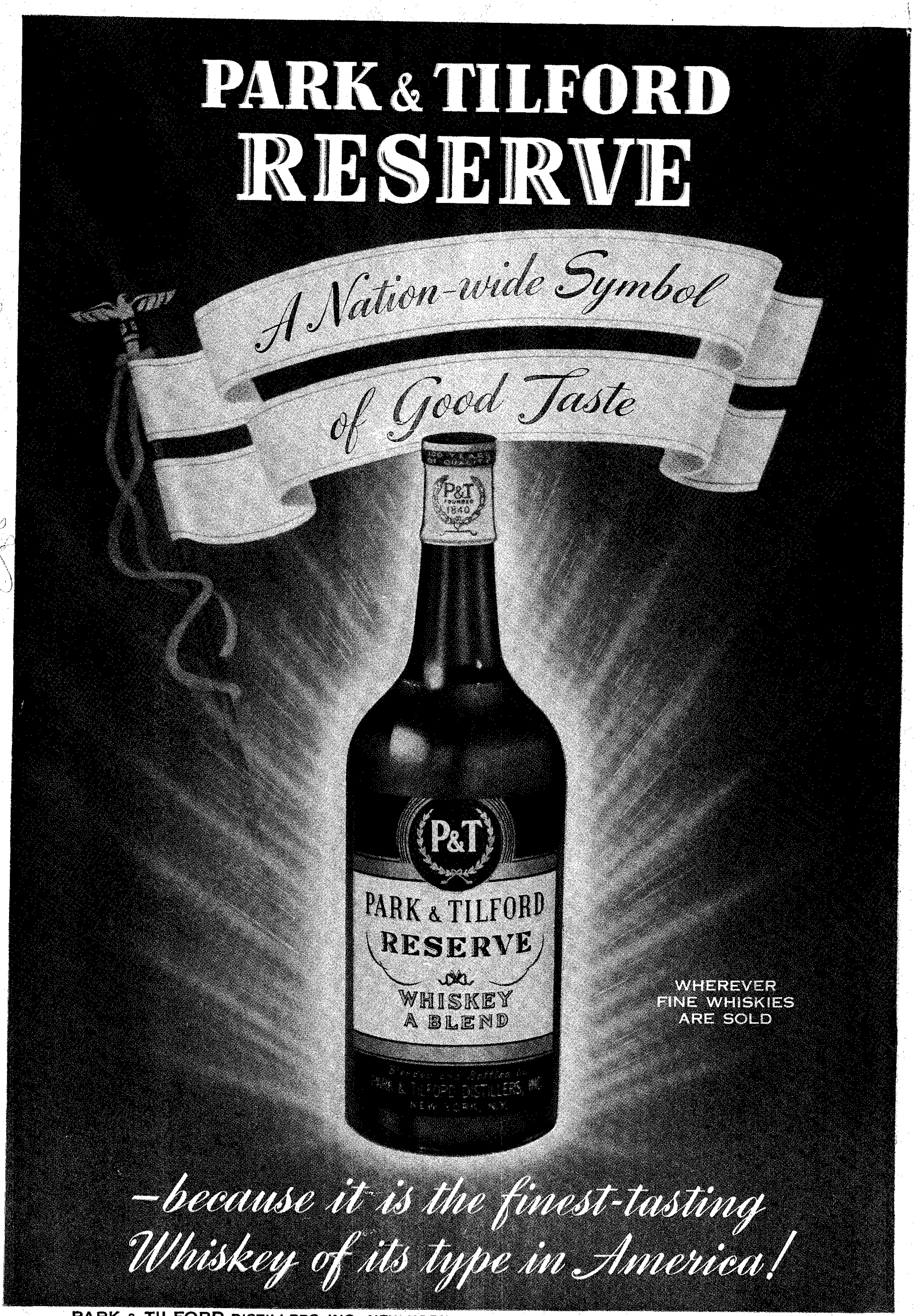
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